# FORUM

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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# AN INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

NOT even Mr. Hoover could suppress the personal pronoun in his speech of acceptance; but for every "I" used by Mr. Hoover in accepting his nomination, Governor Smith required two. Reason and emotion contribute equally in determining the color of the ballot. Without emotion we should have no politics; America would long ago have come to a national civil service or a commission-manager form of government. On the score of personal and emotional appeal, Governor Smith has a decided advantage over his opponent. His programme is less complete and cautious, more bold, expansive, and explicit. Only on one subject is there absolute disagreement in principle — prohibition — and here, happily, neither candidate is evasive. In farm relief they are both vague. Even tariff and water power offer no violent ruction. The lines of cleavage between the two parties grow thinner with each campaign. More and more the personalities of the candidates become the determining factor.

SMITH scores heavily on Hoover in his treatment of foreign affairs. In his warm, friendly attitude toward other nations, he shows himself a better citizen of the great human family than Mr. Hoover. Hoover voters who want generous world relations rather than narrow national interests will have to offset their candidate's recent chilliness toward Europe with the memory of his past humanitarian record in Belgian and Russian relief. They will reason that a cool engineer is safe even when silent. In fact, thousands will vote for Mr. Hoover in the belief that in this scientific age it is high time to try out an engineer in the White House rather than a political statesman, however astute.

WHOEVER is elected, the American voter seems assured of a full dinner pail. Both candidates have the support of big business. The question is: "Which candidate offers the average citizen better business conditions and more opportunity to gratify leisure hours?" It is in the belief that economic "hunches" will outweigh the pros and cons of religion, prohibition, or graft, that we of THE FORUM have invited business men to set forth their arguments for the two candidates in this issue of the magazine.



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# NOVEMBER READING

DONALD F. ROSE

## POLITICS INSIDE OUT

FRANK R. KENT, who has written POLITICAL BEHAVIOR (Morrow, $2.50), seems to be an outstanding example of the man who cannot see the woods for the trees. He is like the zealous prohibition administrator who announces that all bootleg liquor is poison, despite the fact that the misguided brethren are drinking it and still live. He has been so long overfed with political tripe that he now turns up his nose at the whole menu.

Mr. Kent undertakes to reveal the "heretofore unpublished laws" which govern the election of our public servants and their behavior before and after receiving this mark of our esteem. There are many things wrong with his thesis, and most of them will be called to his attention by political observers who are not newspaper men and retain, therefore, something of simple faith and credulity. But the worst mistake he has made is that he wrote his book too far in advance of the present presidential campaign. Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith between them are kicking holes in most of the inexorable rules and regulations laid down in the book. Perhaps they don't know about the book.

Mr. Kent states, for example, that an unblemished party record is a positive prerequisite for election to anything. Ignoring a dozen exceptions that may have proved this rule, we may ask how good a party man Mr. Hoover has been. He has not, it is true, done any bolting, but he has been quite unsteady on his feet, and was, for a whole political era, in serious doubt whether he belonged with the sheep or the goats. Mr. Kent insists that you cannot tell the voters what you mean or they will shy away from you in fright. If this is so, what a blunderer Governor Smith turns out to be, with his unfortunate habit of talking in words of one syllable. Mr. Kent points out that a campaign must in large part be made up of derogation of the enemy, and here are both candidates deploring the slightest hint of bad manners and behaving to each other like little gentlemen.

Mr. Kent is a political observer of long experience, particularly from the vantage point of Baltimore. He has watched and studied the political machinery from the inside. He sees that it is made up of cogs, belts, gears, and wheels within wheels, and that these behave with a certain habitual regard for the laws of physics and mechanics. What he fails to note is that American political life is also modified by a national personal equation, as fickle on occasion as a woman in a hat shop. If a simile is wanted, the political performance is like a ship at sea. It is full of machinery, officers, and crew, stupid passengers, brass bands, and baggage. But it must constantly adjust its course to wind and



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weather, to deep-sea currents and compass variations, and on occasion these can delay it, damage it, or sink it.

It does us no harm to be disillusioned a little concerning our political privileges. Mr. Kent tells us in many respects the horrid truth, and he is as welcome at this moment as the friend who sits at our ear in the motion pictures and tells how it is all done. He has spoiled the show for us and left us with little compensation save the consciousness of superior knowledge. All this is part of our present agony of debunking, which may conceivably bring forth one day a more sensible citizenship. But this hard-headed skeptic has somewhat overdone it. He has shot his target so full of holes that we are now more disposed to marvel at the shooting than to worry about the casualties. In a word, we can't take him quite seriously.

In the light of his "heretofore unpublished laws," it should be easy for Mr. Kent to turn prophet and figure what will happen in November. If he can do so, he has the edge on most of us. He is, in fact, the only man on the inside who really knows — an honor which should not be without profit while the odds are running so high, wide, and handsome on both sides of the argument. Perhaps this may tempt him to give up journalism and join the profession to which he has become lawgiver. Since he splits infinitives in his book with a brutal disregard of their sensibilities, it might not be a bad idea.

Nobody has yet undertaken to write a novel around the character of Woodrow Wilson, for which let us be thankful. But the jacket of Simeon Strunsky's new book, KING AKHNATON (Longmans, Green, $2.50), shows the king wearing the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt and his shadow thrown on the wall. And the shadow is that of President Wilson wearing a high silk hat.

This gives the game away before it is started, and in a way it is too bad. The story is a good one without benefit of parables, and it is rather a nuisance to be chasing identifications and parallels across all its pages. It is a highly entertaining and consistently imaginary picture of political behavior on the Nile, vivid and colloquial, spicy and credible. There is a strain of romance in it, but not too much, and enough Egyptology to set the scene. But it soon becomes clear that these ancient Egyptians are Mr. Wilson and Colonel House and Mr. McAdoo and Senator Borah, and that their friends, allies, and enemies from Crete and Syria and Persia are Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and the rest of the World War figures. The long futility of the peace conferences, the repudiation of treaties by the Senate and the American people, the tragedy of Wilson's political downfall, and the remnants of hope and conviction that have endured as his monuments, are all here recorded. The scribe has done well by them and kindly. Students of politics will not quarrel much with his fable, and neither the animosity nor the devotion that attends the memory of the war President can find here much cause for offense.

## SUGAR AND SPICE

A LITTLE CLOWN LOST, by Barry Benefield (Century, $2.00), is a romantic melody played with the *vox humana* and *tremolo* stops wide open. It is good for tears, laughter, and a frank surrender to improbabilities. While it is syrupy in spots, it rarely slops over into sentimentality. Its chief virtue lies in its characterizations — notably that of Hal, the drunkard, ne'er-do-well, and good-hearted scamp. Its chief faults arise from the fact that the author loves his people too well and simply cannot manage to see them entirely clearly and coolly. For this reason they touch the heart without winning conviction, but it is not likely that anybody will really care.

The little clown — an appealing little heroine with an unfortunate weakness for playing with dolls — is both lovable and heroic. The hero is something of a donkey. Heroes in this sort of prophylactic romance seem to get that way. It is difficult to romanticize a man without at least a few picturesque vices; otherwise he is likely to turn out dull or stupid or merely a prig. The little clown's misguided husband is not that bad, but he arouses more commiseration than sympathy.

If the author had resisted the temptation to switch tenses whenever he felt an emotional moment coming on, he would have spared us some irritation. This trick of dropping the straight narrative tone for the sake of the intensity of a fictitious present is an evasion of the writer's re-



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sponsibility. It is that same *tremolo* stop, and practically everybody knows how it is done. You push a button and a fan blade starts turning in the organ pipe, and everybody feels delightfully upset. But that, we maintain, is not writing.

Something of the same artificiality sours DESTINY BAY, by Donn Byrne (Little, Brown, $2.50). These are Irish stories, all wound around the same family group of really entertaining people, but the author is too insistent with his Hibernian accent. His hero is the conventional brave and good-hearted braggart. His Ireland is the beauty spot of the universe. His stories are full of magic and mystery, of brave men and fair women, of the queer twist to good speech which is supposed to be true Irish. These are essentially fantasies set in an island of dreams, and are choice reading for those who think of the "ould" country in terms of sentiment rather than geography. But don't go back to Erin to find their living counterpart.

Such romancing does no harm, just as it does no good. It is exactly equivalent to the costume dramas of the motion pictures, which make good entertainment while the Muse of History shrieks in agony. Jeffery Farnol did the same doubtful service for England and the English in *The Broad Highway*. He showed us a land of consistent loveliness, of bright skies, of pretty girls, gallant gentlemen, and deep-dyed villains. It's a nice place, but it isn't England and never was.

When you go back seven centuries for your story, this sort of thing matters less, if at all. There's little point in going back so far except for entertainment, and authors may leave to historians the painful business of grubbing out the facts of so distant a scene. Therefore we may enjoy ourselves with THE GOLDEN ROUND, by Frances Winwar (Century, $2.00), which glorifies the thirteenth century in Italy to the point where no Italian of the period would recognize it. It is a gay and gory yarn, compounded of elemental virtues and vices, spiced with incidents which Boccaccio overlooked, and dressed in a polychrome style quite fitting to the times. It fairly reeks with romance. Its characters strut and pose. Its writing is rich and juicy. You may disapprove of it for this reason or that, but you will probably read every word of it.

There is another sort of spice in EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN, by Compton Mackenzie (Macy-Masius, $2.50). This is subtitled as "Theme with Variations," and it is almost sufficient to say that we don't care for the theme and are bored by the variations. But that would not be quite fair to Mr. Mackenzie, who writes exceedingly well and with genuine wit and intuition. We wish he might forget awhile the island of Sirene, where he keeps his private zoo of mildly inverted people and stirs them up once a year to perform for our entertainment. They never do anything or get anywhere, and not even their creator considers them really important. Worse still, they are liable at any moment to collapse into French or Italian or even ancient Greek. This looks very sophisticated and even wicked, but you may take our word for it that they are not saying anything very exciting.

## GUNPLAY

STRANGE FUGITIVE, by Morley Callaghan (Scribner's, $2.50), is the story of the making and breaking of a bootlegger. It is a cold-blooded and hard-boiled yarn, without a single moral implication or more than a skin-deep reality. In other words, it is not strictly a novel at all. A novel has no need to preach or interpret, but it should breathe some personal life into the dry skin and bones of events. Otherwise it bears the same relation to the true novel that photography does to painting.

Mr. Callaghan has taken from the daily papers a member of our modern aristocracy and shown him to us in all his surface dimensions. He does so amazingly well, in precise, crisp writing, vivid dialogue, and incidents chosen with an accurate eye for their contribution to drama. But he discovers nothing beneath the surface of his players. Maybe there is nothing there — which would make it seem unfortunate that the author did not choose better company.

Mr. Callaghan's style commands respect. He is a graduate reporter, but he is still going to school at the same old stand. He has a passion for accuracy, so that we are told that it is twenty minutes to twelve or twenty-five minutes past five, as though it mattered. His intention is to show us the modern scene through the eyes of a boot-



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legger, but it would be more interesting to see it through those of Mr. Callaghan.

THE ASSASSIN, by Liam O'Flaherty (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), fails where *Strange Fugitive* succeeds, but it is tremendously successful in recreating the internal stress and storm which Mr. Callaghan ignores. Its external scene is misty and its physical construction loose, but the mental makings of murder are laid bare in the thoughts of Michael McDara and his precious pair of allies, while the feminine twist to the same theme lives in Kitty, the woman allied to him more by passion than by conviction. The story is a commentary on the spirit of revolution, but even more a revelation of criminal behavior. Here we have McDara at the very edge of insanity; Tumulty, the rebel against society; Fetch, the gunman. Add to these the cockney Huish from Stevenson's *Ebb Tide*, the clever, rat-like beast of prey, and you have the four corners of the criminal world.

### STYLISTS AND PESSIMISTS

VASCO, by Marc Chadbourne (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), wrecks a favorite literary tradition. Stevenson, Gaugin, and others went to the South Pacific for romance. Vasco discovers there a dreadful and disillusioning reality of depressing climate, degraded humanity, lust, lice, and leprosy, all set amid beauty which can never be captured or turned to spiritual account. A young French soldier finds his country impossible after the war, and goes across the world to escape the chains of environment and possess his soul. He makes a poor job of it. Freedom is always just around the corner, and neither surrender to appetite nor self-sacrifice give him peace. It is the old parable of the elusive bird of happiness, told in sturdy and adult fashion and with no trivial solution. The wanderer returns, no better for his experience and no happier in his homecoming, and soon disappears again to an unknown destiny which is almost certain to be tragic. He has denied himself the familiar anæsthetic of routine and labor which keeps most of us from the horror of knowing ourselves too well, and he has found no substitute cure for what ails him.

This is one of the strong books of the year, beautifully and powerfully written. A striking effect of orchestration is produced by the alternation of the narrative between the pilgrim and the Paris friend to whom he unburdens himself. Vasco is a real and pitiful figure; Plessis, the strange friend he finds at Tahiti, is a living foil to his fundamental innocence and vivid agony of spirit. The islands are gorgeously presented — rich in poetry and beauty, sinister with hidden terrors. The reader will not forget them nor the people who dwell in them.

Another story of disillusionment is told in A VOYAGE TO PAGANY, by William Carlos Williams (Macaulay, $3.00). Just as Vasco "goes native," so an American doctor "goes European" and hunts through the old world cities and a few lurid emotional experiences for something more intimately and permanently satisfying than the American doctrine and habit of work. He finds beauty, he finds pleasure, but he finds neither peace nor happiness. This is no mere pose of American superiority; it is simply first-hand experience that the pursuit of pure æstheticism is essentially a dance of death. He has a good time, but turns his back on it in response to an unexpected nostalgia for the vital pressure of American life.

Apart from all this, *A Voyage to Pagany* is a grand guide to Europe. It gives more and better pictures of old world sights and cities than most tourists get by visiting them. It is muddled somewhat by a studied style, which has more artifice than art. Decapitated sentences, scrambled punctuation, words wrenched to new meanings and crowded into the wrong places achieve originality without achieving anything else. They are not even fundamentally an original mode. They are signs of a modern Euphuism, and the next generation of modernists will be sure of it.

An unusual book is THE GOLEM, by Gustav Meyrink (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). It comes out of Germany and it hasn't the faintest resemblance to the motion picture of the same name which preceded it. The story of fear and horror and mysticism has never been entirely at home in English, even though Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* tried to make it so when the novel was young. Mostly we prefer to get our thrills out of things credible and reasonable. But *The Golem*, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, sets out to make your flesh



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creep. It professes to be the tale of a man on the edge of lunacy, and it is, to be sure, exactly the sort of story such a man would tell.

DAY OF FORTUNE, by Norman Matson (Century, $2.50), is another novel which makes a double bid for attention — by its story and by the manner of the telling. The story is familiar — the immigrant family, the painful adjustments to American life, the boy who grows up and endures such adolescent indispositions as journalism, socialism, and several sorts of love. The writing is in the fashion called "naturalistic," which seems to mean that nothing is too trivial to be important. It is a style already somewhat run into the ground. At its worst it can bore the reader to despair, and at its best it gets its effects by piling detail upon him until the last straw breaks his back and convinces him that something terrific has happened. It is natural that *Day of Fortune* will be compared to Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, and in many ways to Mr. Matson's advantage. He writes good English, while Mr. Dreiser usually gives not a hoot about the proprieties of grammar. But Dreiser has more to say, and he said it first.

All of which makes it interesting that there is now published for popular consumption MOODS, CADENCED AND DECLAIMED, by Theodore Dreiser (Horace Liveright, $3.00). These are fragments and moments, exactly described by the title, and in character about midway between prose and poetry. Those who are agitated by Mr. Dreiser's mental processes will be quite excited by the book.

For the same little group of serious thinkers there is THE HOUSE WITH THE ECHO, by T. F. Powys (Viking, $2.00). We opened it hopefully, remembering *Mr. Weston's Good Wine*, which was a sincere and disturbing book even though it left most of us in doubt as to what it was driving at. But these short stories or sketches are disappointing. They are beautifully and poetically written, with impressive care, like an incantation of magic. But most of them fail to come off, and we ask why a man should trouble to write so well when he has nothing to say.

*Every month Donald F. Rose will publish his selection of current books in these pages of The Forum.*



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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

# THE MASTER MIND OF GERMANY

GOETHE: THE HISTORY OF A MAN, by Emil Ludwig; Putnam, $5.00.
Reviewed by AGNES REPPLIER.

THE unexampled industry of Herr Ludwig has given us another serious biography. It was written, we are told, immediately after the World War, and the English translation presents only half of the original German text. It might have been halved again without loss to the reader. Goethe's long life was changeless on the surface, save for the variety of offices that he held and the number of women whom he loved. The expansion was within.

The picture drawn in the six hundred and forty pages of Herr Ludwig's massive volume is consistent in every detail and is vouched for by countless quotations; but it is singularly unlike our conception of the great poet who held himself fast by the intellect. Where is the egotist, serene and supreme, whom Lowell described as "milking his friends"? Where is the sage whom Santayana pronounces "the wisest of mankind; too wise perhaps to be a philosopher in the technical sense, or to try to harness this wild world to a brain-spun terminology"? In their place we have a man, moody, impulsive, passionate, self-distrustful, and tormented, who, in spite of superb qualifications, never attained equilibrium until he reached old age, when he ceased to expect anything of his fellow men and acquired what composure complete disillusionment could give him.

A disproportionate allowance of space is devoted to Goethe's love affairs. It is not too much to say that Herr Ludwig wallows in them, whether they be serious, sentimental, or trivial.

> He who loves and runs away
> May live to love another day

was apparently the axiom which ruled the poet's life. He was forever running away from women who yielded to him, from women who repulsed him, and from women whom he had reason to think might do one or the other. In the end, being a German, he married the woman whom he knew to be the best housekeeper and the best cook, and who was moreover even-tempered, unexacting, and affectionate.

During the autumn of 1806 sixteen Alsatian troopers were quartered in his home. They were good humored fellows, "amenable to food and drink," and the capable Christiane fed them as they had never been fed before. She also sheltered a score of her townsfolk who begged protection; and when two drunken *tirailleurs* dared to threaten Goethe himself, she drove them from the room they had invaded. Altogether a woman of excellent qualities, though she lived with her great man for nineteen years before he married her, and though she never presumed to offer him what one less wise might have



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been tempted to think intellectual companionship.

Of more importance to Goethe than all the women of Germany was the friendship of Karl August, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar — a friendship which lasted, with occasional rifts, for forty-seven years. Karl August loved Goethe as a man and a poet. Goethe, true to his nationality, loved Karl August as a reigning prince, whom he served ably and faithfully. As Minister of Education, as Minister of War (which seems rather droll), as Minister of Finance (a tough job), as Director of the Court Theatre, he proved himself a man of affairs who understood mines and factories, the lumber trade, and the setting of a pageant. His patron's generosity insured him an ample income. His unbroken dignity of demeanor insured him universal respect.

If Herr Ludwig avoids a critical study of Goethe's poems, which might have been interesting to English readers, he gives us now and then a brief, clear glimpse into the poet's mind, and some vivid descriptions of his entourage. There is an admirable account of his one meeting with Napoleon, that marvelous hour in which these two giants respectfully appraised each other's dimensions. There are some pages devoted to Goethe's generous admiration for Byron, with whom he had little in common. And there is the account of his first journey to Italy, a memorable circumstance in every poet's life. "Rome a certainty," he wrote in October, 1786. "The law and the prophets are fulfilled, and I shall be quit of my Roman hauntings for the rest of my days. . . . Now I am here, I am tranquil and, it would seem, tranquillized for the remainder of my life."

Because of the vastness of Goethe's mind — a lonely mind, for there was none to reach up to it — even his lesser enjoyments and distastes take on an emotional and intellectual value. His pleasure in his grandsons had in it no element of infatuation. He had a great compassion for animals, those poor fellow-creatures who suffer forever at our hands; but he hated that most discordant of sounds, the barking of a dog, and saw no reason why human nerves should be compelled to endure it. On the other hand, the native distinction of cats was much to his mind. He called them the fallen princesses of their mighty race. In his last marvelous years a great serenity brooded over him. Disillusioned he may have been, but it was the serenity of acceptance, not of surrender. It was the finely tempered wisdom of one who bore understandingly the sorrowful burden of human knowledge.

## A Bishop's World

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLED PARSON, by Charles Fiske; Scribner's, $2.00. Reviewed by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

BISHOP FISKE is not half as much "puzzled" as his title would indicate. He admits as much himself. What he sets forth in the essays which make up this volume are not the perplexities of a moment but the convictions of a lifetime. Referring to "the thoughts . . . to which expression is given in two of these papers," he says that he has held them for years and has "seen no reason, during these years, to change (his) mind." This might be said of most, if not all, of the other papers. If the Bishop is "puzzled," it is because so many persons do not agree with him, or because the world is so perverse as to do so many things in so many ways which are not his ways.

This is not to imply that Dr. Fiske is dogmatic or cynical, a complaining "old fogey." On the contrary, he is open-minded, urbane, good-natured, friendly. But he happens to be one of those unhappy wretches who believe in certain principles; who hold, on the basis of these principles, that certain tendencies of our time are altogether pernicious; and who has the courage to say in straightforward, albeit in delightfully humorous, fashion exactly what he thinks. In spite of his being a bishop, in other words, the author is something of a prophet. He has a sense of reality which functions compellingly within him. The result is a book more important than either its title or its general style would indicate.

Yet I find myself in hearty disagreement with most of what Bishop Fiske has to say. With most, not all! Thus, I endorse a liberal share of his denunciation of the commercialization and standardization of much of our modern "uplift." I chant a fervent "Amen" in response to his asser-



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tion that "smug piety" is one of "the chief ingredients" of 100 per cent Americanism. I accept many paragraphs of his exceedingly keen analysis of the whys and wherefores of the church's loss of prestige. I revel in his satire on "saving souls through suppers." I only wish that laymen could appreciate such wholesome discussions of practical church problems as intimately as clerics can!

But these are relatively superficial matters. It is when the Bishop gets away from the aggravations and agitations of his own professional experience, and tackles momentous questions of contemporary life, that I rise to object. Thus, his attack on the churches because they take a hand in securing great social reforms through legislation, such as the prohibition amendment cited by the Bishop, seems to me as ill-timed and ill-advised as similar attacks three generations ago on the churches which dared to espouse the cause of anti-slavery. His discussion of "Christian unity" hopelessly muddles the real issue, and thus only serves to complicate what is the most pressing and painful problem now before the Christian world. His persistent identification of religion with Christianity, and Christianity with faith in the deity of Christ, is traditional, but woefully benighted. As for his declaration that marriage is a permanent bond not to be severed by divorce, I can only say that I believe it to be as inhuman as I know it to be unscriptural.

The fact is that while Bishop Fiske has a perfectly delightful time cavorting as a rebellious radical in the pages of the *Mercury* and the other publications in which many of these papers originally appeared, he is at bottom, in all things fundamental — what he calls himself in one of his lighter moments — "an utter conservative."

Even so, the Bishop is so witty, so sharp in thrust and parry, so tolerant and good-natured, so wholly earnest and sincere, so forthright, upright, and downright, that matters of agreement and disagreement seem for the moment unimportant compared with the sheer delight of knowing the man. I rejoice in Bishop Fiske, even if I have to confess myself a "parson" who is "puzzled" by many of his views.

## America's Conquest of Europe

QUI SERA LE MAÎTRE — EUROPE OU AMÉRIQUE? by Lucien Romier; may be purchased at Brentano's, $0.85.
Reviewed by MICHAEL FRAENKEL.

WHATEVER we may think as to who won — or lost — the war, this is certain: America won Europe. The conquest is not being effected, however, without considerable inner conflict — at least on the part of Europe. Witness the flood of European books on America; the French output alone, the best estimates run, is at the rate of one a week. Such intense preoccupation with America, far from indicating simply a healthy interest in the conquering people, is rather a sign of malaise and dissatisfaction in the conquered. Indeed, behind the apparent general enthusiasm over American methods in industry and America that has swept over Europe since the war, the sensitive observer will have no difficulty in detecting a certain distinct note of bitterness and apprehension. Europe is only too painfully aware of the heavy after-war price she has been called upon to pay, and is determined to pay it with as good grace as possible.

Nevertheless, this inner conflict from which she is suffering is a very grave one. How grave it is, only France can tell us. France is, perhaps, the only autochthonous civilization in Europe to-day. England and Germany are mixed bloods beside her. So France clings to the past with a kind of fierce tenacity and pride. For her the past is still a reality. Besides, unlike these other countries, she never did go in very much for action — action in the Western sense; she preferred to remain within the more quiet precincts of the mind. We can well imagine, then, what a shock American influence must have been to her, with its sputter and excitement about doing things. Here she was rudely thrust forth into the world and told to roll up her sleeves and go to work — and leave thinking alone — when all she had ever known was the seclusion and security of a long and honorable intellectual career! Well, it was rather hard on her, you'll admit.

Up till now, her Pasquets, Tardieus, Siegfrieds have gotten a certain amount of



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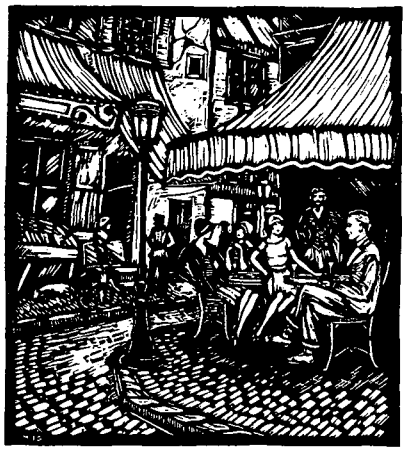

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relief by making books about America. The disparity between American and French civilization is so great, any sympathetic individual would see and appreciate France's plight at once. The difficulty was thus broached always indirectly; never more than that. Now comes Lucien Romier with his *Qui Sera le Maître — Europe ou Amérique?* (Who will be master — Europe or America?), and he must have his full say without stint or favor. Evidently M. Romier cannot contain himself any longer. This thing has been on his mind too long. Europe, and France in particular, he will have us know, fear and resent American influence, because America represents a society founded on wealth and the superiority of machine over man. Europe, on the other hand, still believes in things other than money, bonds, and skyscrapers, and still trusts in the divinity of man. There you have it. It's Europe versus America.

If you think this is reducing the situation to the simplicity of a thesis merely, you will be disappointed. M. Romier proceeds to analyze the whole structure of American society from top to bottom — and with what skill and expert knowledge! *Cherchez l'argent* — there's the whole secret of American civilization. He takes you through all the devious ways of politics, introduces you to American social life, the rising sexual freedom, prohibition, marriage, art, literature, to conclude finally: "In America economic forces are supreme. They take the place of politics, determine morals, create the collective ideal, even fashion a certain type of beauty. They, and they alone, make possible that effective welding of this vast mass of individuals and families so extraordinarily diverse in origin."

At this point in the argument, M. Romier is kind only to be hard. The American's passion for money has a very important social aspect that is too frequently overlooked, he reminds us. "The European," he says, "craves for money no less than the American. The European seeks gain as a private venture. This venture may bring him pleasures and satisfactions other than money, but private nevertheless. . . . The American, on the contrary, conceives the gain of money as the end and aim of all social relations: he doesn't suppose his gain to be independent of society, or that society can have any object more immediate than to encourage the gain of its citizens."

There, then, is the whole trouble. In Europe, because money is still a private thing, however important, there is something else — blood, family, even artistic or intellectual tradition. But in America, where all class division, all social distinction, the very basis of society is money, well — what can one expect?

But it's on the score of the machine that M. Romier is most emphatic, if not almost vehement. The gain motive at the basis of American society has at least something in its favor, even if that something is only another count against it. It has resulted, indirectly, to be sure, in an unprecedented emphasis on the social point of view, and more specifically, on public service. American philanthropy is known the world over. It has given the average American a degree of comfort which the privileged and mighty of another time might well have envied. But erecting the machine over man — no, that has already gone too far. The very thought of it frightens M. Romier. If Europe has questioned the divine right of kings, she has never questioned the divine right of man. European intellectual and moral foundations are too deeply rooted in the sanctity of man to permit him to be crushed, ground to fine dust, under the sinister weight of this modern Frankenstein. America had better take stock of herself and mend her ways before it's too late, before Europe. . . .

Thus, good European that he is, M. Romier is irresistibly drawn to the final conclusion. He was bound for it all the time. If America doesn't throw off this horrible nightmare, history will take the matter in her own hands, and settle it in her own good way. *Graecia capta ferum victorem capit.* . . . Europe conquered led America conqueror. Of course, he doesn't say it in so many words; but the conclusion is quite clear.

To which there is at least one reviewer who can only shrug his shoulders dubiously. Europe or America? — I don't know. In the last two years I have met personally no less than a round dozen of the European countries, trying to answer just this very question; but I confess I am no further ahead to-day. It's a ticklish question. Of course, I could dispose of it



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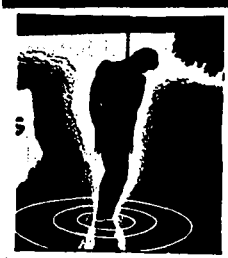

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quite categorically. I could take my Spengler and Keyserling straight, without the tiniest scruple of a doubt, and remind M. Romier that it doesn't matter a whoop who'll win — whether Europe or America. They'll both lose in the end. Rome and Greece did fall finally. Remember the Goths! Already the horizon is darkening; the august Caesar — I mean Coolidge — has already been here, and. . . . The dark ages are ahead. But I prefer to wait, at least a little while longer. Maybe history, like Nietzche's truth, is a woman, and she may suddenly change her mind about everything.

But apart from this larger issue, which evidently is a purely speculative one, the book has a value which cannot be overestimated. It offers an analysis of the American scene which is as comprehensive and penetrating as it is basically sound. It may well be an epitome of practically everything worth while and significant that has thus far appeared, either here or abroad, on the United States. It reduces the vast mass of information and opinion on the whole subject of Europe and America to what is undoubtedly the really vital issue — American versus European civilization. From this standpoint alone, I regard it as a work of the first importance.

## The Revivalists Revived

THE STAMMERING CENTURY, by Gilbert Seldes; Day, $5.00.
Reviewed by CAMERON ROGERS.

IN *The Stammering Century* Gilbert Seldes has concisely demonstrated that for the American masses there has never been and conceivably never can be such a thing as fundamental intellectual advancement. In a book the most interesting portion of which deals with the religious revivals of the early eighteen hundreds, he portrays the prototypes of Billy Sunday, Uldine Utley, Aimee McPherson, and Dr. John Roach Straton, and lo! these last preach much as did the foaming paranoiacs of Gasper River. "There is," writes Mr. Seldes, "a continuity in our mental habits," and the truth of this observation is as obvious as it is appalling.

We, the people, do not proceed in enlightenment, in intellectual speculation, in the engendering of a consistent, purposeful faith. Rather, we take our religion as once we took our rye whiskey — straight, undiluted, and in one gulp — and too often from the hands of quacks or psychopathics, drunk themselves upon their own delusional frenzies. Mr. Seldes might have added, and doubtless would have had not his book robbed him of the need, that though there is a continuity in our mental habits, there is no progress. For such is the implication of *The Stammering Century*. His account of the early revivalists is interesting — Matthews, who called himself "Matthias" and claimed to be, in his own person, God; Finney, the hell roarer, who was believed to have driven men mad with his madder jargon; Lorenzo Dow, who beheld his conversions "begin as a dance in definite rhythm, apparently under full control — when gradually the rhythm breaks and tears itself loose from measure and discipline until it becomes a series of disconnected leaps and jumps which end in a fit." It is significant as a sort of ancestral record of their present-day brethren. The descriptive details, however, are not new to us, for many of us have observed in this century the symptoms at first hand — the hysteria, the contagion of diseased emotional spasms — and have marveled without happiness.

Mr. Seldes has examined his subject with a thoroughness which does credit to his patience. He notes without gusto the sexual disorders resultant from the early camp revivals, the indiscriminate unchastity, within hearing of the preacher, of men seized apparently with satyriasis at the moment of conversion, and women become as animals while yet they screamed that grace had invested them. He draws a picture which is violent, filled with a teeming and hideous chiaroscuro, and which would be somewhat incredible had he not made his palette with colors verified by documents for generations.

His papers on Frances E. Willard, Carrie Nation, and Amelia Bloomer are less interesting; possibly because to-day one is intolerably bored by the mere narration of their careers. Upon Bronson Alcott, also, Mr. Seldes is not illuminating, nor is he happy with the lesser prophets and reformers. But with John Alexander Dowie — a revivalist of the oldest school,


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foul-mouthed, clamorous, and ultimately a swindler — he is completely at home.

It would appear that what has most interested Mr. Seldes in this book is the subject of religion as bawled by the charlatans, and in his treatment of this he makes good reading. A somewhat notable paragraph in the first chapter seems to imply that Jonathan Edwards was the first revivalist, since under the outrageous scourge of his sermons men and women writhed, wept, called upon an unmerciful and bloody God to spare them, and evinced the paroxysmic physical disorders which marked the so-called conversions of the 1800's. If this be so, then the Puritan has even more to answer for than one had hitherto suspected. The records of the maleficent influence of that sombre creature seem to grow blacker with the years.

## A Social Novel

THE CHILDREN, by Edith Wharton; Appleton, $2.50.
Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

TO say that criticism cannot be creative is to reckon without Mrs. Wharton. She is nothing if not a critic, and here is her tenth novel. Mrs. Wharton's comments — which she is usually a good enough artist to leave unuttered but apparent — are always worth listening to, for she is a socially interested writer. This time she brings to our attention the somewhat burning question of divorce. She attacks it from the point of view, not of the husband or wife, but of the children. This is, of course, the sanest point of view to take, and it is, equally of course, never the view taken by the parents. For one thing, in a good many divorce cases the children are non-existent. Of such tempests in a vacuum *The Children* has nothing to say. And the people whose gallivantings we are asked to consider are the extremely rich set who supply the American tinge to the mad, mad round of Deauville, Biarritz, and the Lido. These people are perhaps not worth brooding over too much. As a social menace they can hardly be taken very seriously. At their richest and wickedest they are merely a pimply symptom; but as material for a novel they are good stuff.

The story is told through the person of Boyne, a comparatively poor but quite gentlemanly middle-aged engineer. He is just coming back from a job in extremely foreign parts, and on the steamer to Venice he meets a strange family of children — seven of them — who are going to rejoin their parents. He makes their acquaintance through Judith Wheater, the oldest; she is only fifteen, but her continual hegira from one European hotel to the next has given her an unhappy maturity. It turns out that only four of these children — the three oldest and the youngest — are actually brothers and sisters; the others are stepchildren, the fruit of intervening matrimonial scuffles. Nevertheless, they consider themselves a family and have sworn a dreadful oath to stick together at all costs. Judith is their spokesman and leader, and she knows her parents and her parents' set with a disillusioned soundness. She realizes that the children, in that set, are manœuvred like counters whenever a new divorce is arranged. It may, indeed, surprise the naïve reader that the possession of the children is apparently considered of almost equal importance with the alimony.

Well, Boyne and the Wheater children become inseparable. He is regarded as their ally, and the children count on him to act as their representative in their dealings with their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Wheater, having recently effected a reconciliation, are once more beginning to look for trouble. The trouble is found and the children flee *en masse* to Boyne's retreat in the Dolomites. Boyne, of course, falls rapidly in love with Judith, and his engagement with an eminently suitable widow goes by the board. For a long time the author seems to toy with the notion of letting virtue have its reward, but — well, you had better read the story yourself.

Mrs. Wharton's solution is a patched-up affair, naturally. Perhaps it is not fair to call it a solution. She merely tells her story, smiles a little sadly, and says it has been so nice to see us. The characters are all noticeably a little larger than life, and we cannot always quite believe in their reality; but the author has a dramatic effect to produce and we readily forgive her exaggerations. She is not a phrase-maker, but she hits a phrase occasionally



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that outweighs a ton of sociological statistics. "... Once more Boyne marvelled at the incurable simplicity of the corrupt. 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' he thought, 'for they have so many more things to talk about.'"

## East Is East

THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS, by Johan Gunnar Andersson; Little, Brown, $4.00.

Reviewed by JEAN WEST MAURY.

AMERICANS and Europeans alike are fooled when they allow themselves to think that China will ever supinely submit to foreign interference with her affairs. The war she is having is her own. It will continue until a leader proves himself strong enough to strike down all his rivals and unite the country, North and South and East and West, into one powerful nation. That leader will not be a white man, nor any Chinese who is under the influence and in the pay of a foreign people.

This seems to be the opinion, almost the prophecy, of the Sinologist and scientist, Dr. Johan Gunnar Andersson of Sweden, as set forth in his highly illuminating and equally entertaining book. Dr. Andersson does not base his opinions on hearsay, nor piece them together from books. He has been in China almost continuously since 1914. For eleven years he was counselor to the Chinese government for the organizing of geological research, his work taking him into all parts of the country and making it necessary for him to have dealings with all classes and conditions of Chinese. He knows the people of China from coolie to mandarin, from bandit-soldier to warlord, from truculent student to polished diplomat. He looks at China with the cool, clear eye of the scientist, seeing her weaknesses and imperfections as well as her strength and beauty. He judges China with the warm heart of the humanitarian, which enables him always to put himself in the other fellow's place, even though the other fellow be the much misunderstood "heathen Chinee."

Fully to understand China's attitude toward the outside world, Dr. Andersson says, one must keep in mind that for four thousand years the Chinese believed themselves the one civilized nation on earth. Imagine, then, the confusion of mind when, in the last century, they came in contact with what he is pleased to call "the unconquerable machinery culture of the Europeans."

For a while it looked as if there might be white supremacy in China. Missionaries — many of whom Dr. Andersson insists have been splendid, God-fearing men and women — had already done something to build up respect for the character of the white man. Honest, steadfast, and faithful foreign officials, of whom there were several, helped the good work along, in spite of the handicap encountered in the frivolous lives of some of the pleasure-loving in the foreign quarters. White prestige was growing, slowly but surely, until the united front of the white people in China was broken by the call to war in 1914, and the sons of Han awoke to the realization that white men as well as yellow made war upon one another. At length came the armistice, following which colored soldiers of the French army plundered German shops in the Legation Quarter and attacked artisans and even German governesses. Russian fugitives, too, have helped to lower the status of the white race in China. Dr. Andersson speaks highly of most of these fugitives, but the very fact that thousands of white men and women and children were half-starving in China, instead of being taken care of by Europe or America, gave the entire white race a black eye so far as China was concerned.

Whatever the causes may be, there is no doubt in this Sinologist's mind that white prestige is still decidely on the wane in China. Travelers would see more of this if the Chinese were not the politest people on earth. "The Chinese are without comparison the foremost of all peoples in tact and politeness, in a gentlemanliness which is not an empty form but a noble national trait."

Every phase of Chinese life is touched upon in this book, and through the lines we read that China's westernization is not even skin deep. In European clothes, cut and made by the best London tailor, a highly educated and cultured Chinese can think in flawless English the thoughts of old, old China — and so thinking, be happy.



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# BROWSINGS AMONG BOOKS

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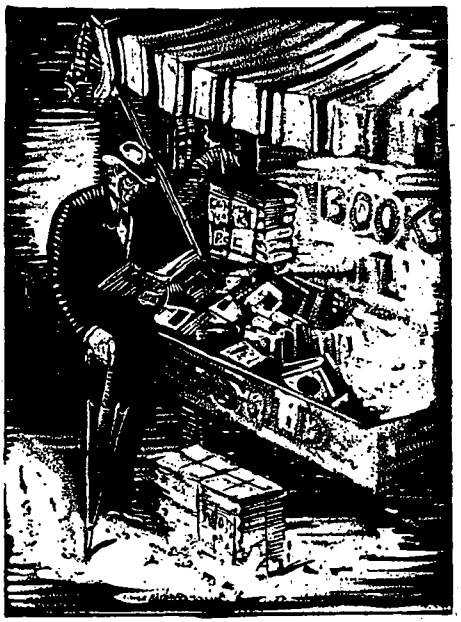


*Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.*—E. W. HOWE.

LET'S not have any more Adam and Eve in modern dress. Mark Twain, we believe, started it, and John Erskine just about finished it. Now Philip Littell has done it again in THIS WAY OUT (Coward, McCann, $2.50). He leads our ancestors through various stages of amorous trifling to the discovery of the Great Law of Nature, and leaves them raising Cain. The Great Law is old stuff and the author's irreverence and audacity are not sufficient to make it appear new; but if you enjoy urbanity for its own sake, you may like this book. It is smart, satirical, and sophisticated — very. The humor is the superficial sort that comes of juggling words and ideas; there is none of the belly laughter of *Show Girl*. This Browser found it monotonous and would have been glad, at the end of the first ten pages, to admit that the author was just too clever and let it go at that.

IN THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PETER STUYVESANT (Holt, $4.00), Hendrik Willem van Loon confesses that little is known of "Stubborn Pete," the only Dutchman identified with the history of New Amsterdam who seemed to have the courage of some convictions concerning the integrity of the colony. We know that Peter lost a leg. Over in Jersey City is a statue minus the right leg; pictures on school walls in New York omit the left. If both are right then the old gentleman has literally not a leg to stand on, for which reason Mr. van Loon takes the trouble to inform us that not long ago Stuyvesant was disinterred from his resting place in St. Marks, and the moot point of the leg was settled. But alas, Mr. van Loon fails to tell us which leg. He tells, however, a great deal more, principally concerning Dutch policy, the northeast and northwest passages, the disobedience of Henry Hudson, the founding and fortunes of the colony on Manhattan, and its somewhat ignominious



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IN How to Get Rid of a Woman, by Edward Anthony (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), we have one of those monumental contributions to human wisdom which eventually finds its way into the ash-can. For a while Mr. Anthony is quite amusing with his story of the man of fatal charm who disposes of his feminine admirers by having them walk out on him. This Browser knows his counterpart and so do you, but neither of us chooses his company for long at a stretch. So his adventures begin to look very much alike after a while, and we lay the book down intending to finish it sometime.

SOMETHING has happened to the world since the Middle Ages and robbed it of one of its best performances. There were once great heroes who rode rough-shod over everybody and carved kingdoms for themselves, which collapsed gloriously with the death of their owners and went back to the chaos of raw material for others. Nowadays the competition is too keen or men are of smaller stature, or else world conquerors have all become traction and water-power magnates. But of the old breed Tamerlane or Timur the Lame was the last and greatest. His story is told in Tamerlane by Harold Lamb (McBride, $4.00), which is first-class entertainment for a cold evening by a safe and quiet fireside. The author knows what he is talking about, and strings facts, anecdotes, and legends together to form a fairly complete picture of the man who came out of the blank spot on the map, which most of us know nothing about, and spread a Tartar empire across Asia and deep into India and Europe.

IN The Seigneurs of La Saulaye (Macmillan, $2.50), Johnston Abbott takes us back to the days when it was a long way from Montreal to Quebec, when Canada was called "New France," and when most of it was given over to trackless forests and uncertain Indians. It is a rather ordinary sort of romance with



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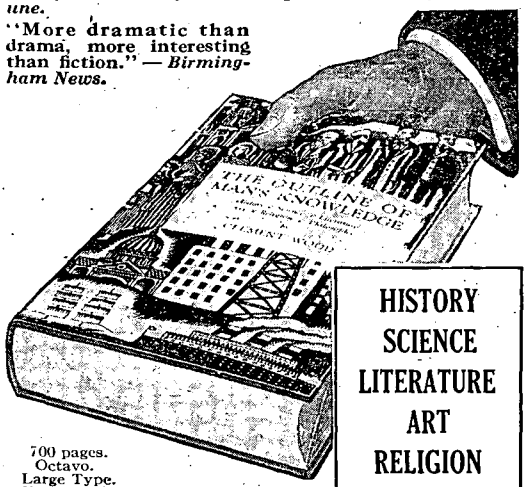


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familiar figures in an unfamiliar dress. There is the poor but honest young hero, the high-spirited, wealthy, and beautiful heroine whom he worships hopelessly from afar, the villain who dies like a gentleman in battle and so saves the hero from the embarrassing necessity of killing him, and a lost heir who must be found if everybody is to live happily ever after. At last there is the hero cleared of suspicion, the heroine repentant of her unkindness, and a final clinch over a rose bush. It's a pleasant picture of an overlooked period, but the story will do only for nice old ladies and good little girls and boys, and even they may find it a little short of salt and pepper.

THIS Browser recommends THE BISHOP'S WIFE, by Robert Nathan (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), for its irony, its humor, its sympathetic understanding of men and women, and its beautiful writing. It's a lot to find in one book, but it's all here. Also you have a most unusual triangle — a self-satisfied bishop, his heart-hungry wife, and the angel Michael, come down in answer to a careless episcopal prayer to serve as archdeacon to the bishop and fall in love with his wife. As accompaniment to this loaded situation there is a delicate picture of children at play and the beauty of the childhood world. It is a short book, which is as it should be. Its mood cannot be held for long. You will read it in an hour, muse upon it for several, and remember it for a long time.

OLD Anthony Comstock would have had a merry time chasing down the author of HEAVENLY DISCOURSES (Macy-Masius, $2.00). One can imagine him licking his lips at the prospect of branding these satiric dialogues as impious and immortal. The tables have been turned, however, and in the heaven which Charles Erskine Scott Wood creates, Anthony is miserably ill at ease. The places near the throne are occupied by Voltaire, Rabelais, Mark Twain, and other glorious doubters who enjoy the intimate confidence of God. Obviously no spot for a self-respecting Puritan. Mr. Wood's heaven is, in fact, a notably liberal one. Souls wander in at random — Billy Sunday, Charles Evans Hughes, or "T. R." — and join, if they can and will, in the salty discussion of



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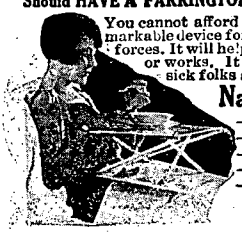

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human foibles which is perpetually to be heard. Some, however, miss the conversation, for bigots like Anthony are apt to be fumigated or dropped down into the African Medicine Man's heaven. It is all tremendously good fun, yet Mr. Wood is never really the iconoclast and the mocker. With the ardor of a true satirist he pillories intolerance, especially as it is currently practised in the United States, and his witty dialogues get under the skin as more serious preaching might fail to do. He is contemptuous of shams but reverent toward the genuine things of the spirit. It is not for nothing that his mouthpieces are so often the great humanitarians.

IT is over twenty years since H. G. Wells wrote his story of the war in the air which brought civilization crashing to a quick and complete ruin. His prophecy was based on the realization that modern warfare can win territory but not hold it, and that our talents for scientific destruction are in danger of getting out of hand. If this was obvious a generation ago, it is even more certain to-day, which gives plausibility to LEST YE DIE, by Cecily Hamilton (Scribner's, $2.00). Miss Hamilton saw enough of the last war to account for her dread of the next one, in which she foresees "displacement of population" as a weapon that will end civilization. She even drops a broad hint that this has happened before; that "eating of the tree of knowledge" refers to another prehistoric time when man had learned too much for his own safety and paid the penalty in death. But the last war taught us another lesson which discounts her pessimism. The recuperative powers of the race have been proved no less amazing than its aptitude for destruction. Her book is a solemn warning, but it does not justify hysterics.

THERE are books which, having read, we close softly with a reluctant sigh; others that we clap to briskly or thump shut with a strong impulse to fling them to the floor; but some few are no sooner closed than we have them open again. Of such is Mary Austin's — THE CHILDREN SING IN THE FAR WEST (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00). Its verses were written for Western children, but they will appeal to all children, and to many more besides



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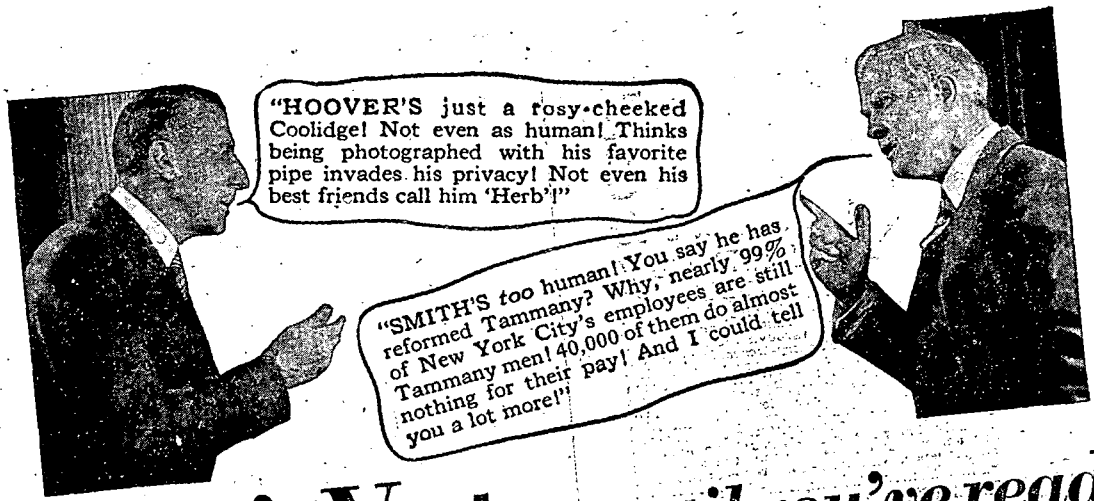
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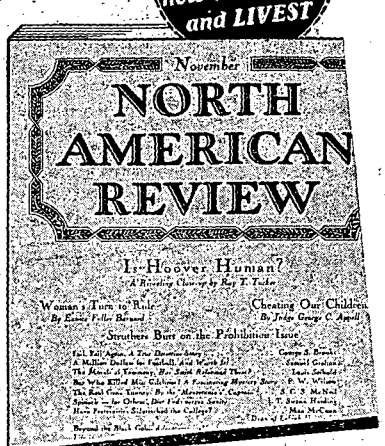


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—to all who love the foamy sea coast, high Sierras, and wide deserts of the Lands of the Sun, and to all who value freshness and simplicity. They are running, singing verses, and, as one expects of Mary Austin, they view the land with serenity, reverence, delight, and a deep, penetrating tenderness. In them the sandhill crane stalks, furry creatures scuttle, Glitterskin coils, winds blow, the poppies blossom, Indians sing, and the outdoor saints watch over garden and harvest. Both wise and happy are those who prepare for the future with Mrs. Austin's vision, and they will be glad as we are that she has opened the western door and let in the ploughing winds.

A GLANCE over LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Harry Elmer Barnes (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50), arouses wonder and admiration that one small head should carry all he knows. Further, it makes this business of living in the twentieth century a rather serious matter. The last hundred years have overwhelmed the world with new science, industrial practice, material culture, and social, economic, and political theory, and if you don't believe it you may find the evidence in this single volume. It is a sort of digest of the next edition of the encyclopædia; a curriculum of the new knowledge; a cross-section of what it means to be up-to-date. One part of the book discusses "The Intellectual Cocksureness of the Last Generation." Would it be heresy to suggest that there should be another to pay the same compliment to the present?

LITERARY speculators might prudently place their bets on a young Englishman named H. E. Bates, whose volume of short stories — DAY'S END (Viking, $2.00) — has the same quality of fastidious beauty which distinguished his novel, *The Two Sisters*. It is only fair to give warning, however, that this book is not for the devotees of hard-paced action and elaborate plots. Mr. Bates, like Katherine Mansfield, builds his tales with careful artistry around a trifling incident, a moment of fleeting, scarcely communicable emotion. Society interests him little. His characters are, for the most part, lonely, simple people who inhabit a



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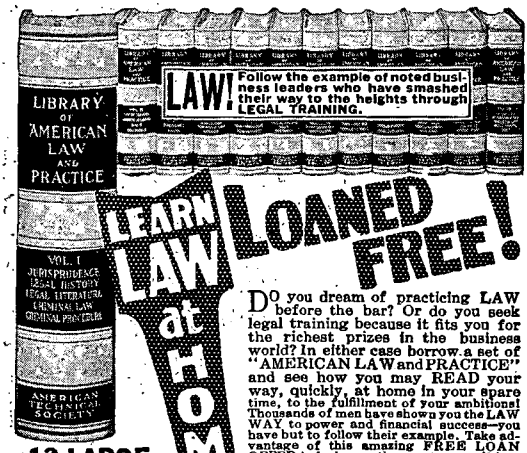
countryside which he describes with exquisite freshness. Birth and death are frequently his themes, and the troubled restlessness of youth. He dwells overmuch on a note of mild frustration, but he gives promise of some day being able to write richer and more solid stuff. Even at present no epicure can afford to miss his work.

WITH statistics one may prove anything, and WORLD DRIFT, by Edward Alsworth Ross (Century, $2.00), does so in its first chapter, which is devoted to the question of whether the world grows better or worse. Increase in the expectation of life, decrease in the death rate, and related tables of figures lead him to think pretty well of the world, though there are other statistics relating to increase of crime and insanity which might discount his conclusions. In further essays he works more mathematical magic with race suicide, capitalism, and illiteracy, and then wanders off to India to tell John Bull just what sort of a landlord he has turned out to be. Some observations on militarism, the menace of the films, and the education of children complete a book which is as homogeneous as the contents of a small boy's pocket. We are informed that this book is to answer the question "What is the world coming to?" But while it is all very interesting, we still don't know.

A GAY, roving tale of adventure among the stings and dangers of life, set in a very small English village, is NETTLE HARVEST, by Sylvia Denys Hooke (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Its heroine — a prim London spinster, whose forty-fourth birthday brings her a first belated touch of youthful wanderlust — comes into the life of a group of people whose very intensity of passion, loyalty, courage, and mystic happiness terrifies her. Patiently as she tries to understand, it always eludes her. Kindly and tactless, pathetic and absurd, her greatest virtue is her attempt to rationalize this nettle patch of cross purposes. She grows to feel that her coming to Hobdingle was part of the Divine Purpose, and is about to pluck a nettle of her own; but since she has never learned to assist Providence, she returns, grateful and breathless, to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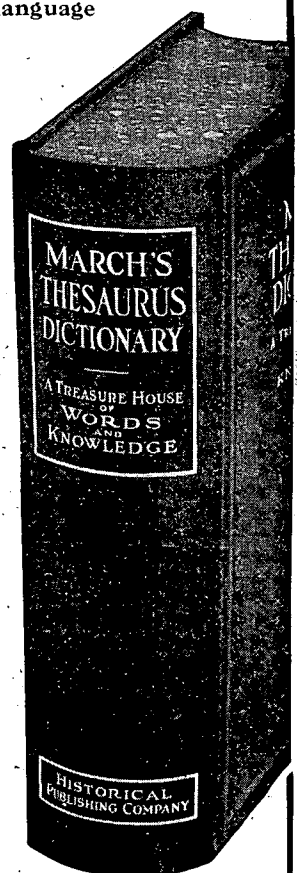


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ANYONE who is a sentimentalist and a lover of the grotesqueries of Charles Dickens will be happier if he avoids C. E. Bechhofer Roberts' novel THIS SIDE IDOLATRY (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is based on the life of the Victorian author. Although the first few chapters present a sympathetic interpretation of the child Charles, of the bombastic father and the incoherent mother, the greater portion of the book seems to veer from the sympathetic portrayal to analytic probing, with the effect on the reader of preparing the body — or should one say, the mind — for the psychoanalysts and the psychiatrists. One can almost sense their gloating discovery of another "mother complex." In the characters, the family of Dickens, one finds the prototypes of Micawber, of Jingle, and of others — but it takes no subtlety to find them.



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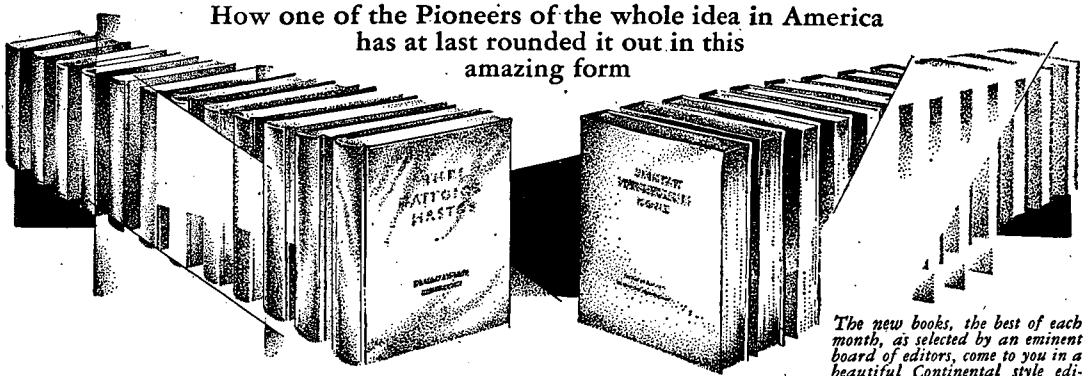

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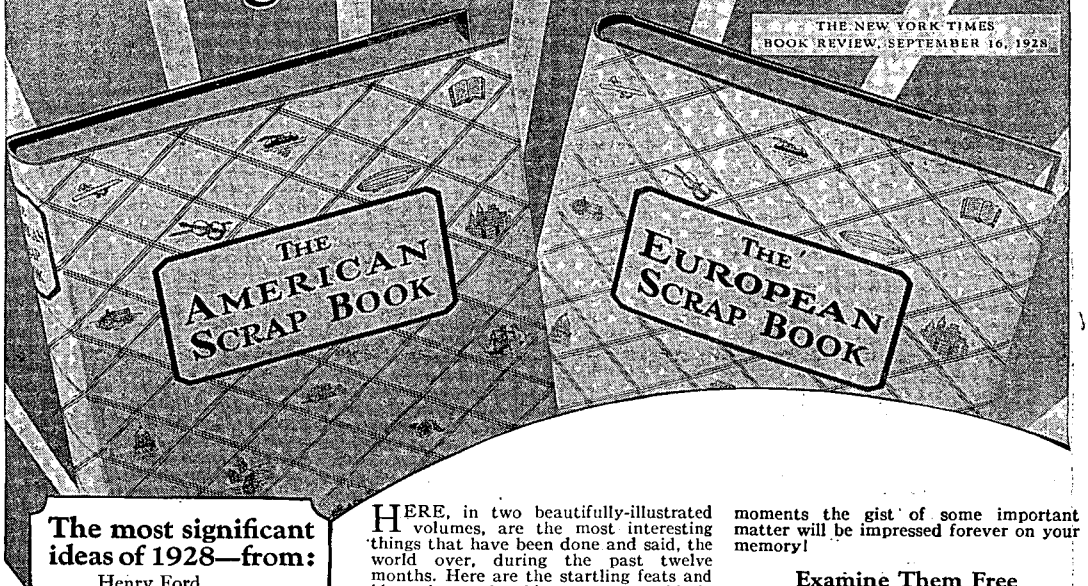


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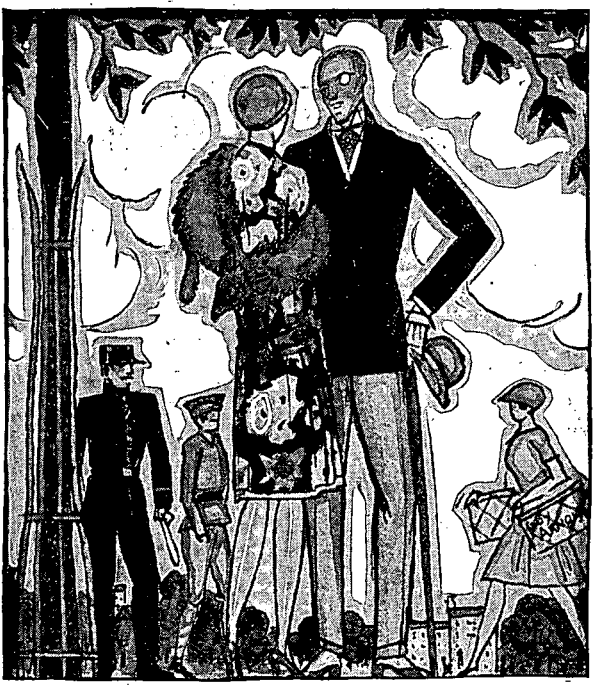

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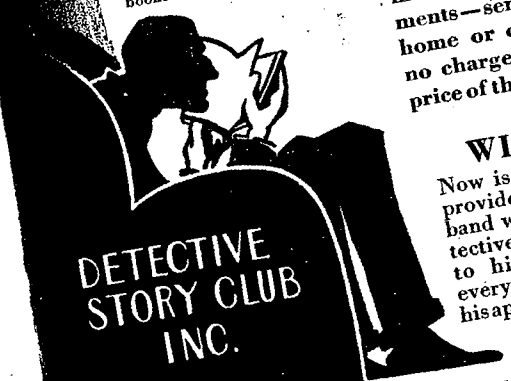


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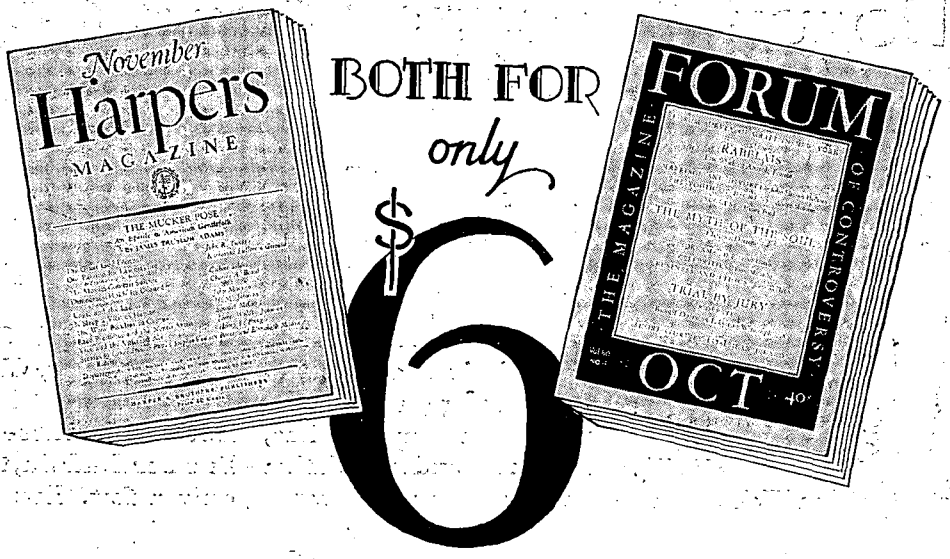


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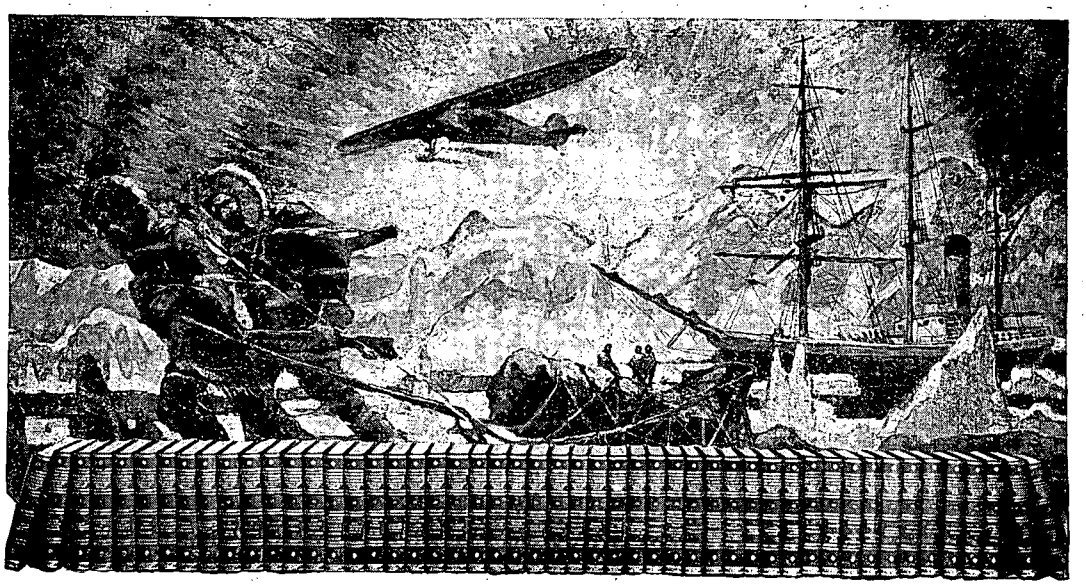

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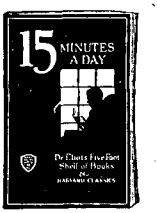


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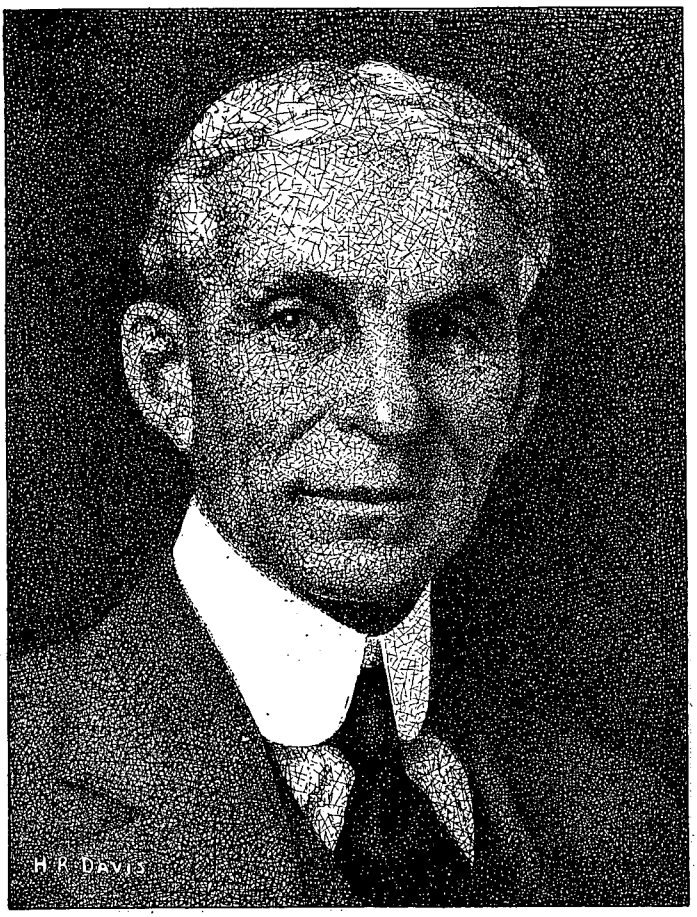


## Henry Ford

*Manufacturer extraordinary and philosopher of industry, who appears twice in this issue telling why he believes in Progress and Hoover*

(*See pages 682 and 748*)



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HARVEY S. FIRESTONE

*Tire magnate, according to some accounts "economic dictator" of Liberia, lifelong friend of Henry Ford, who joins him in admiration of Hoover*

(*See page 750*)



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## François Rabelais

*Sixteenth century monk, who told such waggish tales that the world has not yet stopped laughing, and whose biography by Anatole France started in The Forum last month and is continued in this issue*

(*See page 773*)



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# THE FORUM

NOVEMBER, 1928

Vol. LXXX No. 5

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

## BAITING THE BALLOT BOX

CHARLES MERZ

IN 1925 the voters of Essex County, New Jersey, turned out handsomely in response to the slogan that it is the duty of every good citizen to vote—"Vote as you like, but vote!" One hundred and thirty thousand votes were cast even for minor offices on the state ticket. One result of this enthusiasm was to elect to the state Assembly a candidate who had been dead three weeks.

I commend this incident, though it is only an incident, to those who believe that there is any real connection between the business of going to the polls, to vote for somebody, anybody, anything — just so one votes — and the business of being a good citizen and an intelligent human being. It is easy enough to see why the willing voter should wish to cast his ballot and how he can advance the public interest by casting his ballot wisely. But it is difficult to see how anyone either helps the country or obtains a sense of personal satisfaction by voting from a sense of duty.

Every year vast energy is spent in "getting out the vote" by baiting the ballot box. In 1924 the National Security League, the National Manufacturers' Association, the National League of Women Voters, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Legion, the American Federation of Labor, and the Federal Council of

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Churches — organizations whose aggregate membership was several times larger than the vote ultimately polled — combined with the Elks, the Eagles, the Masons, the Rotarians, the Kiwanians, the Lions, and the Moose to bring "slacker voters" to the polls. It was arranged that over the broad face of the nation factory whistles should be blown, church bells rung, fire trucks paraded, cannon shot off regularly where they were available, and carloads of men with megaphones driven through the streets to urge people not to forget a public duty. The result was nil. Just about half of the eligible voters of the country had voted in 1920. Just about half of the eligible voters of the country voted again in 1924. The percentage, as a matter of fact, rose from 49.1 to barely 50.

In 1926 the same active organizations again lent themselves to the same earnest effort. "Minute men" were sent to the theatres. Sermons were delivered in the churches. Bells were rung and fire trucks paraded. The President of the United States made an appeal to the voters to remember that "the whole system of American government rests on the ballot box." The result, this time, was worse than in 1924. Not more than one-third of the eligible voters of the country turned out to elect thirty-four Governors, thirty-five Senators, and the entire House of Representatives. For an off year, the showing was worse than the showing for the previous off year, 1922.

We are now in the throes of the 1928 election. In the early stages of the campaign various new suggestions to "get out the vote" were made and, happily, discarded. Senator Capper proposed an additional income tax of one per cent for everyone not voting. Assemblyman Phelps of the New York State Legislature proposed a ten-dollar fine and costs. The Downtown Merchants' Association of San Francisco urged that golf links be closed on election day. Mr. Frederick O'Byrne, commissioner of jurors in the city of New York, suggested that henceforth all "slacker voters" should be penalized by being placed first on the list for jury duty. This was democratic theory chasing its own tail with a vengeance. Those who had theoretically proved themselves bad citizens, by not voting, were now to be made the custodians of justice.

Theory aside, five concrete arguments — and I believe only five — have been offered to prove that it is the duty of every good citizen to vote, for the sheer sake of voting. Let us see what they are, and what they mean.

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*1. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote because from the act of voting (regardless of what he votes for) he derives a sense of dignity and responsibility.*

I admit that concrete proof is lacking with which to controvert this argument. For what any individual derives from the act of voting is a matter particular to that voter and mere guesswork for outsiders. I submit, however, that those who believe the act of voting confers dignity and responsibility on the voter are quite as much under the necessity of proving their case as those who believe it doesn't. In fact, what evidence there is favors the skeptics. For the drop in the vote itself suggests that the act of voting confers on more and more of us a sense, not of dignity and responsibility, but of futility and despair. Perhaps it ought not to, but it does.

In 1925 there were 21,000 candidates running for city, county, borough, and township offices in Pittsburgh. Picture the voters of Pittsburgh picking their way through this field with any sense of competence. Politics has become a vast, complex, distant business in which many of us are disillusioned. There is quite as much *prima facie* evidence that the average citizen feels like a sucker after each election as there is that he feels like Pericles.

*2. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote because a big turnout at the polls is the best guarantee of a wise decision.*

This argument is familiar. The National Manufacturers' Association urges a big vote "in order that we may put into the next Congress the strongest and best available men." The National Civic Federation urges a big vote "so that the most competent candidates may be elected."

I submit that there is not the slightest connection between a big vote and the possibility that the most competent candidates will be elected. This argument is a heritage of early democratic dogma, which has survived repeated demonstrations of its fallacy because politicians have used it so persuasively to flatter their constituents. Cases can be found in which a big vote has resulted in the election of an able candidate. Cases can also be found in which a big vote has resulted in the election of a perfect loon. The determining factor is plainly not the mere size of the vote. It is the resultant of a host of factors which include the mechanics of each election, the choice of issues, the temper of the public, and the practical line-up of the politicians.

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It is enough to note, by way of comment on the wisdom of mere numbers, that John F. Hylan was twice elected chief executive of the City of New York by a larger vote, and in elections polling a larger total vote, than John Purroy Mitchel; and that in Chicago's last municipal election the greatest turnout on record reinstated the Honorable William Hale Thompson as Mayor. Five times as many people vote in Illinois to-day as in the days of Lincoln, and for seven years the Governor of Illinois has been Len Small.

*3. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote because only a big vote can express the wishes of the people.*

This is a more persuasive theory than that which argues that a big vote necessarily means a wise decision, since it only says that unless people vote, nobody knows what it is they want. Nevertheless, even this more modest theory rests upon an assumption for which there is no reassuring proof. It rests on the assumption that when people vote they express their will. But do they? All of us know voters who go to the polls because their neighbors ask them to, or because in a casual, off-hand way they are members of a party, or because they are afraid of being "slackers" if they stay away. All of us know other voters who go to the polls because there is one candidate they care about; their haphazard vote for twenty other places on the ticket represents just enough conscious will power to keep the pencils in their hands from falling to the floor.

Moreover, even granting the existence of a conscious and compelling will to express oneself, how is it to be done in the average circumstances? I may believe, as a citizen keenly interested in the problems of my community, that one of the chief problems now before this nation is the question of amending the Volstead Act and revising the Eighteenth Amendment. If so, I am fortunate; for the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment have figured largely in this campaign and I have a choice between two candidates who have different programmes.

But suppose I believe the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment are unimportant compared with taxation of land or the race question, about which nothing has been said in the campaign? An election obviously cannot express the whole "will of the people." It can only express the will of the people on the alternatives offered them in any given case. That is not an argument against voting; but it is a warning against interpreting every election as infallible evidence of the people's will.

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*4. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote because a big vote means a clean election.*

Senator Capper has made use of this argument. With a big vote, he says, "less money will be required to 'bring out the vote,' and there will be less need to solicit or to accept corrupting cash donations from those seeking unjust advantages." He seems to argue that slush funds are used for the high-minded purpose of bringing out the vote, regardless of where it goes.

The real purpose of a slush fund (ask the campaign managers) is to elect one set of candidates rather than another. If it cost Mr. Vare's friends $785,000 to win a majority of the Republican electorate of Pennsylvania, with only about half of that electorate voting, it is reasonable to assume that if the whole Republican electorate of Pennsylvania were to turn out and Mr. Vare had to keep on winning a majority of it, his friends would have to spend an even larger penny. The cheapest election to win, and therefore the cleanest election in the amount of money spent, is where the fewest votes are cast.

*5. Finally, it is the duty of every good citizen to vote because a big vote means better issues.*

Mr. Capper has argued this point, too. He says: "When the politicians know there will be a full vote, they will have to discuss real issues, not mere vote-getting ones; they will have to drop personalities and discuss principles."

Why? Why not, indeed, the precise reverse? If ninety per cent of the voters of this country could ever be persuaded to go to the polls to vote unprotestingly on the claptrap, hocus-pocus issues which are ordinarily served up for them, what possible incentive would the politicians have to give them something else?

The right way to get real issues isn't for everybody to begin to vote. The right way to get everybody to vote is to bring out real issues. Proof of that fact is evident in the present instance. It is generally predicted by political observers that more people will vote in the 1928 election than in any election in recent years, even without the bell-ringing and the whistle-blowing and the cannon-shooting which failed in 1926 and 1924. Why? Because two interesting men are facing one another at the polls and an unusually large number of real issues were developed in the course of the campaign. And why are two interesting men who are willing to develop issues now facing one another at the polls? For one important reason: because voters have been apathetic over

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the choices offered them in recent years and the politicians who control conventions were forced against their will to nominate real leaders if they wished to poll a large vote for their parties.

Credit the apathy of the voting public in the years from 1920 to 1926 with this result: that it helped persuade the professional politicians to nominate men like Governor Smith and Mr. Hoover in 1928. And to this degree the apathy of the voting public was useful in the past and will be useful in the future. For politicians are never moved to change their system so long as they believe that everyone is pleased to death with it. The only realistic hope of changing the system is to let the politicians know that everyone is not pleased with it. And unless the average citizen really knows for whom he is voting, really cares enough to vote of his own accord without being dragooned by a posse of "minute men," and really thinks that something more is at stake than a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, then it becomes his positive duty *not* to vote. That is the only course open to him if he does not wish to make the politicians think that he is perfectly satisfied in voting with his eyes shut. It is his only course if he really values his vote and if he does not wish to be a hypocrite.

We live in a day when politics is nine-tenths bunk. We still preserve the democratic theory and the democratic dogma. Citizens who do not know the difference between a busbar and a cantilever bridge are summoned to the polls each year, to decide solemnly by the sheer preponderance of numbers whether Jones or Smith or Brown will make the best State Engineer. Citizens whose conscience or whose better judgment tells them this is nonsense are rounded up as "slackers" and hustled to the polls. Citizens who are tired of being asked to believe that the country's future hinges on the worn-out, unreal issues being ballyhooed by party hacks in three elections out of every four are told that they are "slackers" if they do not bite. We are asked to turn out in great numbers to decide such scarecrow issues. We are asked to turn out in great numbers — and we don't!

I say it is a good thing we don't. In a day when there is so much shadow-boxing on the stage of politics, so many fake thrusts and counter-thrusts, so many purely oratorical entrances and exits, so much side-stepping and hair-tearing and breast-beating, it is a healthy thing, and not a cause for panic, that attendance at the show in recent years has fallen off.

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# MARCHING FEET

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

*Block Prints by Lowell L. Balcom*

IT does not matter what or where the village was. Out of a mist that swept, perhaps, from the Channel, or that may have gathered itself far inland, hovering over pollard-bordered canals and elm-sentineled roads, it seemed to be born that night. And yet, when one saw it, one knew it to be immensely old and wise.

Over many kilometers this mist shut down upon roads and fields — more capriciously than consistently, with its alternate pockets of clear atmosphere and its dancing wraiths that played the very devil with a motorist's eyesight and nerves, mocking the power of his premature headlights. My own roadster took the ditch and lay in a hopeless huddle against the base of a tree, whose upper portion, in the gathering dusk, and by a trick of the fog, seemed decapitated in a queer, tortured way. The mind inevitably fled back through the years to blighted trees under which men marched in columns — khaki, and blue, and gray-green. Possibly I am making too much of this, trying to weave into the fabric threads of color; and yet I do not think so, for I recall that I turned almost without thought or regret from the abandoned roadster which I had planned should take me over so many Continental roads, my mind much more concerned with scarcely-remembered lines from a thing I saw somewhere in a magazine:

Of grinding hobnails pushing east
Into the rising sun —
Dear tired feet upon the road
From Montfaucon to Dun.

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Perhaps, I thought, yesterday's ghosts would accompany me along the way, not unpleasantly. One remembers so readily the colorful things, the vivid bits: the muffled swing of silent columns under the immutable stars; the jest of comrades in the face of waiting death; the dull, shivering beauty of distant gunfire; the ministrations of women, giving laugh for laugh — and the tears just underneath; the soft benediction of age from some unseen casement above the cobbled ways by which one reached, at last, the open nakedness of fields of honor: a score of things, a score of faces springing up to greet one from dear, dead years.

Having no certainty of direction, I stumbled on until I became conscious of a motor behind me, whose groping headlights grew steadily nearer. Here was luck on this obscure roadway!

They saw me at length. The car ground to a sudden halt. A voice addressed me in imperfect French; I answered in English. The voice said then, in a tone of startled laughter: "Are you a ghost, an English ghost?"

I joined in the laughter, but it was subdued mirth. "I was just thinking of such things myself!" I admitted.

"We all were!" said the voice. "It gave us a bit of a turn to find an English one — though from our talk that was just what we should have expected! Going our way?"

"Going any way," I told him, "that will offer shelter for the night. Frankly, I'm busless through an accident, and most thoroughly lost!"

The driver laughed again, and opened the door for me to sit beside him. I heard echoes of his laughter from two men in the rear seat.

"The fact is," explained the man at the wheel, "we're all in a like plight. What is the name?"

I told him that, and my home town.

"A Canadian, eh? Montreal! Here's a New Yorker behind you, at present supposed to be doing diplomatic things in Paris. Shake hands, Boggs! And young Watson there, from London, who's more at home in the air than on the ground, and has been picturesquely damning the misty earth for better than an hour now. . . . All set? *En avant*, then!"

Coming from the darkness of the roadway, my eyes quickly accommodated themselves to the meager light from the dials, raying up curiously through the moistness that swirled even in the closed car. I discovered then, with a start, that the man who had

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thus spoken and accomplished these facile introductions was in uniform, that he wore the insignia of colonel and, on his breast, multicolored ribbons — for valor. He seemed to sense both my question and the emotion that stirred in me, almost an unbelief at finding here in him more of a ghost than he had found in me — a living thing in khaki along a road where I had walked with spirits clad like that.

"My omission!" he apologized quickly. "Thornbury — attached to a British mission now in Paris, and at present lost some scores of kilometers from home! We set out," added the Colonel, "to look up some familiar places — and got captured by ghosts. Look at 'em — ahead of our lights there. You've little idea what a silly start you gave us, turning up that way in the fog — and talking English!" He paused, and went on after a moment: "We were speaking, you know, of how many of our boys must have passed — this way."

We fell silent then. The car moved on unsteadily through the murk. Time seemed too vague and relative a thing for any mechanical measuring. The mist increased in density, and the chill of it crept in beside us and remained. And then, unbelievably, we discovered ourselves to be in a village or town of some sort. I grant you it was natural enough that houses and even lights should be cloaked and shrouded by this fog. But the thing left an odd impression — after traveling through open country that way and thinking ourselves still in the fields, to find a village born in the mist, and the lights of an estaminet welcoming us faintly.

The estaminet, in which we presently found ourselves, had neither particular virtues nor grave defects. It was one of a thousand such. Three or four loungers were grouped at a table in one corner, sipping native wines. They were country folk, evidently, to whom our entrance would have had the transient interest occasioned by passing motorists had Thornbury not been in uniform. One could see the eyes following him — not rudely, but with a certain reserved directness. The pacific bent of one who has learned the lessons of a war to end war cannot alter the fact that the khaki tunic, the Sam Browne belt, the service cap of your British officer are distinguished things. And here, even in the dimly-lighted place, I had a better chance to observe the Colonel. A well-proportioned fellow he was, ruddily handsome, with fairish hair, now grizzling, and a close-clipped moustache of the same hue above a straight mouth and decisive chin.

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"You can accommodate us over night, Madame?" He spoke in his imperfect French.

"But yes, Monsieur — in such rooms as I have!"

The woman was obviously the keeper of this place. Her appearance provoked attention. She had all the wiry strength of that type of Continental woman who does not disdain physical tasks at which even a man might balk. I thought of a very aged woman I had seen in northern Belgium, bearing upon her bent but able shoulders an amazing load of fagots. There seemed to be about this keeper of the estaminet a similar impression of immense age — that age which accepts the bearing of burdens with philosophic resignation and a remote, almost frightening tranquillity. Yet when I looked again, I realized instantly that here was a woman deeply matured by something other than mere passing years. By ordinary accounting she could not be old. Her eyes, shrewdly taking stock of our numbers and quality, returned to Thornbury — and rested there, and I fancied that from some smolder, deep-buried under dead ashes, a young flame rose to burn for a revealing moment in her mysterious pupils. Then, with a quick gesture, she signed to us to follow her.

The rooms above were low-hung under the slanting roof, cluttered with worn furniture, but possessing the inevitable feather beds that promised restful slumber. Watson and Boggs bunked with the Colonel, two in a bed and one on a couch in the larger of the two available sleeping apartments. It was natural that a newcomer to the party should shift otherwise, by himself; but Madame, taking me into a smaller front room, made her apology: "It is my son's room, Monsieur. If you do not mind sharing it, he will take the small couch."

"Not at all!"

She nodded approval, moved about the place to make minor adjustments, then turned to say, hesitatingly: "Monsieur will not mind if he seems — a little odd?"

"Odd?"

"Oh, it is nothing for worry, Monsieur. Myself, I do not notice it much — now. But people talk, and I thought you should know. . . . And what is the other gentleman doing here — in uniform?"

Her abrupt question, her change of tone, the fierceness of it, disguised only by the modulation of her voice lest it carry beyond the immediate walls, startled me. I replied that he was attached to some British mission at present in Paris. But after her question

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was once put, she seemed not to care particularly for the answer. She had moved over to the casement window; drawing aside the curtain a little, she peered out, then motioned me to join her.

Dim firelight flickering in a narrow grate threw a polished reflection upon the panes; beyond that there was only the fog, swirling eerily. She caught my arm, and her fingers bit into the flesh with unbelievable strength. She gestured with the other arm now, but her lips seemed stricken with a dumbness that she struggled to overcome.

She said at last: "Since then — he is the first one to come!"

Only vaguely understanding, I remained beside her, waiting, as if I knew the explanation would follow.

She gestured again. "So many like that used to pass by — the English in their khaki. Often they would stop. I tried to serve them well. I think they liked to stop here; it was my fancy at least that they did. Always a joke, Monsieur, and often a song. And when they had gone and the place was empty again, I would think I heard it still — their song, you know — though it was, of course, my ears tricking me, as they trick me sometimes now when I wake in the night and hear their marching feet." She paused. "So often in the night, Monsieur, when we were darkened, with the shutters up, they would pass by, and I would start up in bed and listen to their feet on the cobbles — and I would say a prayer for them, and for my own boy who marched off like the best of them long before any in khaki came this way!"

Her appraising scrutiny was lost for me in a flash of remembrance, in a drumming monotony of repetition:

> — Of grinding hobnails pushing east
> Into the rising sun —
> Dear tired feet upon the road
> From Montfaucon to Dun.

Her voice came to me as a distant thing: "You do not, perhaps, believe in prayer, Monsieur? So many do not. Well, what we believe cannot change it. My son came back to me — was given back from death!"

The woman's face was a study. There was defiance in it, as in her voice. Meeting her glance, I could think again only of a young flame rising from deep-buried smolder.

At the sound of footsteps I turned. For an instant, until I remembered that I had heard them go below for a drink, I fancied it to be one of our little party. A second glance convinced me that

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this was the son. He stood framed in the doorway, the firelight playing upon him trickily, so that my mind was carried to some painting I had once seen that haunted my memory, though where or what it was I could not say. Or was it that some echo wakened out of the dim years, recalling the entrance of an inimitable actor upon the boards of a theatre, whose presence brought to the audience a thrill, a hush, an intangible but certain reaction before ever words were spoken? He did not at first see his mother; he had eyes only for the stranger in his room. He stood there, hesitant, in the doorway, and I thought, "His mother's son!" — for about him was the same impression of baffling and uncanny maturity, of immense and terribly wise age.

Then he straightened himself a little and put one hand across his forehead in a groping way, and suddenly I had a ridiculous assurance that childishness had defeated a premature age. With it came the amendment: "No, he is not like her."

A sound of strident voices, floating up from the wine-room below, shattered our tableau.

"This is my son, Monsieur. You will not mind taking the couch to-night, my dear Raymond, and letting this gentleman have the bed?"

He inclined his head slightly, his mouth gaped a little in a shy, childish smile. He stood aside, as if to let us pass, but his eyes did not leave me all the time. The woman nodded to me to accompany her. In the hall she said: "You understand? He is odd at times. But not troublesome, not at all troublesome. He is — well, he is a child, that is all. The war made him a child. Even the language he had to learn again at my knee, so slowly, over and over like a child!" Her voice quivered; then she smiled, shrugging her shoulders. "Why should I complain? So many did not come back at all!"

She went on down the dark well of the staircase. I returned to the room. The son was sitting now on a low stool before the scant fire, head in hands, staring into the dim flicker. My entrance drew his slow attention. And again there came to me that indescribable feeling that before had caught me — as if more than a war-stunted son of the house were confronting me. He must, I thought, have been a very bonny lad. His hair was inclined to be fair and wavy; his eyes were a peculiar blue; his skin, touched by the firelight, had attained a glow that restored something of health and youth again. And perhaps because of this I have always

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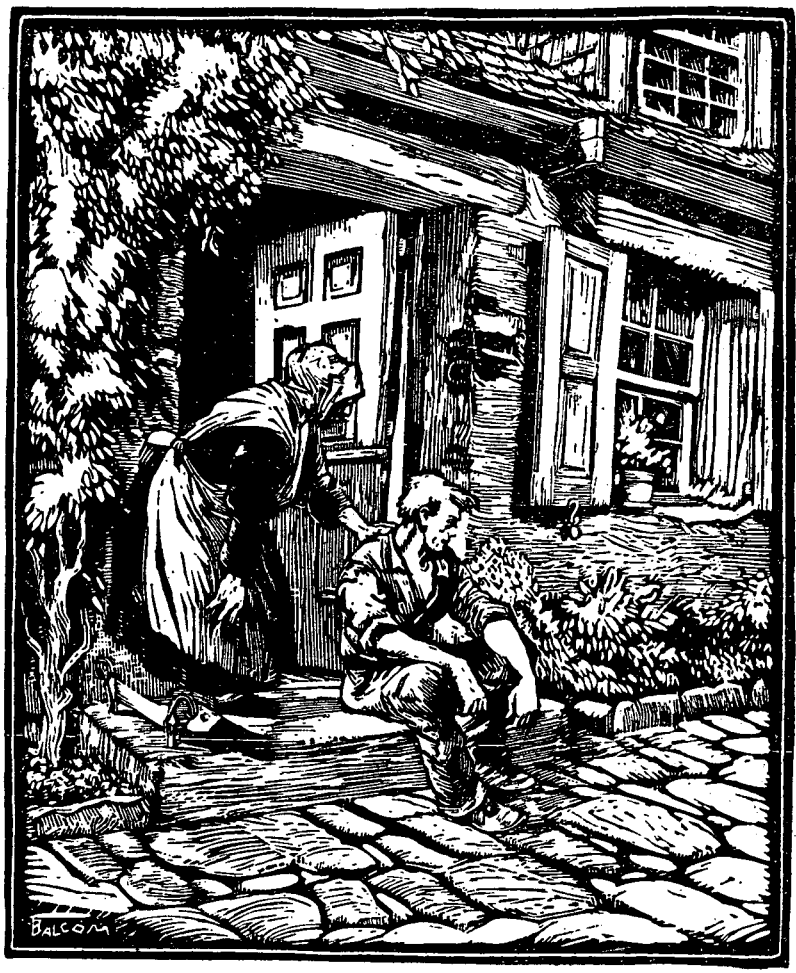


*She found him there*
*on the steps*

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thought of him as a mere boy, forgetting the procession of the years.

He looked me over now with a quaint directness, almost with groping eagerness. His eyes kindled in a little smile. His breath moved more quickly in him.

I found myself, sillily, saying impulsively in English: "Hullo, my lad!"

"H-hullo!" he said. He leaned forward, and I could catch the fevered movement of his breath. "I — I say — "

Had I heard correctly? He was sitting back again, quite blankly regarding the fire. Yet for a moment, in that interchange, the room had been blotted out, the woman forgotten; some mystic, imperfect communion had been upon us. I spoke to him again. He put out a hand, whether to touch me or to grasp mine I did not know; it was withdrawn before I could take it. He got up instead, abruptly, and opening the window, stood beside it, very stiffly, his head — so different from that bent, groping posture — thrown a little back, his nostrils dilating. What was it made me think of lilacs, when there entered the open window only a Continental fog to assail us with its pungency and bring a chill harshness into the room as it stirred the dying fire into protesting flame?

The stridency from below stairs reached up to snatch us from this elusive mystery. A sense of prophetic shame drove me down to see if men of my common blood were making fools of themselves over liquor. Laughter too high-pitched to be altogether wholesome greeted my reappearance. The tables were filled now. Perhaps the news of visitors had brought out the local folk through the fog. These, however, for the most part, kept unobtrusively in the background. A woman, evidently a hired helper, was aiding Madame in supplying the constant demands of Thornbury and his comrades, who had pulled two tables together in the centre and had invited a couple of the more distinguished-looking citizens to drink with them. They hailed me, insisting that I sit in at these tables.

Thornbury cried merrily: "An international episode! Now we have a Canadian as well!" The strangers, he pointed out, were a local doctor and a German, happening in on his way through to Paris on business. "And our feet all under the same table!" said Thornbury.

They were not, of course, in any sense drunk. But the convivial-

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ity had loosened tongues. They had all seen service and were abnormally anxious to talk about it now, in a curious mixture of languages, supplemented by gestures, and based in the main on French. As the talk went on, I noticed some youngsters — countrymen — move nearer eagerly, their lips parted with excitement, their eyes and cheeks aglow with the false patriotism and glamorous adventure of war. The elder folk hung back, watching, listening closely, but sucking their pipes and at times shaking their heads.

Who made the fatal remark I do not know. But somebody, in the midst of more or less technical reminiscence, suggested: "The next war will be different!"

Watson spoke up then for the air service; somebody else for the advance in gas; Thornbury put in a good word for tanks — that kind of thing. I was in no mood for it and rose abruptly, almost rudely, from the tables. Thornbury shot a half-sarcastic glance at me, though his slightly flushed face was pleasant enough and handsome as the devil. I went and sat in an obscure corner, my mind rebelling against this vain, boasting chatter between the various arms of the service, and my thoughts quickly returned — at sight of him slowly descending the stairs — to the fair-haired son of our hostess. He paused for a moment on the lowest step, in a lacklustre way appraising the scene before him, then slumped down, apparently uninterested in it, and half-hidden by the turn in the stairway.

A young countryman next to me, seeing my interest, removed his pipe and spoke. Had I met Madame's son? What did I think of him? I turned the question back upon local knowledge. The young fellow sucked at his pipe, looking wise.

"Always certain, she was — always certain her son would come back." He shrugged his shoulders. "Even long after the armistice." His fingers played with the polished bowl of his pipe. "He was missing, you know. And then, one night, this fellow came. She was always the first up of the village every morning, and she found him there on the steps. He was not in uniform. Where he came from is not known — some say he must have been a prisoner, wandered back. Anyway she took him in; he was pretty bad, Monsieur, and she nursed him. Like many others the war had left him — " He shrugged his shoulders again eloquently. "Well, it is understood she had even to teach him to speak all over again!"

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He paused, and my eyes went to the woman, who was standing not far from the tables where the silly talk and argument waxed hotter. He saw my glance and his eyes were shrewd. "It was given out presently, Monsieur, that the son had returned. I think she knows better. Still, who shall say? Her heart demanded her son back — and here was this one. He was not unlike the other. It got about the village — and who could deny the possibility? — that the war had changed him, bleached him out, as you might say." He lifted his eyes gravely to mine. "In time, Monsieur, maybe we come to believe the thing we want most!"

I gave silent thanks for this intelligence in unlikely material. The mystery of the son had hung over me unshakably. About to question further, I was halted by a renewed stridency from the group at the centre tables.

The inevitable had happened — from branches of the service, competitive argument had leaped into national and racial camps. Boggs, red-faced, was pounding the table to emphasize his high utterances. Watson was white with excitement. The foreigners opposite bristled defiance. Thornbury was grim; the pleasant twist of his mouth had gone; the purplish veins of his face were prominent.

My mind framed something that was near a prayer and it took familiar words —

> For frantic boast and foolish word
> Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

It seemed a very feeble thing.

The atmosphere of the low room had risen, so I fancied, to keep pace with this fevered talk. I felt my own cheeks burn with it. It seemed tangible — as tangible at least as the fog that cloaked the outside world. The villagers were growing excited under its influence, as if with fumes from the wine now spilled upon the tables.

One of the foreigners made an empurpled utterance. What it was I don't know. Thornbury rose to his feet, flushed, went white, said cuttingly, with bitter, sardonic calmness: "That's damned nonsense, you know! I tell you, in the next scrap we'll jolly well — "

He got no further. Madame startled him into silence and us into more painful tension by her quick, querulous outcry. She ran forward, her hand outstretched at him; but when her finger

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pointed suddenly, it was not at the Colonel. She gestured toward the little group of youngsters in whose eyes also the eager fever ran. "They don't know any better!" she protested. "They were but children — but children in the war. But you, Monsieur le Colonel — " She turned now and actually touched the ribbons on his breast, defiantly and yet with tenderness. "My God, you know better, Monsieur!" She swung upon the others. "And you — and you — and you!" She spread her hands in an inclusive gesture.

And then her defiance died as suddenly as it was born. She staggered back a pace; a little gale of hysterical laughter followed, harder on us who listened than her defiance. Her hand went to her lips. The flame of accusation that had blazed so fiercely in her eyes was gone; again I had the feeling that, like her village, she was immensely old — and immensely wise. She turned to us who watched, as to an audience, but her eyes sought something far beyond us. She gave a sound between a laugh and a sob. But when she spoke, her words fell with a dull, terrible insistence. "They would have them marching up our street again! They would have the columns marching up our street!" She swept around upon the Colonel and his group, blazing a new defiance, though it was a flame still clouded by dead ashes: "Isn't it enough — enough for you, Monsieur le Colonel, that from the last time — their feet can still be heard upon our cobbles?"

She inclined her ear for a mad moment, as if listening even now; and there was none that did not listen with her. And I have a fancy that our imaginations wrought for all of us the muffled sound of marching feet.

The Colonel swore an oath, but I think not in anger. His hand went up before his face, as if to ward off something, and I wanted to cry out that the sleeve of his tunic was red with blood — until I remembered the spilled wine. He saw it then himself and brought his arm down with a quick gesture, almost as if he were striking at the woman there before him. And as if that were a signal, he found himself confronted by another figure.

The son stood there, facing the Colonel. His features were working in a way that baffles description. He seemed to be mouthing words that fell silent but awesome from his moving lips. He was taking, we saw, his mother's part. He pointed at the woman, then menaced the Colonel with a blow — in the midst of which the change came. He fell back a pace as if the Colonel

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had struck him. Then, suddenly, he stepped back another pace, stiffened slowly to attention, and attempted a shambling salute!

The Colonel stared at the lad; and then, as if he could not throw off even now the rigors of discipline and tradition, stiffened into a military posture himself. When he spoke, it was in English — curtly — as if that were the natural way to address this son of a Continental wine shop.

"What do you want?"

The lad did not speak. His posture remained rigorous. A tip of tongue explored his lips. The corner of his mouth twitched. His eyes never left their exploration of the uniform — the military boots, the leggings, the smartly-cut khaki breeches, the tunic with its polished Sam Browne belt.

I did not notice the silence, but it must have been intense. I did see, as if they were figures frozen in a tableau, the faces of Boggs and Watson, the French doctor and the German business man. But that was only for a flash. Everything hung on the two figures facing each other.

The Colonel said again, almost roughly now: "What do you want?"

And then the boy spoke. He lifted his hand again in a difficult salute and only two words came. They were English, and one a word no alien would ever use. "Blighty, sir!"

The Colonel dropped back another pace. His face was that of a man who had found kinship in a ghost, and, it may have been, rebuke in a ghost. His hand clawed queerly at his close-clipped moustache. I think he must have seen, as I saw then — perhaps more sensitively than he — the thing in the boy's eyes. It was all in that word. Blighty! He wanted Blighty. The eyes were shining as if some untapped source of light in the lad had suddenly been touched. I cannot say just what the Colonel saw in them. But as for me, I saw a lane in England, heavy with the bloom and scent of lilacs; and elms at sunset with the rooks flying homeward; and a bit of English sward against an ancient wall; and well-tilled fields under an English sky; and people on bus tops in London traffic; and chimney pots against a misty skyline.

Thornbury sprang forward then and caught him by the shoulder. Perhaps the movement was too impulsive; I do not know. I do know this, that I who watched saw England pass and vanish.

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*"Blighty, sir!"*

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"English!" cried the Colonel, eagerly. "My God, you're English, sonny!"

The boy shrank from the touch. His eyes were dull. His speech was the broken native jargon he had learned. The woman interposed, protesting he was her son — that the English words were not unnatural in one who had seen Allied service.

Thornbury put the woman aside none too gently. He faced the lad again, desperately determined, trying a dozen expedients to resurrect that ghostly flash. Only a groping something answered — and was gone. The Colonel turned at last; swept us all with his glance; regarded for a moment the strained but hopeful faces of the men with whom he had sat at table.

"It's gone!" he said brokenly. He gestured queerly, and his glance seemed to seek something far beyond us. "There was England in his eyes!" he said. "He wanted Blighty — and there was England in his eyes!"

My eyes, for an instant, met those of Boggs and Watson, the local doctor and the German business man. They did not seem to see me. Was it my fancy that in their faces was the ghostly light of moving columns under blighted trees — khaki, and blue, and gray-green; and in them too a sudden sick desire for the quiet, natural peace of native scenes?

I couldn't stand it then; how I got out of the place I don't know. But there I was in the street, with the swirl of Continental fog about me, and in my nostrils the smell of earth and lilacs — and in my ears, for a queer, uncertain moment, the sound of marching ghostly feet over the cobbles of an unknown village.

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# SHOULD THE CRIMINAL JURY BE ABOLISHED? — A DEBATE

*WHEN Mr. Harry F. Sinclair was acquitted by a Washington jury a few months ago, after a trial for conspiracy which had attracted more nation-wide attention than any other in recent times, a certain portion of the press raised a hue and cry that the jury system had broken down. It is not the purpose of* THE FORUM *to go into the merits of that particular trial one way or the other, but merely to point out that the Sinclair case, because of its prominence, focused attention upon the problem here debated. Has the jury system really broken down under modern conditions? And if it has, what substitute can be offered in its place?*

*THE two debaters are peculiarly qualified to speak with authority for their respective points of view. Mr. Edgar Allan Poe, who takes the affirmative, was for four years Attorney-General for the State of Maryland — a state which has the unique distinction of having tried thousands of criminal cases without juries. Mr. Martin W. Littleton, who takes the negative, is an attorney of wide practice and was chief counsel for Mr. Sinclair.*

## I — JUDGING THE JURY

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THERE is no question that respect for and belief in trial by jury is diminishing and that agitation for the abolishment of the jury system in the trial of both civil and criminal cases is no longer confined to doctrinaires and those who delight in arguing moot questions. Up until quite recently, it required greater courage than most people possessed to advocate doing away with such a time-honored institution. The mere suggestion savored of sacrilege or mental aberration. An attack upon trial by jury, especially in criminal cases, was regarded as equivalent to an attempt to undermine the foundations upon which the administration of justice rested.

At the present day, however, and especially in this country, trial by jury has been weighed in the balance and found wanting, with the result that serious movements are on foot to bring about its abolishment, or at least to wipe out its constitutional guarantees.

The Committee on Criminal Courts and Procedure of the New

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York County Lawyers' Association has up for serious consideration the amending of the Constitution of the State of New York so as to empower the legislature to abolish jury trials in both civil and criminal cases. In a letter sent out to the various bar associations of the state it presents many cogent reasons for the discontinuance of the jury system.

The Law Society of London has gone on record in favor of substituting for a common-law jury, law officers specially selected to pass upon questions of fact. In practically all the states, Industrial Accident Commissions have superseded juries in cases involving injuries to employees. In civil cases jury trials are frequently waived, all questions of fact being left to the determination of the presiding judge.

In the City of Baltimore, Maryland, as the result of a constitutional amendment passed in 1892, all civil cases in the common-law courts are heard by the judge without a jury, unless either party demands a jury trial within a very limited time after the institution of the suit. Consequently, jury trials rarely take place except in damage cases, at the instance of the plaintiff.

There are many, however, who, while advocating the elimination of juries in civil cases, hesitate at so drastic a step in criminal trials. Is such hesitancy justified?

It is now well established that juries played no part in the trial of criminal cases until the latter half of the twelfth century, after which time they gradually superseded the old practices of compurgation, judicial combat, and ordeal. When juries were first introduced, the same body of men discharged both the functions of grand jury and petit jury. They were chosen because of their supposed personal knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the commission of the crime, and their verdicts were reached without calling in outside witnesses. It also seems to be well established that it was not until during the reign of Edward III, about 1352, that trial by jury in criminal cases, such as we now understand it, came into existence.

There is not the slightest doubt that the cause of liberty owes a tremendous debt to the jury because of the protection it gave in the centuries gone by to the fundamental rights of citizens. History conclusively proves that in times past trial by jury was the chief security against the oft-attempted exercise of arbitrary action and wrongdoing by the Crown. Instances are numerous where the jury courageously stood firm in the defense of those

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unjustly accused, refusing to yield not only to threats from the officers of the Crown and the presiding Justice, but even to imprisonment. Such instances constitute some of the proudest and finest passages in English history, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the right of trial by jury is so frequently spoken of as the bulwark of our freedom and the palladium of our liberties.

But while we may grant that the jury was admirably adapted to deal with those conditions of the past which called the institution into being, we must also recognize that times and conditions have changed. Our task is now concerned with the immediate present. If the dangers to citizens, against which the jury was designed as a safeguard, no longer threaten; if modern tendencies are such that juries no longer function as they were intended to function: then it must be evident that the jury system has outlived its usefulness, because the reasons for its continuance no longer exist. Moreover, if a new system can be found which is more efficient and better adapted to our present surroundings, it necessarily follows that a change should take place and that the new system should at least be given a trial.

The main purpose of criminal procedure is — or should be — to bring about the conviction of the guilty and the acquittal of the innocent after a prompt and fair trial. A proper observance of all fundamental constitutional safeguards is, of course, of vital importance. But this is not all. The public welfare equally demands the *prompt* and *certain* conviction and punishment of those who violate the criminal law. The ideal tribunal, therefore, should be one which is not only clothed with authority to determine guilt or innocence, but which is actually qualified for the task and is least likely to err in its judgments.

By this criterion, how does the jury qualify as an instrument of justice?

In the first place, those who are best fitted for jury service are either exempted, excused, or challenged: in consequence, those who actually sit in judgment are untrained and are generally of only average intelligence. Unaccustomed to assume heavy responsibilities, unskilled in deciding matters of complicated character and grave import, they take their duties lightly. Very few jurors have ever served before; they do so unwillingly and regretfully, with their minds fixed more or less on their private affairs, which they feel are suffering through their absence.

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Having but little capacity to absorb, remember, and weigh the testimony, they frequently doze during the trial and are susceptible to prejudice and sympathy.

Moreover, the jury is composed of twelve separate units, each unit comparatively unknown in the community, so that there is an absence of individual responsibility. And since jurors are not required to give any reasons in support of their verdict, their irresponsibility is complete. Furthermore, the requirement of unanimity is a great advantage to the guilty. One obstinate, friendly, or corrupt juror can easily bring about a miscarriage of justice. It is clear, therefore, that the jury falls far short of being an ideal instrument of justice, because it is poorly qualified to determine guilt or innocence and because it is very likely to err in its judgments.

There is much less likelihood — at least theoretically — that a guilty person will be acquitted by a judge than by a jury. The judge is in court daily, becoming increasingly familiar with human nature as it is exhibited in litigation. He is accustomed to weigh and sift evidence. From his constant experience with witnesses he has acquired the ability to detect truth from falsehood, to follow the testimony carefully with a mind trained to remember, discriminate, and reason. Moreover, since he holds a position of responsibility in the community, he realizes that the eyes of the public are upon him and that he will be held strictly accountable for the correctness of his decisions. He has to justify his conclusions; he cannot decide contrary to the evidence without bringing condemnation upon himself; hence he cannot afford to be swayed by prejudice, passion, or sympathy. By learning, training, and experience the judge is an expert in the matters which he is called upon to decide.

Moreover, in a trial before a judge, a mistrial is impossible, and no time is wasted in selecting and impaneling a jury or in presenting the evidence. Counsel apply themselves strictly to the material and crucial points in the case. There is no incentive for them to appeal to prejudice, passion, and sympathy, or for dragging in irrelevant matters. The saving in time and expense is tremendous and the necessity of retrials is greatly lessened.

The belief is almost universal, and is certainly well-founded, that it is only the guilty who desire trial by jury and have reason to fear a hearing before a judge alone. In itself, such a belief is a powerful condemnation of the jury system in the trial of criminal

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cases and is a very convincing justification of the movement in favor of its abolishment — a movement which has arisen out of the repeated failures of juries to convict in prominent cases where proof of guilt has been clear and convincing.

Those who believe in the superiority of trial by judge over trial by jury need not rest their case upon theoretical arguments alone, however, for there is one state in the Union where the jury system has already been superseded to a very large extent and the actual experience of that state should carry great weight. For more than one hundred years a person accused of crime in Maryland has had the privilege under the state constitution of electing to be tried by a judge instead of by a jury. As a result, juries are dispensed with in the great majority of criminal cases. The statistics for Baltimore show that seventy-five per cent of the criminal cases for the year 1927 were tried before a judge without a jury. It is no unusual thing for cases involving capital punishment to be so tried. On these occasions it is customary, but not obligatory, for the presiding judge to ask at least two other judges to sit with him. There is rarely, if ever, a miscarriage of justice. The rights of the accused are scrupulously protected and the cases are disposed of expeditiously and without any of the theatrical display and unseemly wrangling that so frequently disgrace trials before a jury. Indeed, if the question were only whether the guilt or innocence of an accused person is more likely to be determined correctly by a judge or by a jury, the proof would be overwhelmingly in favor of the former.

As far back as 1883 an article which appeared in the *Nation* stated that it was a delusion to suppose that trial by jury held a sacred position as a method of deciding questions of fact. The author added that a jury trial was a species of machinery which only aided offenders to escape the clutches of the law and that in the future it was in reality a conservative rather than a progressive force, limited to political causes.

Lesser, in his *History of the Jury System*, published in 1894, took the position that "jury trial is not in itself a good method of determining facts at all; that far from being a common right in civil cases, it is unobtainable in numerous classes of them; that in ordinary cases between man and man it is no longer regarded even by the Legislature as a precious institution; and that its chief value consists in its furnishing a popular tribunal in proceedings in which the Government is a party."

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Sir James Stephen, in his *History of the Criminal Law*, states that "the securities for justice are greater in a judge trial than in a jury trial."

What then stands in the way of a change from jury to judge? It is the natural disinclination to make so fundamental a change, fortified by a deep-seated belief that the right of jury trial affords a security against the possible exercise of arbitrary or tyrannical action on the part of the government. It is the idea that, so long as the right to a jury trial exists, the people must conspire against themselves before the government can unjustly abridge their individual freedom.

As a matter of fact, however, does there exist any real or latent menace — present or future — from either the Federal Government or the government of any of the states, to the individual or to any of his fundamental rights or liberties which would not be as vigorously and successfully met by a judge as by a jury? In times of political excitement or social unrest, will not the judge stand as firm as a jury against oppression and injustice? The judges in most states are elected by the people, which strengthens their sense of independence; and even in states where they are appointed, the tenure of the appointing official is so brief as to exclude the probability that he can successfully bring any improper influence to bear upon his judicial appointees.

It may be claimed by some that trial by jury is a greater protection than trial by a judge in cases involving a violation of the laws relating to prohibition, or heresy, or Sunday observance, or other similar laws concerning the wisdom of which there is wide and honest diversity of opinion in the community. But even in these cases, if the accused be innocent, he will be as readily acquitted by a judge as by a jury. If he be guilty, the fact that there is more likelihood of his being found guilty by a judge than by a jury is certainly no argument against a judge trial; the fault goes deeper and must be laid to the improper continuance on the statute books of laws that have no rightful place there.

As to the Federal Courts, a slightly different situation prevails. There is an apparent feeling on the part of some that Federal judges take a more aggressive attitude in the trial of criminal cases and identify themselves more closely with the prosecution than state judges do. This is probably because the vast majority of Federal criminal cases are instituted as the result of investigations by United States officials, and hence are in every sense

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United States Government cases and are so considered by the judges; whereas indictments in state courts generally proceed from charges preferred by private citizens and thus lack the official character that pertains to Federal cases and are consequently more impersonally regarded by the state judges.

The feeling described naturally raises an apprehension that this aggressive and sympathetic attitude might continue to manifest itself, to the injury of the accused, if the functions of the jury were transferred to the judge in Federal criminal cases. But as a matter of fact, so long as the present form of government continues in this country, so long as the individual is secured in his right in all criminal prosecutions to be informed of the accusation against him, to have a copy of the indictment or charge in due time to prepare for his defense, to be allowed counsel, to be confronted with the witnesses against him, to have process for his own witnesses, to examine the witnesses for and against him on oath, and to a speedy and public trial: the substitution of a judge trial for a jury trial carries no threat or danger to an innocent person, whether the charge against him grows out of the alleged violation of a state or of a Federal law.

It is to be borne in mind that the roots of attachment to trial by jury go back several centuries to the time when, in England, many of the prosecuting officers and some of the judges were mere minions of the Crown and when, for political reasons, men were often falsely accused of treason; and to a time, also, when almost all crimes were punishable by death, and when the accused was denied counsel and witnesses and was not even allowed to testify in his own defense. If such conditions were ever again to prevail — which is hardly conceivable — the right to trial by jury might once more be a needed bulwark of protection. Until such time, however, the right to trial by jury in criminal cases may be safely abolished and the liberty and freedom of innocent persons be entrusted to the protection of the judge without the aid of a jury.

Any movement so far-reaching and fundamental must of necessity proceed slowly and in the face of much opposition. It involves a constitutional amendment in every state where it is to be tried out. Such amendments should be so drafted as to put the matter entirely within the control of the legislature. If experience showed that the experiment was unsatisfactory, the right to jury trial could then be readily restored by legislative enactment.

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Finally, the new system should be first given a thorough trial in the state courts and its merits fully proved and established therein before it is attempted to make it applicable to Federal criminal cases, which, of course, would necessitate an amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

## II—EXPERIENCE VS. EXPERIMENT

MARTIN W. LITTLETON

MR. FRANCIS L. WELLMAN, the distinguished lawyer and author, in his book, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, in the chapter, "History of Trial by Jury," after saying that he would try to condense in readable form the many volumes on the subject, said: "Even these learned historians cannot agree among themselves about the origin of trial by jury; whether we owe it entirely to the Greeks and Romans; whether it was of Anglo-Saxon or Norman origin, or what not. So why should you and I worry? Suffice it to say it is of a ripe old age. All governments and all nations seem to have played at it in one form or another, enlarging it and tinkering with it and moulding it into its present form, which there can be no doubt is the outcome of English civilization. How this process was wrought from a crude, unworkable beginning — the gradual evolution of the present system — cannot fail to excite the interest of the reader or to impress him with the supreme dignity of our modern jury trial, if for no other reason than that it has taken generation upon generation to mould it into shape."

The jury system has been severely attacked by a particular element of a crusading press. It has been held up to scorn by the phrase-turning paragraphers. It has been ridiculed by the self-satisfied business man, who constantly shirks his obligation to serve. It has been picked at by a remote and detached professorial type, who never step out into the open highways of life. It has been charged upon by the devastating reformer, who prefers experiment to experience. And finally, it has been questioned seri-

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ously by an exceptionally able and intelligent but exceedingly small minority.

The late Joseph H. Choate, in an address before the American Bar Association, delivered at Saratoga, August 18, 1898, said: "The truth is, however, that the jury system is so fixed as an essential part of our political institutions; it has proved itself to be such an invaluable security for the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property for so many centuries; it is so justly appreciated as the best and perhaps the only known means of admitting the people to a share, and maintaining their wholesome interest, in the administration of justice; it is such an indispensable factor in educating them in their personal and civil rights; it affords such a school and training in the law to the profession itself; and is so embedded in our constitutions which, as I have said, declare that it shall remain forever inviolate, requiring a convention or an amendment to alter it — that there can be no substantial ground for fear that any of us will live to see the people consent to give it up. *For the trial of persons charged with crimes, I do not believe that any material alteration of its character will ever be thought of.*"

Francis Lieber, in his work on civil liberty and self-government, published in 1859, said: "The judge cannot occupy a sufficiently independent position between the parties by the accusatorial proceeding alone. If there is not what may be called a division of the judicial labor, separating the finding of guilt or innocence, or of the facts, from the presiding over the whole trial and the application as well as the pronouncing and expounding of the law, the judge must still be exposed to taking sides in the trial. This division of judicial labor is obtained by the institution of the jury."

And he continues: "The trial by jury, then, if properly and intelligently administered, divides the labor of the administration of justice, and permits each part quietly to find the truth in the sphere assigned to it.

"It allows the judge to stand as the independent organ of the law, not only above the parties, hostilely arraigned against each other, but also above the whole practical case before the court.

"It enables plain, common, and practical sense properly to admix itself with keen professional and scientific distinction, in each single case, and thus prevents the effect of that disposition to sacrifice reality to attenuated theory, to which every individual is liable in his own profession and peculiar pursuit — the worship of the means, forgetting the end.

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"It makes a participation of the people in the administration of justice possible without having the serious evil of courts, consisting of multitudes or mobs, or the confusion of the branches of the administration of justice, of judges and triers.

"It obtains the great advantage of a mean of views of facts, regarding which Aristotle said that many persons are more just than one, although each of the many were less so than the one; without incurring the disadvantages and the injustice of vague multitudes. . . .

"It gives the people opportunities to ward off the inadmissible and strained demands of the government.

"It is necessary for a complete accusatorial procedure.

"It makes the administration of justice a matter of the people, and awakens confidence.

"It binds the citizen with increased public spirit to the government of his commonwealth, and gives him a constant and renewed share in one of the highest public affairs, the application of the abstract law to the reality of life — the administration of justice. . . .

"It is the great bulwark of liberty in monarchies against the Crown.

"*It stands, in republics, as a committee of the people, between the accused and the people themselves, a more exacting king when excited than one that wears a crown.*"

In that most brilliant outline of individuals' rights and flaming protest against despotism — the Declaration of Independence — it was declared, among other reasons justifying revolt: "For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses."

Quotations from equally eminent sources might be multiplied beyond the legitimate limitations of this article. These serve to draw the mind of the reader to the substantial, the real things of experience coming from those closest to the knowledge of the jury's operation.

It has been asserted that the jurors are untrained, without sufficient education or interest, and inadequately equipped to pass upon the questions which are presented to them. What a commentary upon one hundred and fifty years of brilliantly and fiercely developed democracy! If twelve men drawn from the body of the community are not intellectually able to pass upon questions of fact — of guilt or innocence in a criminal case — how,

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then, can fifty-odd million voters intelligently pass upon a banking system, tariff law, constitutional amendments, the League of Nations, or any of the vastly complicated and intricate public questions which are constantly presented to them?

How can we exalt popular government and rely upon public opinion, as expressed by the individual in matters which may involve the destiny of our country, and at the same time seriously contend that a cross-section of this same exalted multitude is not able to pass intelligently on the facts, as they have been testified to by the witnesses under the guidance of an intelligent judge in a case of murder, arson, conspiracy, larceny, or other crime as defined by statute? How is it that all at once every man and woman who has reached the age of twenty-one years is thought fit to guide the destiny of the nation, and at the same time twelve people drawn from this same body have lost the capacity to inquire into and decide the simple questions of fact arising in a criminal case? The proposition to abolish the jury system in criminal cases, in so far as it is urged upon the ground that they are incompetent, is a direct challenge to the virility, the progress, and the inspiration of democratic development, and a distinct repudiation of the capacity for self-government.

It is said that jury trials often result in disagreement, and this causes delay to an impatient and fretting multitude. Mr. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, after twenty-five years experience, said: "I must say that in my experience in the conference room of the Supreme Court of the United States, which consists of nine judges, I have been surprised to find how readily those judges come to an agreement on questions of law and how often they disagree on questions of fact which were apparently as clear as the law." Mr. Choate, in the very address above referred to, said that "only about three, or at most four per cent of all jury trials end in disagreement."

It is claimed, largely by certain elements of the press, that the failure of the juries to convict in cases where the guilt is clear justifies the abolition of the jury system. To whom is this guilt so clear? To the twelve incorruptible, simple, well-guided jurors who were sworn to try the case well and truly, who heard and saw the witnesses, and who received the instructions of the judge? Or to some crusading newspaper, whose columns have been teeming with the passion of *ex parte* statements? Or to the remote and cloistered critic who dotes upon his attenuated philosophy, who

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never saw the witnesses or heard them, who never had the law stated to him authoritatively by the judge? To whom must this guilt be made clear? And who, after all, is the most competent to determine whether the jury system must be condemned because the jurors in certain cases fail to convict?

Again, it is claimed that the jury system in criminal cases should be abolished because those who might be best equipped do not serve, are excused, fall into classes of exemption, and that generally there is a shirking of the jury service by the best citizens of the country. You may as well argue for the disfranchisement of the entire body of American voters, on the ground that only a little bit more than half of the voters ever vote at any of the great quadrennial elections which affect the whole welfare of the nation. Because half do not do their duty, the other half shall be prevented from doing theirs and the value of the institution destroyed!

A cross-section of the community — which a jury really is — representing all forms of faith, all classes of business, not related to or employed either by the government or the accused, is the only body under a free government to be trusted with the primary determination of the forfeiture of life or liberty. In this connection it should be remembered that no employee of the government, however inconsequential his employment or insignificant his service, is qualified to serve on a jury in a criminal prosecution between the government and an individual. No permanent representative of the government, however highly trained, should be entrusted with the decision of guilt or innocence, if tyranny and despotism and cruelty are to be avoided.

If, as the Declaration of Independence proclaims, the object of a free government is to protect the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the determination of none of these in the first instance can safely be committed to one who is the permanent embodiment of governmental authority. Free governments favor liberty of person, of thought, of the acquisition and dominion over property. All presumptions operate in favor of the accused, because it is the experience of mankind that government is the place where tyranny and despotism constantly threaten. This does not mean that judges are unintelligent, or unjust, or inhuman; it does mean that, as the embodiment of power and authority, they may easily become so. It does not mean that jurors are infallible, but it does mean that they are essentially and fearlessly detached from governmentizing influences.

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The man who holds high public office flinches more or less under criticism or the fear of criticism. Indeed, it is openly claimed in some quarters that the judge would be better as a substitute for the jury because he would flinch under the fear of public criticism. This is the very heart of the vicious argument of those who would attempt to destroy the jury system in criminal cases. The simple, ordinary man, called forth to do his jury service, almost universally having no ambition for public life, caring nothing about the criticisms which may appear in the public press, but sworn to follow the leadership of the judge and to be governed by the evidence in the case, does not flinch from criticism or the fear of criticism. Therefore he and his fellows, composing the jury, stand as a barrier against ill-considered, superheated, uninformed, misadvised, crusading publicity.

Article VI of the Constitution provides: "In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense."

In this single paragraph is embodied a whole volume of the rights of the individual, which were designed to protect him, on the one hand against the outrages of government, and on the other hand against the unrestrained impulses of public opinion. Why select out of this article the sole phrase, "trial by an impartial jury," and leave all the others? Why not take away his right to a "speedy" and "public" trial, instead? Why not abolish the requirement that he shall be "informed of the nature and cause of the accusation," or the one "to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor," or the other, "to have the assistance of counsel for his defense?"

One by one, these great guaranteed rights, embodied in the very core of the Constitution, representing ages of conflict, struggle, resistance, and revolt, can be taken away; and, one by one, they will be taken away if we yield to ill-considered projects which, as I said in the beginning, represent the devastating influence of the reformer, who would substitute experiment for experience.

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# CODDLING CHILDREN

LEONARD HILL

Drawings by Julian de Miskey

THE first child of any family is at a distinct disadvantage. He has to bear up against the inexperience and consequent mistakes of parents who have had no previous experience in rearing children. If he happens to be an only child — and families of one or two children are becoming more numerous under the present decline of the birth rate — he suffers an even greater handicap. He will not receive the hardening which is incidental to competition in a large family. On the contrary, he is only too likely to be coddled all his life by an overanxious mother.

Among the well-to-do, the salvation of the only child suffering from coddling is the private boarding school (in England the public boarding school), where he may be tempered under wise supervision. The children of poor parents do not have this advantage. They have to live at home and go to a public day school, where there is little to counteract the coddling influence of their parents. In large families the death rate of poor children living in one or two-room city tenements is increased by crowding and want of sufficient care by the harassed mother. Children of the poor in our cities, then, are likely to suffer from one of two extremes — either coddling or neglect, depending on the size of the family.

Coddling, however, handicaps rich and poor alike. Dr. Lempriere, a resident medical officer at one of the big English public schools for well-to-do boys, has voiced an opinion which is the result of twenty-five years' experience and which a dozen other medical officers of similar schools concur in. He says: "The boy of

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to-day, though somewhat bigger than his predecessor, is quite definitely less robust, softer, more of a Sybarite, and more of a weakling. This is partly because more weaklings come, the conditions of the schools having improved so tremendously. Weaklings now number from ten to fifteen per cent of the school population. The fussy, nervous parent is more common than she was. The mother has often replaced the nurse, and boys often come to school laden with bottles of aspirin, pills, sprays, vaccines, and a much too great knowledge of their own anatomy. Public school life is often their salvation." It takes them away from surroundings which coddle them and hardens them in body and mind. The boys at these schools have pride in athletic performance and all share to some extent in strenuous games.

The conditions of modern life are unhealthy, however, and from these they cannot wholely escape. Temptations toward indolent pleasures abound. Children nowadays ride a motor-bike instead of pedaling the old-fashioned kind; they drive a car in place of riding a horse. They spend their leisure time not in reading but at the movies. The mass of our people are overfed and underexercised, and many, habituated to sedentary life in monotonous, stagnant, warm atmospheres, display shameful bodies upon medical examination. Clothes cover a multitude of sins. Not only women faded with age but young girls powder and rouge their faces and use lip sticks. With complexions ruined by the indoor life they lead, they seek to keep their beauty by methods traditionally used by courtesans.

There is a widespread belief that children can be made strong by feeding alone, and kept from illness by guarding them from exposure to cold by much clothing and heated indoor atmospheres. Children when ill with feverish complaints are confined in stagnant, heated air with clothes piled on them, when they need the very opposite — open-air treatment.

Dr. Huldschinsky, who was the first to cure children suffering from rickets by exposing them to ultra-violet rays, told me that the prejudice of traditional teaching was such in Berlin that he could not tell a mother to treat a child ill with pneumonia in the open air; yet it has been proved over and over again that the open-air verandah is the very best place for treatment of all fevers. The fear of exposure to cold has been handed down from mother to child for generations. Consequently it is very difficult to overcome, but the efforts of all hygienists should be directed

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against this fear. The medical officers at open-air sanatoria know that adequate exposure of the naked body to sun and cool wind is most beneficial.

A California physician told me of a home for infants kept by a woman who allowed the babies only a garment around the loins. He had seen the babies looking blue with cold, but never during a period of several years had he been called in to a case of bronchitis or pneumonia among those infants. At a school at Manchester, in England, recently established for the treatment of weakly and rickety children, the cases are taken from tenement dwellings in the city and put to live in a shed open to the south and with louvers to the north which are never closed. There is a playground in front. No artificial heating is used except for drying clothes. Given warm clothing and good food, the children thrive there, living in the open air in winter when the temperature is around freezing. And during a great part of the English winter the weather is not only cold but damp. The children lose their rickets by the outdoor life and become virile and alert.

Dr. Mumford, in his book on *Healthy Growth*, reports: "The breathing of these children becomes deeper; the blood in their skins becomes richer, and consequently their complexions improved; the catarrhs of the nose and throat and the feverish attacks lessened and disappeared; their nerve energy increased and their muscles gained so much in tone and in coördination that the distorted bones of their arms and legs, now receiving their appropriate strain, were reformed and took on their proper shape. They learned to work as members of a keen, happy, orderly family. They were able to pay closer attention and to concentrate for longer periods, owing to lessening of fatigue."

"In the open-air school," says Kerr, an English authority on education, "infection is diminished while resistance to infection is increased. Colds are rare, coughs disappear, ecthymatous conditions fade away, and discharges of eyes, nose, or ears tend to dry up." Few records exist of outbreaks of contagious diseases. Chronic absentees at previous schools became regular attendants at the open-air school. "The numerous catarrhs which affect school children in German towns all go," says Sticker, "when they play all day in the open air and sun during the holidays; all the rheumatism of young people engaged in business goes when they give up the indoor life and take to field work and gardening, or to outdoor games and walking, in holidays."

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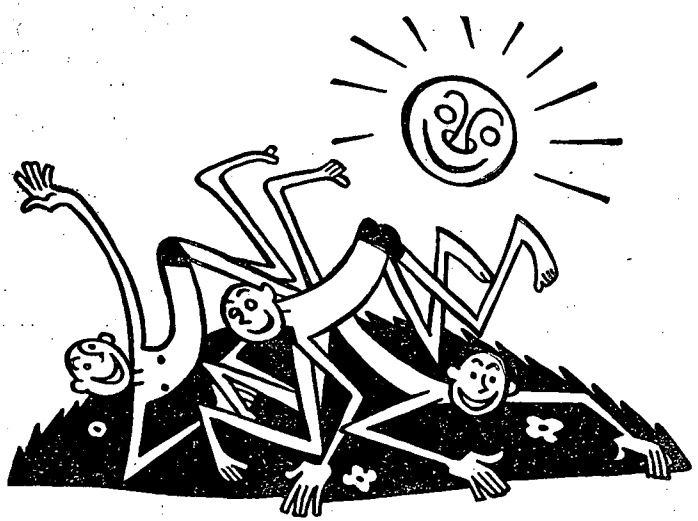
Rollier at Leysin in the Alps has a famous school for children who have been debilitated by coddling in cities or by such infections as whooping cough and measles — children who are always having catarrhs, nervous children, children in danger of tuberculosis, and so on. These children play and have their lessons in the open air, nude except for a loin cloth, boots, and a hat to keep the sun off when it is too hot. They live this life not only in summer but in winter. They carry their little tables out onto the snow field and sit down to a short lesson, and then skate, ski, sledge, and snowball each other, nude and bathed in sun and cold air. Thus Rollier turns these weakly children into splendid, robust young citizens. These are the very same methods which were employed by the ancient Greeks. Their gymnastics were exercises taken naked in sun and open air to perfect the body and mind. The famous Athenian sculptors carved their statues with bodies as perfected as those of their models.

In spite of all this, most mothers still believe that the great danger is exposure to cold out of doors. They think children must be clothed so as to protect everything but their faces from exposure to sun and cold air; that they must not go out in night air, or when it rains; that windows must be kept shut and no draughts or cold air let in; that artificial heat must be provided to keep up a uniform greenhouse temperature.

We know that the very opposite makes for vigor and good health. It is in crowding indoors that catarrhs and infectious



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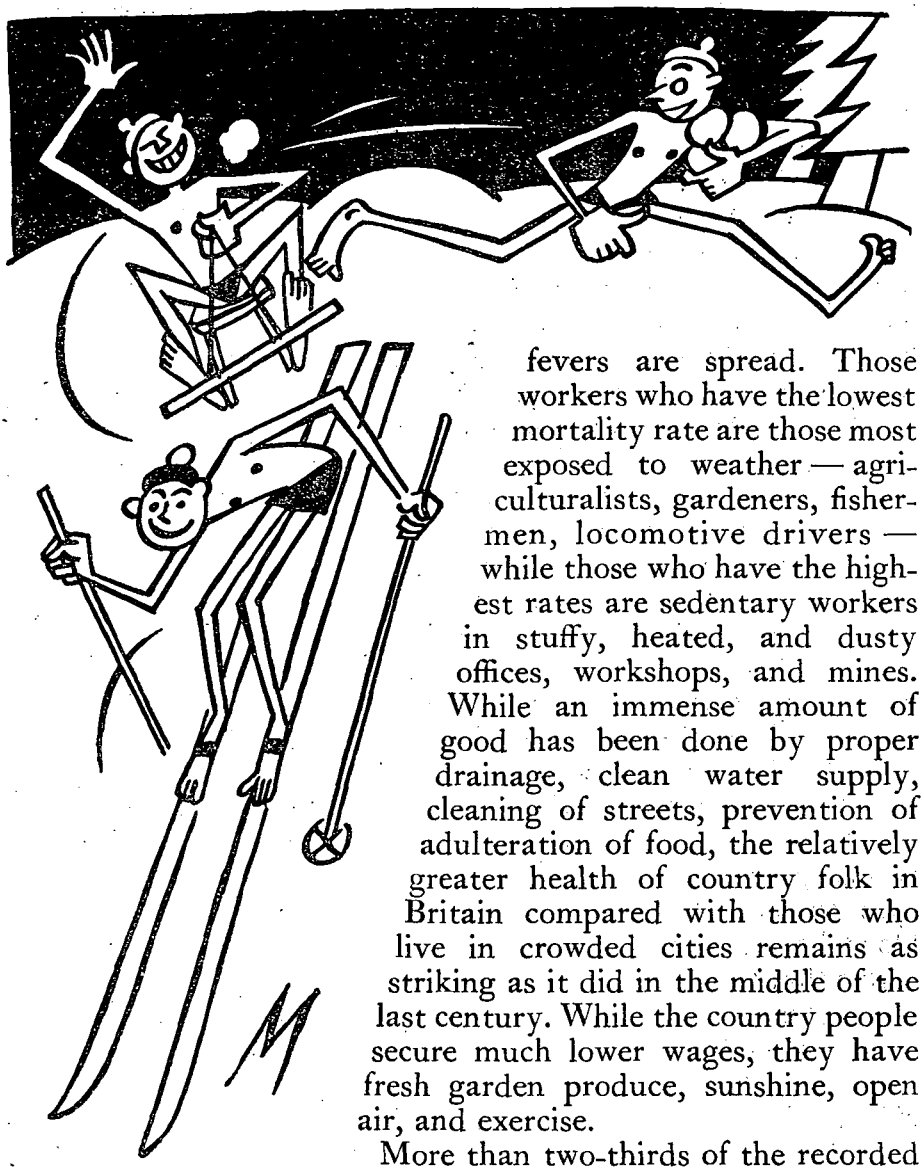

fevers are spread. Those workers who have the lowest mortality rate are those most exposed to weather — agriculturalists, gardeners, fishermen, locomotive drivers — while those who have the highest rates are sedentary workers in stuffy, heated, and dusty offices, workshops, and mines. While an immense amount of good has been done by proper drainage, clean water supply, cleaning of streets, prevention of adulteration of food, the relatively greater health of country folk in Britain compared with those who live in crowded cities remains as striking as it did in the middle of the last century. While the country people secure much lower wages, they have fresh garden produce, sunshine, open air, and exercise.

More than two-thirds of the recorded cases of illness come under such headings as respiratory catarrh and influenza, digestive troubles, rheumatism, abscesses, and boils. Illnesses are prevalent in crowded tenements where there are abundant germs of comparatively low pathogenic power, against which only temporary

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immunity seems to be acquired. These occasion rheumatism and heart disease, the common "dirt" inflammations of the eyes and ears, the fungoid rashes of the skin so evident among weakly children and invalids. Such inflammations result from ill-chosen diet and crowding in shut-up dwellings.

The children at the Papworth colony near Cambridge (England) are brought up by tuberculous parents living in the open air. Not one of them has contracted a tubercular infection. On the other hand, in a city tenement, the peril to an infant of association with a mother who is in an active state of tuberculosis is so well known that there are agencies set up for removing them to foster parents in the country. Among the masses the mortality of young children exposed to tuberculosis is very high.

Exposure to open air lessens infection very greatly, while the respiratory membrane is stimulated to cleanse itself. Indoors in crowded rooms, the respiratory membrane is not only grossly contaminated with microbes but with dust, while at the same time the breathing of warm, moist air lessens the output of lymph and the flow of blood through this membrane. Cool outside air contains little water vapor, but when it is warmed up in the breathing passages, it becomes saturated through the evaporation of water from the secretion of the respiratory membrane. This secretion in turn comes from the lymph, and ultimately from the blood. Thus the breathing of cool outside air enhances greatly the flow of blood, lymph, and secretion, and all this effects the cleansing of the respiratory membrane. In order to keep the eyes, nose, and throat warm when exposed to cold air, much more blood has to circulate through these parts, and secretion is so active that the eyes and nose run. The opposite conditions hold in the heated, moist air of crowded rooms.

Under modern living conditions the air breathed indoors is polluted with house dust and microbes; the light of the sun is cut off by buildings, glass, clothes, and smoke in the atmosphere. We know that the antirachitic vitamin necessary for bone-building and for the prevention of rickets and the decay of teeth is formed by the shorter wave lengths of the ultra-violet rays of the sun — by just those rays which are screened off by smoke and glass windows. In London, while more than half of the active ultra-violet rays are cut off by smoke pollution, the children are shut up in buildings and screened by clothes so that they do not receive more than a minute fraction of the supply which they need.

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It has been shown that these rays produce the necessary vitamin in the skin by acting on a substance called "ergosterol," which is eaten in food in an inactive form. The inactive ergosterol can be activated by irradiation with ultra-violet rays, thus producing the antirachitic vitamin.

The food of poor children — and in some cases, of the well-to-do — consists largely of white bread, sugar, white flour cakes and sweets, and margarine, in which foods the vitamins essential to growth and health are most deficient. In wheat, a most necessary vitamin "B" is contained in the kernel, but when it is converted into white flour, this vitamin is lost. The best of the grain is separated by the miller and given to poultry and pigs. Nut-butter margarine contains no vitamin "A," which is necessary for growth, nor the antirachitic vitamin "D." These are present, however, in butter made from the cream of grass-fed cows and can be supplied to the margarine by adding liver oil.

Vitamin "C" can be supplied by eating fresh fruit, salads, and green vegetables lightly cooked, or by adding lemon or orange juice to the diet. As already stated, green food will also add vitamins "A" and "B," and "D" can be produced from ergosterol in the food by the action of sunlight on the skin. The importance of proper feeding has been shown in experiments with animals, where it has been proved that resistance to infection depends upon the adequacy of vitamin in the food. Thus rats kept on a diet deficient in "A" and "D" are very prone to pneumonia. By the addition of plenty of raw cabbage to the mixed grain diet, rats and guinea pigs greatly increase their resistance to infection.

The same applies to children. Those who are given an excess of sweets and white flour pastry have their resistance to disease lowered. The buying of fruit, condensed milk, and ice cream should be encouraged, while indulgence in sweets and pastry should be very strictly controlled at school candy shops. Milk is particularly beneficial.

The modern girl has proved that a great deal of the clothing worn by women twenty years ago was unnecessary. The low-necked blouse was called a "pneumonia blouse" when it first came in, but there is not the slightest evidence that pneumonia is being increased by the modern dress of women. With bare necks and arms, and legs enclosed only in thin artificial silk stockings as far as the knee, women secure far greater exposure to open air and sunlight than men. Artificial silk in a single layer is fairly trans-

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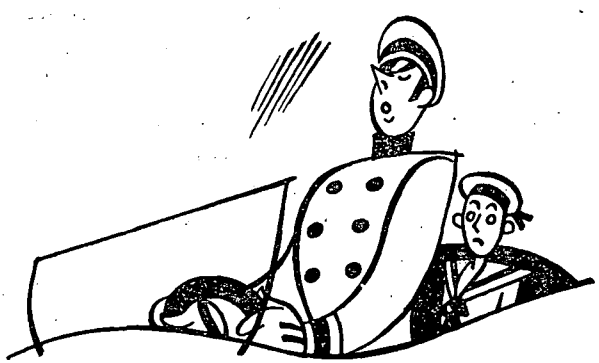
parent to those ultra-violet rays which produce sunburn and are so necessary to health.

But men are hide-bound by fashion and continue to confine their necks in close-fitting collars. There is probably no better garment for comfort than the loose-fitting tennis shirt open at the neck. It is high time men took to this, not only in recreation but in business. Fashion should permit such a shirt to be worn without a coat in warm weather. The trouser is an excellent garment for protection against the vagaries of climate and no change is required in that. But men's dress as a whole needs to be reformed. At present it represents a continuation of the coddling and bundling to which they were accustomed as children.

Mothers tend to let their girls grow up in hardier ways, while they coddle their boys. From the point of view of hygiene, the methods of girls' boarding schools are in some cases better than those of boys' schools. We do not want to see boys softened in body and mind, made weaklings and sentimentalists, while girls become stronger and hardier. We do not want society to be ruled by Amazons. Let mothers and teachers see to it that by adequate exposure to open air and sunshine, by well-chosen food, by inculcating temperance in all things and strengthening character, they raise up a fine race of men.

A charter for the freedom of children ought to be drawn up. To dress them up like dolls and limit their activity for fear of spoiling their clothes is criminal. They should be allowed to tumble about scantily clad in the open air and join in healthy games with their fellows. Above all, they should be kept in their mental training from sentimentality and introspection. Let us scrap the perambulator and stop coddling them.



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# WHY I BELIEVE IN PROGRESS

HENRY FORD*

A SATISFACTORY life is one that fulfills to the highest measure one's capacity for achievement, and then widens and deepens and develops that measure so that the man becomes bigger and better than his success. We can have only the experiences we are able to receive and make use of, the rest slip by us. The two great hindrances to success are fear and pride. It is easy to tell a man to get rid of fear, and another thing to tell him how. A careful analysis of his fears and a study of their causes will many times reveal a solution and show him how really futile they are.

Much of the opposition to industrial reorganization comes from pride. If you go into a shop and try to put it on a basis of successful operation, you will find that in nine cases out of ten the things you have to change are the very things in which some one takes an inordinate pride. The instances where pride has proved a hindrance in business are so numerous that one could quote them without end. A little observation will show that a man given to pride is usually proud of the wrong thing.

Now in business, the job is the thing — when men are job-centered, they are less self-centered and there is therefore less soil for the interference of personal likes and dislikes, personal pride and personal prejudices. If there is any pride, it is centered in the job; if there is any prejudice, it is with reference to the job. Any method is willingly revised or abandoned; any cherished theory is immediately scrapped; any personal element is completely sunk in the great general importance of the job. If the job isn't big enough to command this sort of allegiance in a man, he should make it big enough; and if he can't do that, he should find one that is big enough.

The wrong kind of pride does not contribute anything. It deceives the man who harbors it and hinders everyone within the radius of its malign influence. It has wrecked careers that might have been useful. When a man falls in love with *his* way, *his* method, *his* system, and exalts them to the place of first importance; when he resents competent criticism and change designed to focus his attention and efforts on a central job, he is

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on the down grade. So my advice to young men is to be ready to revise any system, scrap any methods, abandon any theory if the success of the job requires it. The more readily we scrap these things, the less danger is there to our fundamental principles — which ought never to be scrapped, on any pretense whatever.

There are many things more valuable than money — time, energy, and material are worth more than money, because they cannot be purchased by money. It is a rather strange arrangement of nature that only the most precious values can be wasted. You can waste time, you can waste labor, and you can waste material, that is about all — you cannot waste money. You can misuse money but you cannot waste it, it is still somewhere. You can waste your own opportunity or you may use it for your benefit. To use what you have is much better than to save what you have. Economy is no cure for waste; use is the word.

Some would substitute the word "economy" for "use." This is wrong. The word economy represents a half-idea born of fear. Everything is given to us to use. There is no evil from which we suffer that did not come to us through misuse. There is no function which human beings can fulfill that is not good, but we have all about us a spectacle of whole nations having to make laws against things, not bad fundamentally, but bad in the way they are used. The worst possible sin we can commit against the things of our common life is to misuse them. There are two kinds of waste — that of the prodigal who misuses his substance and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot through non-use; both are creators of waste. The strict economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard. The remedy in both instances is *use*.

## The Value of Mistakes

Mistakes, whether they occur in the social realm or in the building of a new machine, are often the result of active research. The mind knows the end which it wishes to reach, it sees an opening, enters it, and explores far enough to discover that the opening does not lead where the mind wishes to go. Another opening is explored in a like manner and withdrawn from, so that experience is gained at every step. This is not waste, it is not evil, it is not blameworthy; it is a part of the material of knowledge. This negative knowledge may be in the back of your mind unused, but it is a part of knowledge just the same. Within our range of knowledge and necessity we have made certain things work and

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we have found certain principles. On the other hand we know that certain things will not work. This positive and negative knowledge is all useful. There should be no worrying over mistakes, because mistakes are part of the material of experience. It is a mistake, however, to scrap a thing because it is defective without first ascertaining what caused it to fail and whether the defect can be remedied. More knowledge is thus gained. We need analysis more than fault finding, for then we face conditions. From analysis we can go on to proper criticism, and from proper analysis and criticism should emerge a better weighing of values, a better way of doing the job — in other words real progress.

It is amazing to observe how large a percentage of our intelligent people desire to remain in the region of fault finding simply because it calls for too strenuous an effort of the mind to rise into the region of analysis. The analyst takes the situation apart and lays the facts bare. Then comes the power of criticism, which means the weighing of values, the rating of all facts according to universal standards. Fault finding is emotional, analysis is intellectual, criticism is moral. It is only when these flower into creativeness that the full value of the achievement becomes evident, but therein lies the real value of an education — to get something worth while done, something that will benefit all mankind and put civilization in debt to the doer. That, to my mind, is success — and something worth striving for.

What portion of progress is due to effort and what portion to the pressure of destiny no one can say. Men are pushed ahead oftener than they go ahead of their own will — that is, mankind in the mass. This pressure may sometimes be due to the appearance of a new personality with a new idea, or it may be due to a combination of circumstances too big for any person to cause or control. As an illustration, a new invention may force society to reorganize certain of its activities, a new idea may force political changes, a new form of power distribution may completely overturn industrial practice. All of us have seen these things happen in our own generation. At these times of reversal it takes clear vision to steer a straight path. Men with old ideas cling to old ways of doing things, frequently attempting to solve the new problems by old methods. But new men soon rise to take their place — men who have read the signs of the times aright and who are flexible enough and wise enough to interpret rather than protest the changing order.

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The instinct of the people is to look for prophets and, of course, there are plenty of people who are willing to pose in this capacity. The false prophet is usually an honest gentleman whose main error is in posing as a prophet. One fundamental difference between him and the true prophet is in the matter of popularity. The false prophet cannot live without it, the other must. One who seeks popularity must obey the laws of popularity, but the true prophet is mastered by other considerations. He is charged with something he must deliver. He may be keenly sensitive to the offense and pain which truth so often inflicts; but he has no choice. To win acceptance is not his problem. His whole responsibility rests with utterance. Utterance is so important to truth that he cannot rest until he speaks. He may not talk much about his destiny, but he is conscious of its burden, of the inescapable urge which forces him to the thing that he was born to do. He may shrink from its consequences, but he cannot shrink from the duty. He knows that utterance is the sharp flying wedge of truth which must infallibly cleave its way through all opposition to a general acceptance. He may not see this at once. He may only see through all his career the gathering forces that oppose his truth; but he knows that this very gathering of opposition is providential, for it is being gathered and headed up so that it may be destroyed together.

Reading the signs of the times is a method of information open to everyone. The two essentials of wisdom are a knowledge of fundamentals and an awareness of their development. To know *what is growing* and in *what direction* it is growing comprises the highest providential wisdom — it is the ability to read the signs of the times, not of the times that are, but the times that are to be.

People who try to understand only the immediate times are somewhat behind the times. Those who know the times at all began to understand them before they existed. Signs of the times, then, are the signs of the times to come. The signs of the times that now are were given long ago. By the time they emerge into actuality they are no longer signs, they are the times themselves. It is one thing to see a thing, another thing to see through a thing. There is very little of life on the surface. We see to-day as the product of distant yesterdays; yet hidden in to-day is a root of distant to-morrows, and it is the man who knows the coming to-morrows who really sees most of life. To read the signs of the times one must do a kind of original work — read what few are

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reading, or, I might say, read what isn't yet printed, reach original conclusions, deal with fundamental values which lie beneath and behind all other values. One leads the way for himself instead of following others, one looks to principles, to a deep foundation upon which rest the changes that afterward occur. The signs of the times demand our learning a new language, observing fundamental things, doing original thinking, getting at naked facts, and being sure that they *are* facts, not simply theories. Life is a river which constantly changes its course, and the way of understanding is to follow this river — not the dried up and deserted river bed.

### The Extravagance of Government Financing

Of what use is all this? Well, let's apply it to a specific economic problem. Take the money question for example. Suppose we in the United States find ourselves with some public improvement work to do, the development of some of our natural resources. The usual way the government sets about doing this sort of thing is to issue bonds — say for thirty years — and to sell them to the highest bidder. Then they go ahead and hire workmen to do the job, pay them with the money received from the proceeds of the sale of bonds, and then at the end of thirty years pay back the bondholders together with interest. What happens in the process? In the first place, what makes the bonds valuable? Why are people willing to buy them? Well, because the United States Government stands behind them; in other words, the government is putting up security for its own loans, and the security which it puts up is nothing more nor less than the energy of wealth in its most productive form, *i.e.* natural resources. It is the best security in the world, security that survives the wreck of banks and treasuries.

So then, if we start with a security which is unquestioned and which the people are willing to accept as collateral for the bonds issued, why should we go through the complicated and unnecessary process of paying 120 per cent interest out of our own pocket to somebody else for the privilege of getting $30,000,000 which, in reality, we already own? Take a piece of paper and a pencil and figure it out for yourself. Suppose we borrow $30,000,000 and pay 120 per cent interest, we literally have to pay $66,000,000 for the use of the $30,000,000. That is, we pay $30,000,000 for the public improvement and $36,000,000 for the loan. And it was the govern-

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ment's own money to begin with! It seems like a very childish and unbusinesslike method.

Now here is a way I see by which our government can get great work completed on a less complicated plan. It is a sound way, but there is one thing hard about it; it is so simple and easy that maybe some people can't see it. Suppose, for example, we desire to relieve unemployment by carrying on some necessary public improvement, and to do this the government needs $30,000,000. That's a million and a half twenty dollar bills or three million ten dollar bills. The government can issue these against the value of the thing in prospect and with them pay every expense connected with the work, then put the plant in operation and out of its earnings retire the entire $30,000,000 worth of currency which has been issued. Economists no longer question that method of doing things. Indeed, it looks as if financial engineering will come round to something very like it. We shall see great improvement when we apply engineering methods to finance.

Gold and money are two entirely different things. Gold is a metal of value to the arts, but of no real intrinsic value as money until the government stamps it with its authoritative mark — that is, coins it as money. Actual money is ability to buy, a measure of credit, a sort of scales or simple method of bookkeeping between the buyer and seller used as a substitute for the actual transference of commodities one to another. We can use anything for a medium of exchange that is durable and controllable and scarce enough. Gold happens to be fairly scarce. It is durable and controllable. But it has disadvantages, too. It becomes dearer and cheaper — it fluctuates like everything else. Furthermore, it can be privately manipulated, and therein lies the danger. We should have a currency system which cannot be made the catspaw of manipulators. As long as money is in circulation and being used for productive purposes, it is performing its function; but when it is cornered or kept out of circulation — ignorantly or for malicious purposes — then the "money question" becomes serious.

Of course, I do not advocate the upsetting of the money system. We don't need to abolish anything. We do not even need to abolish the gold standard. We need only to observe the principle of use to which I have referred. We need the principles of social engineering. The benefit should always be public — that is,

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general. Service always pays better than selfishness, although sometimes it takes centuries for the people to see this. The more alert financial men of this country are thinking of these matters on broader lines than ever before, and that is very heartening, for, after all, financial problems will have to be handled by financial minds. The rank and file of our people are able to see how things ought to be, but the specialists will have to create the methods by which the "ought-to-be" will actually come into practice.

### Business Men As Social Leaders

Business men do not think of themselves as leaders in social movements, but they are. Not a single system of business exists — good or bad — but has been taught to the people by business men. They have more influence on society than politicians, schoolmasters, or clergymen, because their contact is constant and their influence unavoidable. Every bad habit of unthrift and debt is taught the people by their business guides. Their leadership should turn around and head in the opposite direction. Business men should be readers of the signs of the time to warn the people to wise action and safe building on sound foundations. To be a business man is to assume the responsibility of economic leadership. No wrong economic practice, no disastrous system of doing business could possibly get a foothold except through the local businessman.

There is no dangerous business practice in existence to-day that was not deliberately taught to the people, forced upon the people, by men who had no thought of the general social benefit. Teaching and leading the people to invest wisely, to begin getting things that make their lives more productive of real values is one thing; teaching them to forget their natural abhorrence of debt, leading them to forego their independence by working for a small army of installment collectors is quite another thing. If the careful, constructive attitude of the average family toward its economic responsibilities has been lowered, it is the result of systematic false education by a certain type of business system.

Now, when these things begin to appear and to flourish, the wise man sees a sign of coming danger and prepares for it. Systems wrongly based cannot succeed; they must fail and the colossal extent of everything we do in America brings the failure earlier and makes it harder than it would otherwise be. The self-limited

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business can weather any gale, but vast enterprises built on a gamble of other people's extravagance collapse at once. People who can see the signs of the times begin their own reformation. Those who are in places of leadership lend their good counsel. If the signs are observed soon enough, the situation is changed and we have gained some experience which will prevent a repetition of the mistake.

At present there is far less poverty in this country than ever before. Our material life is on a much higher level than it has ever been. But comparing the present with what it ought to be and what it could be, we cannot fail to see that much is yet to be done. Far more people, however, can be persuaded to relieve poverty than to devote their energies to removing it. Charity is no substitute for reform. Poverty is not cured by charity, it is only relieved. To cure it the cause of the trouble must be located and then removed. Nothing does more to abolish poverty than work. Every man who works is helping to drive poverty away.

It is not the men who are doing the talking who are solving our problems, but the men who are at work. Nobody can think straight who does not work, for idleness warps the mind. It is a wonder that we do not hear more about that fact, that the practised hand gives balance to the brain. Thinking which does not connect with constructive action becomes a disease. The man who has it sees crooked; his views are lopsided. No man can think out our great problems for us. We believe in democracy because we believe that the collective mind is better than the single mind. With the people thinking together and planning together and acting together the greatest advances are possible.

Every age teems with theories requiring only to stand a while before their falsity will be revealed. We don't have to test every theory that is offered. Let it stand. If it is right, it will endure; if it is wrong, the public mind simply outgrows it. No one can imagine how much worse off we should be if we followed every theory and every leader that promised us the Golden Age. So if our progress seems slow, it is only because of the people's carefulness not to make a misstep. But there is progress being made at all times, now in this direction and now in that. Such progress is a social creation. It is the people moving up, and that is the only kind of progress there is. If we have not yet gone forward rapidly, there is a very great fact to be set against that fact: the human race has not had to retrace many steps because of false moves.

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Woodcut by Anne Peck

*The Calm of Autumn*

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# QUERY ON REACHING MIDDLE AGE

LAST night the wild geese went over,
Flying in a thin grey wedge;
Dipping southward
Where a young moon pointed
To the bare syringa hedge,

The wild geese,
Taking summer with them,
Summer with her plumage shorn,
All her tattered loveliness
Gone without a requiem.

You who know the calm of autumn,
With its faintly muffled choirs,
Would you rekindle
From the ashes
Summer's fires?

— *Virginia McCormick*

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# DOES ENGLAND DISLIKE AMERICA?

C. E. M. JOAD

*TEN years ago, at the signing of the Armistice, America was the most popular nation in the world. To-day observers tell us that America is feared and hated. If this be so, it is well to know the reasons for it; and to this end* THE FORUM *has invited frank spokesmen in several countries to tell us why they dislike us. Their pictures of Uncle Sam, of which this is the first, may be only ridiculous caricatures; but even so, they will have this virtue — they will let us see ourselves as others see us.*

IT is obvious that this question cannot be answered within the limits of a single article; it is doubtful, indeed, whether it can be answered at all. No Englishman — as Americans are never tired of telling us — can hope to understand, much less to judge, a country of the size of America, which presents such a multitude of conflicting aspects, which touches the life of our times at so many points, and turns so many faces to the world. Even if he could, how could he venture to speak for England? Our feelings with regard to America are as diverse as the phenomena which provoke them; they include fear, dislike, wonder, bewilderment, admiration, and awe, and to resolve these conflicting emotions into a single uniform attribute is obviously impossible.

When we hear of "Big Bill" Thompson, we think that Americans are mad and American political life a nightmare. When we read the accounts of the trial, imprisonment, and death of Sacco and Vanzetti or of the persecution of radicals, we think of them as a crowd of savages blinded by political prejudice. When rumor reaches us of a moral standard so high that it takes offense at the smoking of cigarettes by Miss Royden, while tolerating a death roll of approximately one person a day by murder and hold-up in the offended city, we are frankly puzzled. When we listen to the elevated discourses on morality which pour from American pulpits and decorate American public utterances or sustain the moral sentiments which so plentifully interlard the conversation of the Americans we meet, and when we learn at the same time that the discontent of a New York audience on finding that the title of Pirandello's play, *Naked*, was to be interpreted in a spiritual sense only, culminated in riot — when, in short, we hear Americans making more fuss about morality than any other people, and then read Judge Ben Lindsey's book, *The Revolt of Modern Youth*, we find our bewilderment taking shape and forming itself into the word "hypocrisy."

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Hypocrisy! The fact that we are somewhat given to the practice ourselves makes our eyes the keener to it in others. Bringing this sharpened faculty to bear upon the American scene, what strikes us chiefly and immediately is the astonishing disparity between public profession and private practice. We have a long way to go yet before men's practices can be made to square with their professions, but the first step is for their professions to condemn their practices. Americans appear to be more averse to taking this step than any other race. Like other people they suffer from pride, cupidity, acquisitiveness, and love of power; but more than any other people they find it necessary, when behaving conformably with these very natural characteristics, to assure themselves that they are acting from motives of the highest idealism. So true is this that to the onlooker it often seems as if the reason were used in America solely for the purpose of inventing arguments for what Americans instinctively wish to believe and justifications for what they instinctively wish to do. Thus, when they wish to make themselves disagreeable, they can always persuade themselves that they are acting from a sense of duty; when they want to torture negroes, they are furthering the ends of justice; while actions proceeding from the natural desire to overreach a business competitor are always undertaken from a sense of high moral purpose.

## American Quixotism

To take a recent example of this tendency, it is well known that every nation desires a big army and a big navy, because the possession of instruments of destruction confers power and ministers to national pride. But it is only to Americans that it would be possible for Mr. Wilbur to advocate a big navy on the ground that the American navy is animated by a spirit of splendid, God-given, Christlike service. The habits of big battleships when hit upon the port cheek of immediately turning the starboard cheek to the enemy is presumably well known to Americans, though it has unaccountably escaped notice elsewhere.

Americans again are famous for their idealism; they are adepts, that is to say, at projecting their wishes into the future and then inventing reasons for supposing that their wishes will be fulfilled. They are also equipped with an elaborate apparatus of high-minded beliefs. It is this equipment which leads to the disparity already noticed between an American's beliefs and his actions;

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it is not that the American behaves much worse than anybody else, but that he believes he behaves much better. As might be expected from the citizens of our most advanced nation, he is at the opposite pole from the savage, who, not being a victim of the American's moral urge, does not find it necessary to deceive himself as to his motives, and when he wishes to boast, steal, cheat, acquire, fight, is enabled to indulge his natural instincts without hypocrisy.

It seems, then, that I am accusing Americans of hypocrisy; and yet the word is perhaps scarcely justified. Hypocrites are people who deliberately profess beliefs which are at variance with the views they really hold. But this is not true of the average American, who really thinks that he wants and believes what he professes to want and believe, and is unable to see that his actions proceed from an entirely different set of wants and beliefs. This is the result of stupidity, which blinds Americans to the discrepancy between their professions and their actions, though it is plain to others. Whether conscious hypocrisy is worse than a stupidity which enables the hypocrisy to go undetected, I do not know. I dislike both, and most of the men I know seem to share my tastes. American uplift, to put it mildly, sticks in our throats.

And now, having indicated the background of my dislike, how am I to select specific instances from the mass of concrete causes of offense that rush and jostle for places in the foreground? I dislike, for example, the American's worship of size, speed, mechanism, and money. I do not agree with them that ten square miles is ten times more wonderful than one square mile, and that ten thousand square miles is practically the same as heaven. The American admiration for the "biggest ever" seems to me merely vulgar. Again, I do not share the American view that to move at a hundred miles an hour is a hundred times more admirable than to move at one. It all depends upon what you are moving from. If you are moving from something unpleasant, the faster you move, the better. Now Americans always appear to wish to get away from somewhere. The constant transits of rich Americans from America to Europe, and back again, suggests nothing so much as a perpetual endeavor to escape from something unpleasant which lies in wait for them on whichever side of the Atlantic they may happen to be. This something is boredom and restlessness, which spring from a false conception of what is valuable in life.

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Again, Americans seem to me to admire machines for their own sake. That machines, created to serve men, are in danger of becoming their masters and dominating their lives is obvious. Already men spend the greater portion of their lives in tending machines and looking after them, and the machines which they serve impose something of their own nature, their regularity, their uniformity, and their soullessness upon those who serve them. In course of time, if present tendencies continue, we shall develop into efficient automata, devoid alike of initiative and personality, becoming like the ants, mere cogs in the social mechanism. This is a danger which threatens all our modern civilization, but it is more manifest in America than elsewhere, because our material civilization has America more securely within its grasp. Americans, moreover, are completely unaware of it, being given over heart and soul to the worship and service of machines. Already Americans produce upon the outsider the impression that they are all alike; they dress alike, think alike, talk alike, have the same ready-made opinions on all subjects, supply the place of the same ignorance by converting the same conjectures into the same dogmas, and entertain the same hostility to whatever is unusual or different.

## So Many Sheep

Americans, I know, are always longing to be different and pay vast sums to culture agencies and psychoanalysts who profess to tell them how to become so. Their papers are full of advertisements designated to attract those in search of uniqueness. But this craving to be different springs from a conviction of fundamental similarity. Individuals do not strive to be individual; they are content to be themselves. It is only members of a herd, conscious of a fundamental sameness, who desire to demonstrate that they are different; and when I read of the Englishman who was mobbed in the streets of New York because, having come from the South, he was wearing a straw hat before the appointed day for taking to straws, I am driven to think of the American public as I think of a herd. Stand a sheep upon its hind legs and it remains a sheep; but stand a flock of sheep on their hind legs and you have, apparently, a crowd of Americans.

The acquisition of great wealth, which Americans regard as the most important aim in life, also fails to excite my admiration. Rich men are nearly always ignorant and unpleasant. Having

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devoted all their energies to acquiring vast sums of money, they have had no time, naturally enough, to attend to the arts and graces of life, which, by making them fit for human intercourse and rational existence, might have enabled them to spend it. They have neither knowledge to form the basis of conversation nor taste to use their knowledge graciously. Instead of being able to converse with ease and opportunity with all sorts of men, they can only soliloquize about themselves. They have power, but no training in the use of it; as a result they hector and domineer. Having scamped their meals all their lives in order to get on with the business of money-making, they suffer from indigestion and are consequently bad-tempered.

### Rich But Bored

Not to put too fine a point on it, the rich American does not know how to live. Having lost the art of entertaining himself, his notion of entertainment is of something for which one pays. Having cultivated neither tastes nor hobbies, his only sources of amusement are ostentation and the gratification of his appetites. Thus he is driven by the ever-present spur of boredom to do silly, bizarre things in the hope of exciting himself. (In the paper to-day is a picture of four American millionaires sitting down to dinner with an unchained lion.) Finally, he is driven back to business to make money which he does not want, in despair of making life tolerable without the hard labor to which he has been accustomed. Yet Americans admire these men and strive to be as like them as possible.

The American worship of size and speed and money seems to me to spring from a false conception of what is good and valuable in life — a conception which mistakes the mechanism of life for life itself. One of the most disquieting facts about modern civilization is the failure of our social wisdom to keep pace with our material power. Science has equipped us with powers fit for the gods, and we bring to their use the mentality of babes and schoolboys. A mechanic by the roadside mending the carburetor of a motor car is behaving rather like a superman; the same mechanic driving ten minutes later at sixty miles an hour in a little hell of dust and noise, unable to enjoy the country himself and ruining the enjoyment of all who come near him, is behaving like a congenital idiot. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred have labored that wireless might be. They succeeded, and the tittle-

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tattle of the boxing ring and the divorce court is broadcast to the ends of the earth, while the remoter ether vibrates to the strains of negroid music.

Mechanical devices are means to the good life; they do not themselves constitute it. Yet because our knowledge of the art of life is inferior to our mechanical efficiency, we think that by merely exploiting the powers with which science has endowed us, we shall reap the best that life has to offer. Nowhere is this mistake so prevalent as in America. Americans seem to think that they can take the city of pleasure by storm and purchase beauty with dollars.

## The New Vandals

In America itself these false standards may not do harm. The country is a new one and there is little to destroy. But in England there still remain some vestiges of an older culture, untouched by the triumphs of the mechanical age: there is leisure graciously used, a traditional way of life, and above all there is the English countryside. Here there is beauty, not the beauty that can be manufactured or bought, but that which comes to delight men unsought, like a flower that surprises you, or a song which you hear as you pass the hedge, suddenly and simply, rising into the night and dying down again. To these things Americans are sworn enemies. Like a swarm of locusts they descend upon the land, careering through it in high-powered cars, dispelling the fragrance of gentle living which it has taken centuries to distill, and leaving behind them a trail of litter, guide books, road maps, picture postcards, and servile, over-tipped rustics. They found England a land of beauty; they leave it a collection of beauty spots. For when beauty flees the land, affronted at the advances of Mr. Bullion Boundermess posturing in spats and armed with dollars, the beauty spot is all that remains. The beauty spot is mentioned in guide books; it attracts tourists, it gives birth to hotels, and is immortalized in picture postcards to enable Americans to show that they have been there.

In three hundred years, when England is an appanage of America, the English country will have ceased to exist; it will have been transferred into a gigantic pleasure resort for the solace and amusement of American business men on holiday. Whatever land is not given over to the spreading rash of bungalows and hotels will be covered with golf courses or tennis courts or with

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whatever kind of "ground" the popular game of the future requires. The coast line will be a continuous string of seaside resorts at which jazz bands will discourse negroid music to tired "sportsmen" drinking cocktails at the bars of first-class hotels. A deluge of news, ready-chewed for easy consumption and of opinions warranted not to provoke thought will descend upon the heads of the holiday makers, assisted by every device of television and telephotony that the science of the future may have in store. A few fields complete with hedges may be preserved as curiosities, if indeed they have not followed our pictures and thatched cottages and been transported bodily to America, to be hired at enormous cost and exhibited in process of being ploughed by mother-of-pearl ploughs at smart dinner parties of Fifth Avenue hostesses on the lookout for new stunts.

Perhaps it is because they dimly apprehend this fate for England, fearing that it may become the toy and the plaything of the vulgar rich from over the seas, its culture lost, its beauty shattered, and its people parasites, that the English dislike America.

## IRON CITY

WILL I mold you, O my city, will I mold you to my desire
In the vision-heat of my passion, in the crucible of my fire,
Bearing your sins on my breast as a wound, as a scar?
Will I conquer you, O my city, as time conquers a star?

Now down your glamorous streets I tread with iron heel,
For iron is in my soul, and my soul is in your steel.
For the golden serpent of your glistening lure and lust
Shall never wind round my body and bear me down to the dust.

I will not suffer you weak, I will not suffer you strong,
Till I am heart of your heartache, till I am song of your song,
And 'mid the archipelagoes of your light
I swim, as in a river, domed by night!

— *Gustav Davidson*

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# WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAITY?

GORDON KING

> But who is to blame? After all, the only material out of which to make a clergyman is lay material. And look at the laity! Perhaps they are responsible, more than they know, for many a clergyman's loss of faith. Will someone tell us how to make them different? Will someone from the ranks of youth, if not too annoyed at the slightest hint that he cares for ideals, give us a clear criticism — not simply a smashing and destructive bombardment, but constructive ideas as to what he wants and how he thinks he can get it? — Bishop Fiske in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THERE are, perhaps, no completely satisfactory answers to Bishop Fiske's questions, but the laity should nevertheless appear with a brief reply. Such a confession of faith should come from those of the laity who, like the clergymen he describes as having given up their sacred calling for other walks of life, have been forced out of the church for one reason or another. It is not that the Protestant Church is unattractive, that its clergy lack tact or good manners, or that the servants of the Lord are underpaid. These conditions have always existed to a greater or less degree. The defection arises in the heart of religious belief; something is happening to our capacity for faith. Indeed, it would seem that the times are out of joint for Protestant Christianity.

So much is wrong with the laity that it is highly improbable that anything can be done to set things right in the eyes of intelligent believers, and even if a restoration of faith could somehow be accomplished, it is now questionable whether the result would do more than postpone an inevitable debacle. In so far as America will remain in any sense a Christian country, the indications are that it will very presently become a Roman Catholic country like France, with a huge agnostic opposition upon whom the real burden of our intellectual virility will rest.

However unfortunate and alarming the situation may be to those who identify traditional America with English Protestantism, it has not crept upon us without warning. The long mishandling of the conflict between religion and science has at last come to a climax, precipitated, no doubt, by the bitter and weakening conflicts between the Protestants themselves, by certain

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degrading and disastrous alliances that the declining churches entered into hysterically, and by certain by-products of the war that have modified the religious needs of the nonconformist mind. Strictly speaking, the Anglican Church is not nonconformist, but in America the Episcopal Church must stand or fall with Protestantism generally, and that means with the low churches.

### The Lost Leader

The peculiar strength of the Protestant Church in America lay in its successful alliance with the universities. The oldest and best institutions of learning in the United States were conceived in prayer and first established and governed by clergymen. The churches gave the universities their freedom and the universities gave the churches the most competent ministers they could produce. The Puritanism of the early settlers had dominated the intellectual life of the country, except for the brilliant but brief years after the Revolution, when the freedom of such minds as Hamilton, Jefferson, and Marshall were under the influence of Locke and Hume, Voltaire and Rousseau. This splendid cosmopolitanism — the afterglow of the French enlightenment of the eighteenth century — was born too soon in a naïve world. For the American Revolution had been essentially conservative — an effort to preserve the ancient rights of the colonists against the new imperial policies of George III — and the American was in no mind to accept the revolutionary thought of the Continent, once he had established his independence.

By 1830 the low church was once more at the head of affairs. During the Jacksonian movement toward a fuller democracy, and again during the agitation for the abolition of slavery, the Protestant Church was the centre of intellectual and political controversy. The best minds of the country had been directed into that calling and the opinions of no other group of thinkers mattered particularly. At the dinner table, conversation always found its way to the pulpit; and in their news and editorial columns, the Monday newspapers gave the sermons of the day the most serious consideration.

Thus throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century, Protestants prided themselves upon their leadership in America and upon their rationalism in thought. But to-day all this has changed. Educated people no longer discuss the vagaries of Protestantism; nor do they often concern themselves with the

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views of this or that preacher. Even the ancient feud between the church and the theatre has been settled, and the same man who used to talk about the good sermons he had recently heard now speaks his little piece about the theatre when he comes to dinner. However inadequate this substitution, its significance cannot escape observation. The church has lost the interest of its parishioners and the intellectual leadership it once held in the community at large. Our bright young men no longer embrace its duties; in fact, only those who are fit for nothing else enter the theological schools.

This is, indeed, a cause for religious unrest. For the Protestants, whatever their quarrels among themselves, had thought theirs the religion which deserved to dominate America. With them it did not matter whether a book had been substituted for an institution. What was important was that the individual's interpretation was sacred, that religion had been ideally reconstituted for a rising democracy.

Yet its very liberalism invited disasters. A church without authority maintains its leadership precariously. Ministering to the most enlightened people in America, it suffered great losses from the attacks of Darwin and Huxley and their contemporaries. After the renascence of the nineteenth century, many Protestants became agnostic and others founded new churches the doctrines of which seemed less at odds with science. The liberal individualism of the American Protestant weakened his church. It is dangerous to be permitted to interpret the gospels freely and to feel that one's own conscience is the court of last resort. Once the right to question asserts itself, the whole edifice of belief is under fire.

During the last two generations the average Protestant has tortured himself between his belief in the supremacy of his own individual judgment and a blind belief in the New Testament. The one drew him toward contemporary science and philosophy; the other made him an enemy of culture. The best minds of the church and the university applied themselves to seeking a solution for this dilemma. They imported the Victorian compromise, and that seemed to help for a while. Shelley, they told themselves, was a great poet; but you must not believe a word he said. The most eloquent champion of this state of mind was William James as he expressed himself in *The Will to Believe* and *The Pluralistic Nature of the Universe*. But these adjustments proved too delicate

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for the great masses of Protestants, and immediately after the war they fell upon each other in dissension.

Those who accepted freely the knowledge of contemporary science became known as Liberals; those who felt that the literal expressions of revealed religion excluded any contradictory knowledge became known as Fundamentalists. The latter unquestionably deserve the credit for starting the rumpus. The moment they chose to launch their attack was the high point of the post-war madness, when everyone had suddenly become terrifically race-conscious and many had begun to wish that America had not been so effective a melting pot. Thus the Fundamentalists identified their contempt for Liberalism as an expression of pious Americanism and, under the national banner, they attacked the best knowledge of the day as foreign and European. For if there is anything the Fundamentalist finds more shattering to his nervous organization than learning, it is cosmopolitanism. "Subversive" was their favorite word for what they failed to comprehend. The Fundamentalist is for the most part an agriculturalist, and if you chance to find him in the big cities he is usually an uneducated and misinformed person who distrusts culture in the sullen and envious attitude of a peasant.

## The Complacent Liberals

On the other hand, the Liberal is the prosperous New Yorker or New Englander, who could no more make a stand against scientific knowledge than he could refuse to accept the profits of his business. Since the war, his attitude toward the church and religion generally has become increasingly careless, and hence, increasingly irritating to his opponent. Somewhat vaguely he feels that the church is a good thing for society; but he has no spiritual fervor about it. He would like to have a new cathedral in New York and he doesn't care who pays for it. Blackmail, of course, is beneath him, but he will make it very clear to enterprising Jews and Catholics that it will mean bad business not to subscribe. The Liberal wants spiritual peace and an easy religion; he feels that no violation of the sacrament is implied in the divorce of state and church and of religion and science. For safety such things should be wrapped in separate parcels.

Against this complacent churchman the Fundamentalist took up arms. He left his pulpit and went into politics. Among other things he had laws passed against the theory of evolution.

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The absurdity of such action has always detracted from the enormity of its treachery. The philosophical world no longer concerns itself with Darwin, and the low church took unnecessary pains to broadcast its innocence of what educated people are thinking. The doctrines of the survival of the fittest and natural selection have by now outlived whatever usefulness they previously enjoyed. Most scholars now recognize that the fit, in a state of nature such as war, are often the first to fall, and that if natural selection worked, the necks of giraffes ought to be getting longer and longer; but in the pursuit of knowledge it would seem that the "hard-shell" Baptist or Methodist becomes exhausted before he reaches the middle of the nineteenth century.

What was far from humorous was that the Fundamentalist clergyman rejected his own past. The great universities of this country had been essentially Protestant universities. If they have limitations, so have all the great institutions of learning in the world. But they did educate, and for two hundred years or more they filled the Protestant pulpits with the best young men that the country produced. If these institutions have been in some respects conservative and narrow-minded, they were, generally speaking, erring on the side of Protestantism. They were the very hearthstones, not only of decent thinking in America, but of competent and disciplined thinking as well. Of course the Fundamentalists could reach only inferior institutions of learning with their fanatical legislation; they could do no more than express their contempt for the great universities.

Such is the conflict between the Fundamentalist and the Liberal. The Liberal — either a New Englander or one who holds to that tradition — feels that he has been betrayed by a lot of ignorant farmers in the South and Middle West. They presume to interfere with the proper education of his children. They attempt to dictate what his habits shall be and to enforce their unscientific notions by means of a vicious political machine. Against such stupidity it was undignified to fight, and hence the Fundamentalist has had things his own way.

The worst that can be said of the Liberals and the high churchmen is that they lacked the vitality even to challenge this scourge of ignorance that still menaces the United States. Confronted with this state of affairs, the disgruntled and disgusted Protestant layman once more became a separatist — and this time an agnostic for fair.

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Whatever the momentary triumphs of the Fundamentalist may be, it is already clear that his easy victories will be brief. For the moment, the sensationalism of his post-war methods may have filled his churches with the curious and enlivened the press with stories that are already hard to remember. He has isolated himself from the source of his inspiration. He can no longer call upon the best universities of the Northeast for their most promising young minds, for he has deliberately taken up arms against the source of supply. He will presently have to settle down to the patient and difficult toil of parish preaching and of visiting the sick. His ranting against education will soon become as profoundly uninteresting as it was once sensational, while the radio will bring the dreaded sermons of his opponents to every farm house.

## Unholy Alliances

Besides these difficulties the low church must live down two affiliations that have unquestionably antagonized multitudes of morally sensitive people. It welcomed the Ku Klux Klan and defended it; it departed from the traditional Christian method of dealing with the problem of intemperance and assisted — financially and morally — in creating a vicious political machine. The effects of these alliances must soon become noticeable.

Fortunately the Ku Klux Klan has already declined to a level of insignificance; but the churches, the politicians, and the individuals who supported it have lost moral prestige that they could not well afford to lose. It may have been a great moment when the local Klan visited the local church in full uniform and gave the impoverished preacher fifty dollars, but no serious religion can support a society of violence and fraud without losing the very worshipers it most needs.

Whether prohibition will ultimately prove a success or failure is a matter of conjecture beyond the subject of this essay. Our question is simply why the laity fails to rally. The same man — wet or dry — who won't have anything to do with a church that tolerates the Klan, doesn't want to see legislatures bribed and doesn't want his money collected for that purpose. It is perfectly clear that the part played by the low church in the prohibition movement does not redound to its credit. It is one thing to preach a doctrine; it is another to raise money from the pulpit that you know will be used for the corrupt purposes of corrupt men. The

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bigoted nonconformist can no longer shake his finger at the Roman Catholic and say: "We are holier than thou; we don't believe that the end justifies the means." Instead, he must listen to what the parishioner who has brains enough to understand says to his Methodist preacher: "I thought I had joined a church that pledged itself to keep out of politics, but no Romish Pope ever entered into a more corrupt bargain than you have bound yourself to. You have added immeasurably to the corruption of our government; at the expense of the decent people of the country you have made rich men of a lot of worthless petty office holders, bootleggers, and gangsters. Let them help you now, sir; I'm through with you."

At the moment when the Protestant is leaving his church, discontented with the ineffectual compromises of the leaderless Liberals and outraged by the palpable indecency of the Fundamentalists, he becomes aware that the conflict between religion and science is now closed for all educated people. Since the war it is perfectly apparent that science is not concerned with belief. The scientist asserts merely how things behave; he is not concerned with emotive knowledge; he is concerned exclusively with descriptive knowledge. The conflict of the centuries has been a tragic mistake. In so far as the scientist accurately describes how things are actually behaving, he is a good scientist; when he is in error, he is simply not a scientist.

### The Psychologist as Peacemaker

If this is true, then why haven't we always known it? It is a peculiar by-product of the war that people are becoming more conscious of themselves. Art, literature, philosophy, and religion were all torn loose from their courses during the years from 1914 to 1918, but science managed to preserve its continuity of labor. The war that wrought such devastation to the human race seems to have made at least one contribution to our happiness. It raised psychology to the foremost position in the hierarchy of the moral sciences. At a time when human nature was stripped bare as it had never been before, thousands of patients for whom the physician and the priest could do nothing were thrown into the arms of the psychologist. Thus the time-worn objection, that psychology learns only from abnormal types, could stand no longer, for we were all shown to be abnormal.

The elevation of this science ushers in a new renascence that

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differs in kind rather than degree from those that preceded it, and it is precisely this differentiation that bears on the problem of what's wrong with the laity. Previous bursts of scientific knowledge only urged that it was wrong to say that the world is flat, or that certain chapters of the Bible dealing with creation or other miracles are wrong. There was little if any attack on either religion or philosophy as such, but controversy waxed hot on this or that particular point of belief.

All this has changed. Revealed religion is now seen to be of value to the individual in so far as it answers his psychological needs, especially those that are not usually the objects of his introspection. It is that satisfaction of yearning that makes faith vital; but, as a man becomes more conscious of these yearnings that come from the remote past, not only of his own life but also of the race, he ceases to feel the need for their fulfillment, and passes on to the satisfaction of more complicated and perhaps more civilized yearnings.

In answer to Bishop Fiske's timely questions, let us grant him every possible advantage; let us assume that the past — even the disgraceful immediate past — has somehow been lived down and that the full, proud sail of a great spiritual renascence is under way in the Protestant Church. The church has retired from politics and the hirelings of masked bandits no longer present themselves as spiritual advisers. The high church no longer desires to build pretentious cathedrals in the pattern of the Middle Ages out of other people's money; and there is no longer any conflict between the church and the arts and sciences. It is a moment of great religious fervor, such as we can imagine at the time when Constantine turned Christian.

Would Bishop Fiske's young idealist turn back even then? Most likely he would say: "I'm very sorry, but there are reasons why I cannot return. With the very best intentions in the world you failed me during the war. I was never taught that there is a god of war who has to be worshiped just as sincerely as the god of love. And there are other reasons why I can't go back. Since the war, life has become extremely complicated. The psychologist and the anthropologist have done a great deal to remove from my soul the unnecessary heritage of our frightful past. As these desires and hopes and fears fade away, new and very intricate impulses possess my volition. In the effort to organize these effectively the psychologist is better able to help me than the priest."

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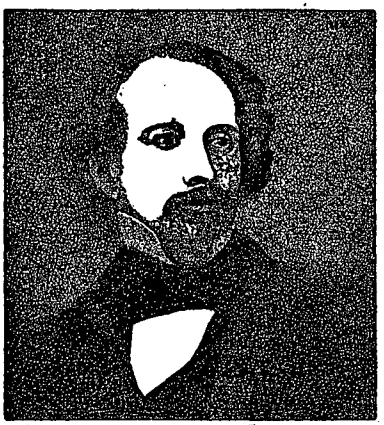
# DICKENS AS A NOVELIST

ANDRÉ MAUROIS



Drawing by Herndon R. Davis

WHAT is a novel? In simple terms, it is a narrative of imaginary events. And why do we need such narratives? The answer is that our actual life is passed in a chaotic universe. We long for a world governed by spiritual laws, an ordered world; but through our senses we know only blind forces and beings whose passions are obscure. We require the novel to furnish a world of refuge where we may seek emotional satisfaction without exposing ourselves to the consequences of real emotions, where we may find intelligible people and a destiny made to the measure of man. It would seem, then, that in order to fulfill its function, the novel should contain two elements. It must present a recognizable picture of life, a story in which we can believe — at least while reading it; otherwise we shall be bored and shall not be able to escape from ourselves. Secondly, it must have a reasoned construction, one that arranges these lifelike scenes in a human order.

It is by no means easy, however, to fashion a credible narrative, to create men and women more clear-cut and more transparent than those around us, yet sufficiently like the latter to be real; and for a long time writers were clumsy at the task. In England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the novel, properly speaking, did not exist. The form which came closest to it at that time was the periodical essay. Addison published each week a little magazine, the *Spectator*, in which the same characters appeared in successive issues and gossiped about the events of the day.

But despite the success of the essay with fixed, recurring characters, the English writers of the eighteenth century did not dream of constructing novels such as we know them to-day; and without doubt, they were prevented by technical difficulties. One can scarcely imagine, when confronted with an art form

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which has already profited by a tradition, how hard it was to discover the rules which made that form possible. The first novelists were amply endowed with perception and with experience of the human scene; but to arrange the entrances and exits of their characters, to place them against the background of a continuous narrative, seemed an almost impossible feat.

Daniel Defoe found a solution in autobiography, which is narrative told in the first person. He made his hero, Robinson Crusoe, recount the story of his adventures, and he endeavored to give the tale an air of perfect truth. To be still more certain of verisimilitude, Defoe even borrowed facts and documents from actual history. After him, Richardson created the novel told through the medium of letters, which afforded him a plausible opportunity to reveal the psychology of several characters. Was this such a difficult achievement? Most certainly it was. Everything is difficult when one does not know how to do it. In fifty or a hundred years, it is quite possible that many of our present methods — subjective analysis, for example, which we use with so much confidence — may be considered charmingly archaic, as clumsy and crude as the perspective of the primitives.

What Richardson had done for psychology, Fielding did for narrative. Before him, no story of contemporary life had ever been told, in England, by the indirect method. Fielding made himself master of his material and created a form for the novel, very free and very simple, to which England has been faithful ever since. This main current of the English novel was slightly enlarged by Walter Scott with the historical novel, and by Goldsmith and Sterne, who contributed the sentimental and humorous novel.

It was at this juncture that Dickens appeared on the scene. The novel, as he found it, was almost in its infancy; the public was unexacting; and he was confronted with a vast body of material which had never been utilized. We shall see what it was that he achieved, what the charges are against him, and what answer can fairly be made to his critics. In judging him, we shall demand proof of his ability to create a tale that can grip the human imagination, which is credible — in short, a tale sufficiently real to be a substitute for life, yet which is at the same time artistic, that is to say, a product of the directing intellect.

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The first charge brought against Dickens by his adversaries is that he did not plan his novels. "Compare the extreme pains taken by a Flaubert," they say, "the conscientious rigor with which he planned his work, his indefatigable revision of details, with that extraordinary method used by Dickens, who wrote from day to day, who was never able to visualize his book as a whole, since the beginning was published before he had written the end, and who, above all, had so little regard for artistic truth that he was always ready to change his book to court the reader's favor. Can a modern writer even conceive a hero so sketchily outlined in an author's mind that the latter would be willing to alter his hero's character if the public desired it? Yet Dickens did that many times."

## The Tyranny of the Public

In *Dombey and Son*, Walter Gay had started out by being an appealing character. After the publication of the first installment, Dickens wrote to Forster: "About the boy who appears in the last chapter of the first number, I think it would be a good thing to disappoint all the expectations that chapter seems to raise of his happy connection with the story and the heroine, and to show him gradually and naturally trailing away, from that love of adventure and boyish light-heartedness, into negligence, idleness, dissipation, dishonesty, and ruin. To show, in short, that common, every-day, miserable declension of which we know so much in our ordinary life; to exhibit something of the philosophy of it; and to show how the good turn into bad, by degrees. What do you think? Do you think it may be done without making people angry?"

A very curious letter, for it shows, on the one hand, to what degree Dickens felt himself the complete master of his material and of the unfolding of his story, even after part of it had been published. It is curious, also, on account of the last sentence, for, having found an admirable theme, the important question in his mind is: "Do you think it may be done without making people angry?" Not to irritate the reader, to give him what he wanted, to satisfy him at all costs — this seems to have been Dickens' chief care. And in this particular case he undoubtedly decided that the reader would be irritated, for he adopted the insipid solution and Walter Gay remained honest.

If the construction of Dickens' books was spoiled by his desire

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to please, it was injured also by a facile species of self-indulgence. When he was puzzled about how to unravel a situation, he resorted to the most simple of devices — a coincidence. Himself a great reader of the *Arabian Nights*, it seems never to have occurred to him that a novel is not a fairy tale. When Oliver Twist meets an old gentleman, by chance, in the streets of London, that old gentleman turns out to be the relative whom he has sought for many years. When Steerforth returns to England from his travels with Emily, his ship is cast up by the tempest on the shore of Yarmouth and his body is washed to the feet of David Copperfield, who, by sheer accident again, had taken a little trip to Yarmouth on that very day.

Moreover, these fairy-tale methods reappear in the endings of Dickens' books — those all too happy endings. Reread the last chapter of *David Copperfield*. All the characters, transported to Australia, are miraculously consoled of their griefs and cured of their defects. Little Emily, whose misfortunes had been so heavy, is busying herself with poultry, which seems to have done her good. She is patient and loved by everyone, young and old. Mrs. Gummidge, who in England used to grumble and plaintively invoke her deceased husband, has become gentle and good-tempered and no longer speaks of the "old 'un." Mr. Micawber has paid all his debts and is now Wilkins Micawber, Esq., a wealthy man, magistrate of his district. Nobody is overlooked. Toward the beginning of the book there is a certain Mr. Mell, an impoverished schoolmaster of whom one barely catches a glimpse — an ill-clad, seedy wretch who visits his mother in the almshouse and plays to her on the flute. The reader has completely forgotten Mr. Mell; but Dickens remembers him "at the day of judgment," and in the Australian paper where David finds the account of the dinner given to Mr. Micawber, he learns that it was Doctor Mell, the worthy principal of the local school, who presided. In this chapter of final retribution, all the characters of the book pass in review, and each of them must be saved. It is almost like a rough, preliminary sketch of what was to develop, long after Dickens' time, into the hideous sentimentality of movie endings.

One might say, perhaps, in answer to these objections, that since the world of art is intended to distract men from the actual world and give them consolation, it may legitimately be constructed with optimism. But that is not so. The nature of artistic

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consolation is more subtle and more profound. A tragic novel may be more soothing than a joyous one. Above all, the action in a work of art has no real existence unless one can believe in it; and from the point of view of credibility, Dickens' plots are very weak.

### Dickens' Menagerie of Freaks

The second complaint against Dickens is that his characters are wooden and are carved only in outline. From the beginning of a novel to the end they have certain fixed traits, and these traits are simplified to the last degree. Mr. Micawber makes punch and is always waiting for something to turn up. In *Pickwick Papers*, Mr. Wardle's fat servant is perpetually falling asleep. One knows nothing else about him. He falls asleep, and for Dickens that constitutes a character. And Mr. Pickwick's friends? Mr. Tupman is always in love with every skirt he encounters. Mr. Winkle is forever pretending that he can excel in any sport whatever and is a dud in all of them. Frequently a character is nothing more than a verbal idiosyncrasy. Sam Weller follows each idea with an outlandish comparison. Mr. Dick refers constantly to Charles Stuart.

A Dickens character is all of a piece — completely good or completely bad. One finds no trace of those disturbing mixtures and inconsistencies which, in real life, occasionally cause the most estimable people to harbor evil designs, or criminals to entertain exalted emotions. With Dickens, one is either a saint or a monster. Environment, education, and experience play no part whatsoever. A child like Oliver Twist, who has been reared in an orphan asylum by brutal masters, who has been ill-treated all his life, and who later mingles with thieves in London, remains an angelic little creature, refined and perfectly at ease as soon as he is thrown into the society of cultivated people. Little Dorrit, born and reared in a prison, has all the virtues, both human and divine. Moreover, when Dickens chances to reform a criminal or soften a hard heart at the end of a book, the change is accomplished at a single stroke, as if, like the God Janus, the wooden figure had two faces and had been abruptly turned about.

In particular, Dickens' female characters are excessively feeble. Hardly a one of them is plausible except Dora in *David Copperfield*, and possibly Mrs. Gargery. When Dickens wanted to picture an ideal woman — Agnes, for example, or

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Little Dorrit — he created an impossible person, bloodless and unreal. His women are almost always idiotic, insufferable creatures who intervene in the masculine world only to hold unintelligible and incoherent conversations. One feels that all the young girls Dickens knew in his youth belonged to a world that was extremely commonplace and even gross, and that later he never took the trouble to correct the impressions he had formed.

In fact, we must always revert to this restricted world of his which was the only world he knew at the age of twenty — and this may explain the inadequacy of Dickens' characters. Consequently, even though he always triumphed in his descriptions of prisons, schools, and debt-ridden homes, the greater part of the actual world did not exist for him at all. It is a surprising fact that in Dickens' universe there is no army, no navy, no parliament. He tried to portray the big manufacturer and the working man in *Hard Times*, but one could not imagine anything more insipid and more improbable than the conversation in this book between the employer and his slave. The big merchant is represented by Mr. Dombey, who, so far as he is a merchant, seems to have no other idea but to go on forever with Dombey and Son as his only social ideal. The picture is a bit limited. As for the aristocracy, Dickens never mentioned them except for purposes of mockery, and this in a manner so exaggerated that it lost all its value as satire.

To summarize briefly, characters who are wooden and lacking in variety, together with an obvious incapacity to depict the life of his time, tend to make the work of Dickens a kind of gigantic Punch and Judy show, comic and sentimental.

The third charge brought against Dickens is that he always sought to teach a moral lesson in his novels. He wanted to prove something, to attack a vice — in *Dombey and Son*, pride; in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, hypocrisy; in *Little Dorrit*, avarice. Such ridicule of the manners of the times is perhaps the central province of comedy on the stage, for men collected in a group experience moral sentiments (which are essentially social in character) far more strongly than does the isolated reader; but such ridicule is absolutely contrary to the very essence of the novel. A novelist desires to snatch his reader away from a world where he is obliged to act, to choose, and to decide, for the purpose of transporting him to a world where he becomes a

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spectator. Nothing is better for a novelist than to have a philosophy of life and to let this philosophy become apparent through the medium of his plot and his characters, but an openly expressed moral is insupportable to the modern artist. Tolstoi, so magnificent in *War and Peace* or *Anna Karenina*, is slightly inferior in *Resurrection*, where it is too apparent that he has distorted the world in order to impose a moral conclusion. Here again, one finds a conflict between the methods of Dickens and modern taste.

Finally, it is said that Dickens involves these over-simplified characters in melodramatic plots. It is difficult, perhaps, to define melodrama, but undoubtedly it means a drama in which the events, instead of seeming to be imposed by a divine or psychological fatality, appear too obviously to have been invented by the author for the purpose of astonishing and moving the reader. Dickens was patently guilty of this, and he became more and more so as his theatrical instinct dominated him.

Such is the indictment. Here is the defense.

### Dickens and the Hippopotamus

This defense has been presented with great force by Chesterton, and his essential argument consists in emphasizing the insignificance of the critic in comparison with the grandeur of the work criticized. "There are pessimists," he says, "who attack the universe. They have an exhilarating consciousness that they could have made the sun and moon better; but they also have the depressing consciousness that they could not make the sun and moon at all. A man looking at a hippopotamus may sometimes be tempted to regard a hippopotamus as an enormous mistake; but he is also bound to confess that a fortunate inferiority prevents him personally from making such mistakes. It is neither a blasphemy nor an exaggeration to say that we feel something of the same difficulty in judging of the very creative element in human literature."

It is certain that when confronted with genius, it is a more sane attitude to admire than to disparage. But just the same, there is this important difference between a hippopotamus and a novel — that the hippopotamus is a work of nature and the novel a work of man. We shall never have to create a hippopotamus, but it is possible that we may have to create novels. Consequently, though it is absolutely fruitless to criticize the one, it is not

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entirely unprofitable to search out the essential principles and beauty of the other. We shall attempt, then, in order to gain a sounder basis for admiration, to take up one by one the critical charges that have been made against Dickens and to discover what truths they contain and what errors.

A Dickens novel, we have been told, follows no plan. It is quite true. In reading Dickens, we suffer from this lack of construction. The overabundance of minor plots, the needlessly complicated fashion in which they are interrelated, make it almost impossible to follow the story while one is reading it, and to remember it afterward. Certain characters and fragments of dialogue remain in the mind, but not the general drift of the action.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to point out at the start that we French are infinitely more exacting in this respect than any other people in the world. If one compares Paris and London, one is struck by the harmonious design which distinguishes the Place Vendôme, the Place de la Concorde, or the Place de l' Étoile, and on the other hand, by the confusion of such a spot as Trafalgar Square. In the same manner, if one compares the greatest literary works of France and England, one recognizes immediately that the rigor of design in a Corneille has no counterpart in a Shakespeare. This is not to say that the great English works have no plan, but that they are constructed with a kind of freedom which is not without grandeur. I believe that from this point of view, the two literatures have much to teach one another, and that the true way lies in a harmonious combination of influences which will correct the excesses into which each has a tendency to fall. The danger for English literature is unintelligible confusion, and for French literature, the creation of abstract forms excellent in design but a little empty.

But what is certainly bad is that an author who does not know how to plan his work should attempt to do so; consequently, in this defense of Dickens I shall make a distinction between his two periods. In his opening period I am prepared to defend him wholeheartedly. It is entirely immaterial to me that *Pickwick Papers* has no ordered construction. Mr. Pickwick himself is indeed the hippopotamus. He exists, and that is all one can ask of him. His traits and his character are a sufficient law unto themselves. All is spoiled, however, when Dickens later tries to build up skillful plots; for he actually thought of himself as one who could create a logical structure, and he pondered carefully the slightest details

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of his plots. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to leave anything to the imagination of the reader. He wanted to tell everything, even the obvious. Nowadays we shrink from such insistence, possibly because the modern reader is in the habit of reading and therefore collaborates more easily with the novelist.

We now come to his characters. You will recall the criticism — that they are wooden, symbolized by a phrase or a gesture but never analyzed in the depths of their subjective life. In every great book, however, there are characters of two dimensions and characters of three dimensions. When a draughtsman makes a sketch on a sheet of paper, one does not reproach him for creating a figure without solidity. All art presupposes a convention; and the novel, in particular, takes for granted the convention of secondary characters, whose silhouettes are all the reader requires.

### Caricature as an Art

This convention is legitimate, even indispensable if the novel is to convey, in a certain measure, the impression of reality; for where do we find, in actual life, that everyone is known to us in his inward, secret being? On the contrary, nothing is more rare. If we were to take stock of most of the people we know, we should discover that we have only a two-dimensional image of them. We could quote some of their characteristic phrases, imitate a gesture, perhaps try to define a few of their basic ideas — though a capacity to do the latter is rarely found.

If, however, one compares the characters of Dickens with those of Balzac, for example, or, still better, with those of Stendhal, one must recognize a difference in quality. They are not only sketches, as we said just now — and as such legitimately flat in contour — but they are caricatures. It was not a mere accident that Dickens began his career as the collaborator of a cartoonist. All his life Dickens depended for his illustrations upon cartoonists, whom he directed personally and with whom he liked to work. Even his saintly characters, his angelic beings, are, in their way, caricatures — "heavenly caricatures," as Miss Meynell has quite justly said; but a caricature, even though heavenly, remains a distortion nevertheless.

I use the word caricature without any censorious intent. Caricature is an art. Hogarth, Gavarni, and Forain are great artists. The rôle of art is to bring us an image of nature reflected by intelligence; now caricature is a consistent distortion of nature by a

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human mind. It represents primarily a stylization, provided that it is spontaneous and that there is a certain unity in the distortion. Look at several of Gavarni's figures. You will recognize a typical Gavarni distortion, quite different from the distortion of Forain; and it is for this reason that both men are artists. In the same way there is a typical Dickens distortion, and it is perfectly legitimate that there should be one. No doubt it is precisely because the characters of Dickens are stylized that they have been accepted as types in a national tradition.

The real cause of complaint, the objection which the modern reader raises, is that this caricaturing, this simplification of traits, prevents us from believing as we should like to believe in the people of Dickens' books. We have grown so accustomed to having the feelings and the inner life of the heroes in our novels laid bare to us that we are left unsatisfied by the spiritual poverty of Dickens' heroes. Dickens presents us with facts; he does not introduce us to the impulses of the soul. Nevertheless, one must take into consideration the circumstances of time and place under which Dickens wrote. The beginning of the nineteenth century, particularly in England, was not a period of intense inner life. People indulged in much outward activity, but little meditation; and this was especially true of the classes Dickens described — the lower ranks of the middle class. For example, we have seen that Dickens is open to the reproach of having portrayed only the most insufferable of women, yet it is certain that the women of that period and of that class were extremely ill informed, uncultured, and rather vulgar.

One must remember also that the English mind, in all its complexities, is much more difficult to understand than that of any other nation. The English are a reticent people; they do not easily reveal their emotions. To discern their third dimension requires much time and long intimacy. Dickens had no leisure for the task. His friends were men like Forster who shared his toil, and when he invited them to his house, he would organize a hundred games for their diversion. He was a man made for action, not for quiet confidences. Where could he have had the opportunity for minute analysis of passions?

When all this has been said, however, and the proper excuses made, one must hasten to add that Dickens has but little need of them. For, although certain of his characters verge on the excesses of caricature, others like Betsy Trotwood, like the whole

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Pecksniff family or the little wife, Dora, are as real as any creatures of fiction one could name. It may well seem a bit harsh to accuse a man of not knowing how to mirror the world when, after fifty years, his portraits remain so lifelike.

Let us take up, now, a somewhat more general question — the eternal dispute between realism and romanticism. The period which disowned Dickens most loudly was that in which naturalism flourished. That generation, which pretended to copy minutely the smallest details of nature, could not help being irritated by a writer who constantly distorted nature for the sake of a certain rosy picture of life, half comic and half touching, which he wished to paint. The naturalists reproached Dickens in this fashion: "Since there are no Pickwicks in nature, you should not have any Pickwicks in a novel. No living creature ever talked like Mr. Micawber. Consequently, Mr. Micawber should be excluded from the realm of art." This attitude is quite as absurd as that of the schoolmaster in *Hard Times*, who cautioned the children to discard the word, Fancy, in favor of the word, Facts.

## Idealism and Realism

It seems to me that the attitude to take on this question of idealism and realism is somewhat as follows: "We do not ask art to give us an absolutely exact image of reality. If this were so, photography would be the finest kind of portraiture and a stenographic report of a law suit would be the greatest novel. On the contrary, we demand that art shall transport us to a world sufficiently unreal to permit our escape from responsibility and from the anxieties of action and decision. In order, however, that we may be caught up by this world and held there, in order that the illusion may be strong enough to challenge reality for a brief while, in order, finally, that an hour of reading may console us for an actual sorrow, it is necessary that this universe created by the artist should seem to be solid and completely self-sustaining. After one has accepted a certain fictional convention (and the good reader is ready to accept almost any convention), the illusion must not be shattered by a false note or a sudden shift in point of view. What we ask of the artist is not that he be faithful to reality itself, but that he be faithful to *his* reality."

To take a familiar example from the moderns, do we attach any importance at all to the question of whether Dostoevski is or is not true to life? No. The important thing is that he has a certain

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typical atmosphere, and that when we have immersed ourselves in it and have learned to breathe its air, we are not brusquely expelled by a change of tone. That which is most important is the existence of some special quality, personal and homogeneous, which gives the impression of unity, because it is indeed the author's own unity of character which constantly permeates the various events and, although it distorts things for us, always distorts them in the same manner.

Very well then. Beyond any doubt there is a Dickens flavor, a fragrance peculiarly his own. We should instantly spot twenty lines of Dickens even though they were presented to us concealed in all the rest of English literature. Every time we plunge into one of his books we encounter certain streets of London, certain fogs through which shine the lights of carriages and shops, certain country houses where hearty repasts are lightened by innocent pleasantries, certain sombre neighborhoods which lead one to suspect the existence of strange retreats behind the closed doors. We experience emotions which are blended of tenderness, fear, and a desire for comfort — emotions such as the childish Dickens knew in the days when he used to return from the blacking warehouse munching his two-penny bun, thinking with terror of the thieves and with joy and hope of the time when he would perhaps be master of Gad's Hill. These are the emotions with which he colored a whole picture of his times, and they made of him the creator of a new world.

Our conclusions on this question of Dickens' technique as a novelist can be briefly summarized. Certainly he has traits which we may wish had been different. His perpetual endeavor to teach a moral tends to destroy the artistic illusion. We should have liked to meet in his books some characters, at least, more sensitive and more profound; for the novels of George Eliot, Meredith, and Jane Austen are ample proof that such people did exist at that time. We should have preferred all this; that is clearly understood. But, to use Chesterton's comparison, we must not be like the man who, when faced with the hippopotamus, the springtime, the sun, and the moon, wishes they could be a trifle different. Dickens was Dickens, as Balzac was Balzac. Let us examine those gigantic monuments of his with respect, and after the pleasure of analyzing them, let us taste the pure joy of loving them.

*In the January Forum — "The Philosophy of Dickens"*
*by André Maurois*

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# MANHATTAN MARKETS

Block Prints by
Barbara Latham

The Pretzel Woman in Thompkins Sq.

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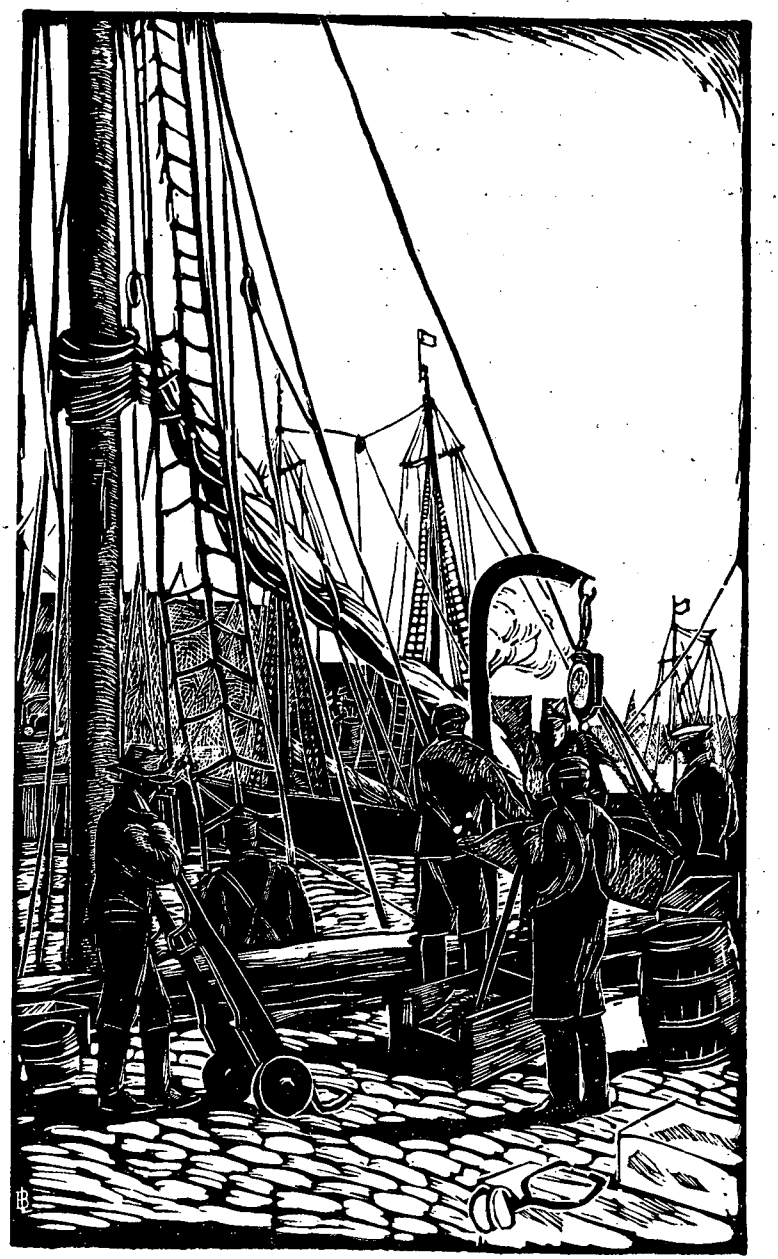

Fulton Fish Market

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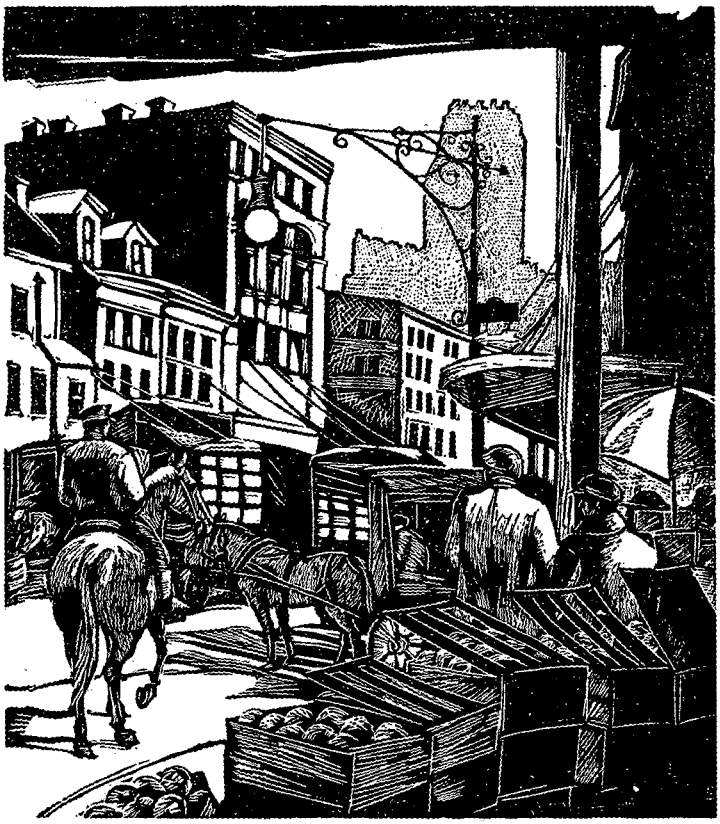

The Washington Markets

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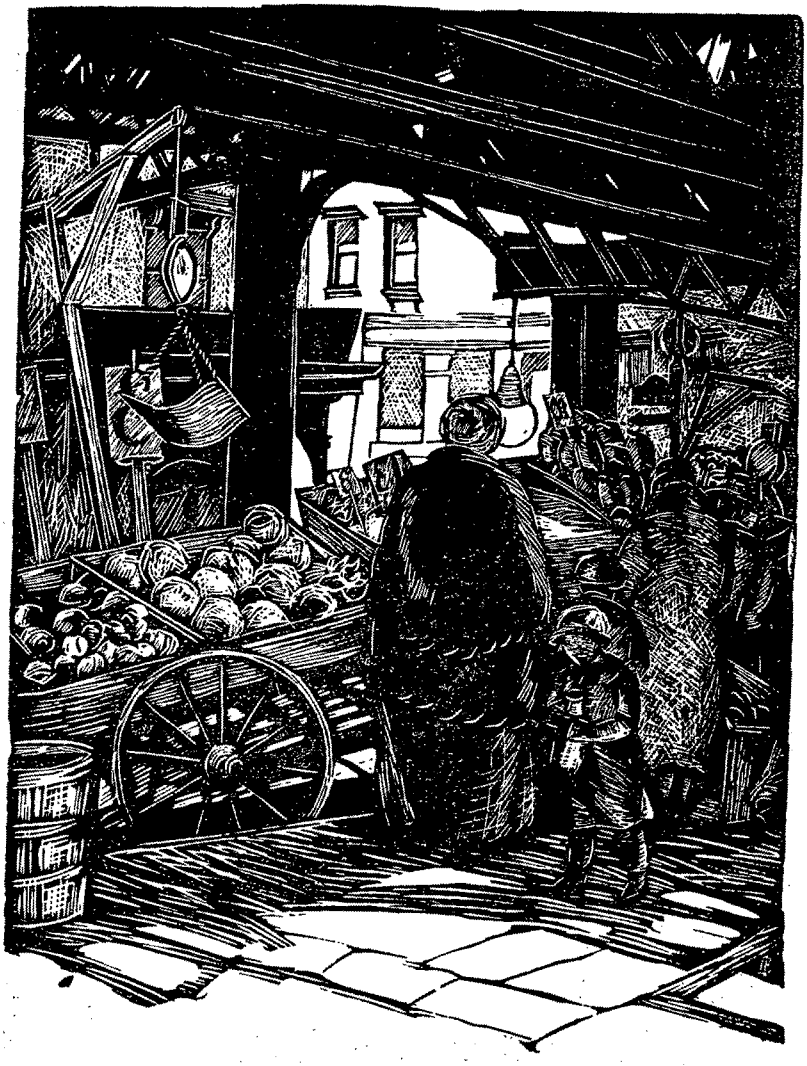

Under The 2nd Ave. L

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Saturday Morning on 1st Ave.

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# NEW YORK, THE NATION'S PRODIGAL

*II — The City of Dreadful Waste*

JOHN BAKELESS

IF you walk up along the Hudson from Ninetieth Street, you will observe at intervals what appear to be hollow stumps. Look closer and you will see that they are made of concrete — relics of wartime skill in camouflage — and that they are really new and presumably "ornamental" substitutes for the old-fashioned sheet-iron waste cans. The inside of each stump is charred — a country boy would decide that some one had been smoking out a coon; but the matured metropolitan mind will instantly discern that this is merely the city's new and economical scheme for burning up waste paper and removing only the ash.

Beyond them you will see scraggly green grass and discouraged trees that are obviously having a rather unsuccessful struggle with their environment. Seated upon the grass you will behold innumerable examples of the human race engaged in conversation, newspaper reading, amorous dalliance, and — with enthusiastic unanimity — in throwing things upon the grass. Look just a little farther and you discover that the city is filling in along the shore to widen its park area. The material with which it is filling has been brought from a distance. Close by barges are being loaded with ashes, which make excellent filler. Will they be used as such? Oh, no! The ashes will be towed some miles away and used to fill in something else. Here and there smoke rises. The city in which fire wood sells for fabulous prices is placidly engaged in burning up its own waste lumber on the dump!

You have caught New York in the act. The great metropolis is providing an invaluable illustration of the way it wastes. For almost everything you behold is being done the wrong way. The only thing that is really efficient is burning the waste paper in the can. That simplifies removal. But the ash that remains is potash — a valuable fertilizer. The hungry-looking grass and trees are obviously crying aloud for it. Fertilizer would help in the struggle against the acids of the smoke-laden atmosphere. Does the efficient metropolis sprinkle the potash on the soil? Oh, no! It is carried away at great expense and put where it is of no particular use. Meantime, the people who are using the riverside park are

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casually casting more rubbish on the struggling grass, which an army of workmen will later have to pick up.

These are small examples of New York's huge wastes, compared to which the millions that go for graft are, relatively speaking, trifles. The law, after all, offers a remedy for graft, if anyone cares to use it; and at least it is a good thing for the grafter! But the law offers no remedy for the casual, careless, constant waste of material, time, and energy — private and municipal — for which the city's government is directly or indirectly responsible, and which does no good to any one.

For example, take so prosaic a matter as the disposal of the city's rubbish and garbage. All that the average New Yorker knows or cares about rubbish is that if you put it outside the apartment door, the janitor takes it away, and that if you throw it on the grass, somebody eventually picks it up. His attitude toward garbage is about the same except that it is, as yet, the only thing he does not throw on the grass.

What becomes of it all is, he thinks, no concern of his, because the item, "to waste from unused garbage and rubbish," never appears upon his tax bill. He is mistaken. New York's annual pile of these unsavory materials, evenly distributed over City Hall Park, would overtop the Woolworth Building — and practically all of that unpleasant pile would have value if it were scientifically used. Instead, what happens? Two boroughs find use for some of it; but Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx still tow practically all of their 1800 tons a day twenty miles beyond Scotland Light and dump it into the sea. A few years ago an engineer of the Bureau of Municipal Research estimated that the city was paying $3,500,000 annually to private individuals "for dumping nearly $5,000,000 of values into the sea."

## Waste Legally Enforced

But not only does New York waste through its own inefficiency. It goes a step further and legally forces its architects and engineers and builders to waste millions annually — although they know a great deal better. Of all of New York's innumerable extravagances, this is one of the worst; for it is fairly obvious that in a city which erects fifty-eight thousand new buildings a year, with a total value of nearly a billion dollars, the building wastes, if there are any, must exist on an enormous scale.

One of the chief causes of waste in the New York building

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trades is the antiquated municipal Building Code. It was originally framed at a time when the excesses of the worst jerry-builders of the mid-nineteenth century and some of the most terrible tenement fires were still fresh in mind; and the men who first wrote it not unnaturally leaned over backward in their effort to insure absolute safety in all future structures. But in the twelve years since it was last revised, scientific progress has been rapid; new materials and devices have been perfected; and — most important of all in an ironclad metropolis — the nature and capacity of structural steel is vastly better understood than it was in the late eighties and early nineties, when steel construction was first being introduced.

The chief difficulty lies in the Code's requirement that the minimum stress of steel shall be sixteen thousand pounds to the square inch. Now modern structural steel comes from the mill with an actual tensile strength of from fifty-five to sixty-five thousand pounds; but the Building Code, which allows only a quarter of this strength to be used, demands a "factor of safety" of four. This exaggerated requirement was established in the days when structural steel was a new material, when its capacity was relatively unknown, and when steel construction was a more or less empirical matter, governed not by the cool, mathematical knowledge of the laboratory, but by rule of thumb.

In the last thirty years, the chemists and physicists have been at work; and to-day the chemical and physical properties of a steel beam are more accurately known than those of a physician's prescription. In the light of this knowledge, engineers and architects agree that it would be safe to increase the "dead load" on structural steel by at least two thousand pounds. In fact, last year the majority report of a committee appointed by the American Society of Civil Engineers proposed an increase of four thousand pounds, or a total "dead load" of twenty thousand pounds to the square inch. The minority report, however, proposed a total of only eighteen thousand pounds, the figure now used in most large cities of the United States, and this is the figure which the builders are trying to write into the New York Code. The saving would amount to one-eighth of all the structural steel used in the city, or about six million dollars annually.

Another serious waste in the building trades — which cannot, however, be charged to the city's government — lies in the activities of certain speculative builders. Operating on the proverb-

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ial "shoe string," these men are often compelled to pay fantastic interest on the money they borrow. The state does, indeed, set a legal limit on the interest that can be charged; but the money lender who is clever enough to extort ruinous rates is also clever enough to protect himself. He may, perhaps, pretend that he is charging, not interest, but a fee; but the extra and useless cost remains, and by whatever pleasant euphemism it may be disguised, it is eventually passed on — as wastes and abuses of all kinds always are — to the ultimate consumer. That means the average New Yorker, for relatively few in New York own the houses they live in — so few that in the Borough of Manhattan only five private dwellings were built last year.

The wastes due to speculation and to the provisions of the Building Code are all paid for in the end, then, by the householder, either when he pays rent directly or when he pays higher prices to enable merchants to meet their rents. They are also paid for by the millions from out of town who visit New York annually — in every hotel bill, restaurant charge, or department store purchase — and who go home to exclaim over the cost of living in the city where American "efficiency" is supposedly carried to its highest pinnacle. And yet the solution is absurdly simple: revision of the Code to bring it abreast of modern science, a step recommended even by the man who last revised it; and more rational financing of the city's housing.

## The Smoke Waste

Perhaps the reader has already acquired the impression that in New York waste is in the air. If so, he is entirely correct, both literally and figuratively; for smoke is a heavy item in New York's waste bill. Its dense black clouds prove that the city is sending a good deal of its expensive fuel unburned up its chimneys and smokestacks, and with the fuel goes an incredible amount of heat, actual as well as potential. On an average winter day, New York raises the temperature two degrees for a mile into the air above!

But the loss of fuel due to smoke is small compared to the damage it does. For the finely divided coal dust, poured into the air as smoke, settles again as an all-pervasive cloud, ruining everything it touches, from pictures, paint, furniture, building stone, and metal work, which can be replaced, to human lungs, which cannot. Concrete examples are only too abundant. One manufacturing plant which must certify its product as "chemi-

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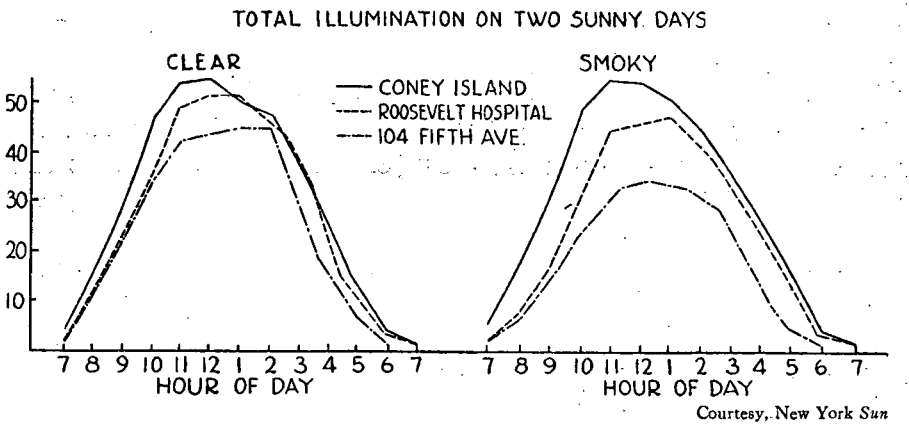


Courtesy, New York *Sun*

NEW YORK'S SMOKE STORY TOLD IN GRAPHS

Coney Island is far enough away to be practically free of smoke. Compare the amount of sunlight it receives, hour by hour through the day, with the amounts within the city proper. Whether the day seems clear or is noticeably smoky, New York loses sunlight.

cally pure" has been forced to leave the city because the air is so filled with gases and solid carbon that it is impossible to keep the guaranty. A paper company finds it difficult to keep its stock clean enough for sale. A steamship company complains that stewards cannot keep the vessels trim while they are in port and that the cinder-laden air renders the ventilators useless. Manufacturers of wax, oil, flowers, feathers, food, laundry supplies, instruments, and embroidery, all suffer. Everyone, from the manufacturer who pays an extra fuel bill or sees his product deteriorate, down to the housewife who has to hire an extra maid, is paying for this plague of smoke. And with it go the sulphurous fumes which attack trees and shrubbery in the city's parks to such an extent that for the current year nearly a million dollars have been set aside for the rehabilitation of Central Park alone.

The Department of Health estimates New York's total loss from smoke at $96,000,000 a year. Paradoxically, the city police find city-owned ferry boats among the offenders against the city's smoke laws!

Quite as grave as the damage that smoke does directly — to buildings, to plant life, and to human beings — is the damage that it does to health indirectly by shutting off the sun. Observations made at the Weather Bureau's meteorological laboratory at Mt. Vernon, only a few miles from New York, show that the suburban town averages from three to nine hours more sunshine a month than the city. Worst of all, the ultra-violet rays, which

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are of peculiar importance for health, are the very rays with which the smoke blanket especially interferes.

Not all of New York's smoke is its own, however. More than half of its winds blow from the west — and they come, of course, laden with the smoke from busy New Jersey factories that stretch from Paterson on the north to Amboy on the south. Complete smoke prevention will have to be the result of concerted action by the entire metropolitan area and the manufacturing towns that surround it. The means themselves are simple enough: proper firing of furnaces, smoke consumers where they are needed, and adequate funds for enforcing the present smoke laws.

If New York is wasteful with its fires, it is almost equally wasteful with its water. Already possessed of the most elaborate system of water supply in the world, it is faced with the necessity of spending half a billion dollars — more than the cost of the present system — to build an additional one. Small streams have been transformed into great lakes, villages have been drowned, railroads moved, farms submerged over an area larger than Rhode Island, to provide New York with a water supply. And after all this, New York blandly proceeds to waste water at the rate of about 280,000,000 gallons a day — a daily loss of $20,000 — because of leaky plumbing, faults in the water mains, or careless householders who leave their spigots running. Meantime, a city government which has not changed its rates in half a century blindly proceeds to encourage the waste by refusing to extend the use of meters.

## A Modern Walled City

Time is supposed to be the one thing that the New Yorker values; and it is conventional to remark that rush and bustle are characteristics of the American metropolis which nobody can mistake. Rush and bustle are certainly there, but the idea that New York really saves time is largely an illusion.

The dwellers in walled cities of ancient and mediæval times anticipated many of the worst problems of modern New York. Because city walls were expensive and their circumference had to be as short as possible, the land inside was limited in area and hence was almost prohibitive in value. Streets were naturally made as narrow and houses as high as they could be made. People crowded into the walled cities for very much the same reason that they crowd into modern New York — the thrill of city life,

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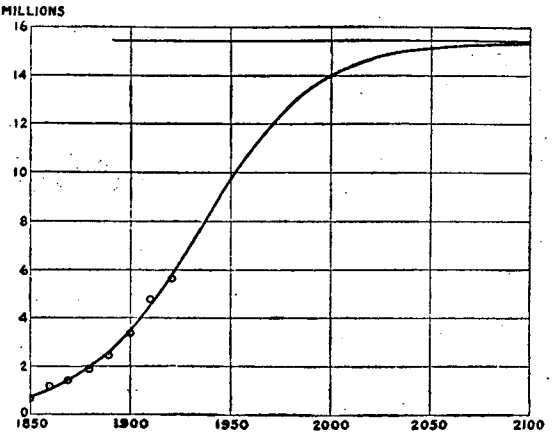


Courtesy, Pearl and Reed

POPULATION CURVE FOR NEW YORK CITY
The area included is that of the city as at present constituted. Small circles indicate observed population. The horizontal line near the top marks the predicted limit of population.

gregarious instinct, business or professional opportunity; and there was, of course, the added inducement of safety in time of war, which in these days of air raids the modern city can scarcely be said to provide.

The similarity is more natural than it at first seems. For, to all practical purposes, Manhattan *is* a walled city. It has no wall, to be sure, though its most famous street perpetuates the memories of the days when it did have; but the water which surrounds it on every side sets an even more rigid limit to its expansion. You can tear down a wall, but the Atlantic Ocean and the Hudson River are there to stay. Faced with the same inability to expand horizontally that cities knew in ancient times, but which New York alone among modern cities faces, the metropolis expands in the only possible direction — skyward. Already possessed of a permanent population of 100,000 or more to the square mile — probably the densest on earth — lower Manhattan receives each day 2,800,000 more, many of them commuters journeying regularly from suburban homes to their work. That is to say, the equivalent of the entire population of Arizona, Vermont, and New Mexico arrive daily, all coming at about nine o'clock in the morning and most of them departing at five o'clock in the afternoon.

And at nightfall, when the business district is relatively quiet, the struggling city's difficulties are not ended — they are only transferred. For around Times Square, within a radius of a thousand feet, stand forty-five theatres. At half past eight each evening sixty thousand people pour into them, and pour out again about eleven o'clock. Just beyond this district are thirty-

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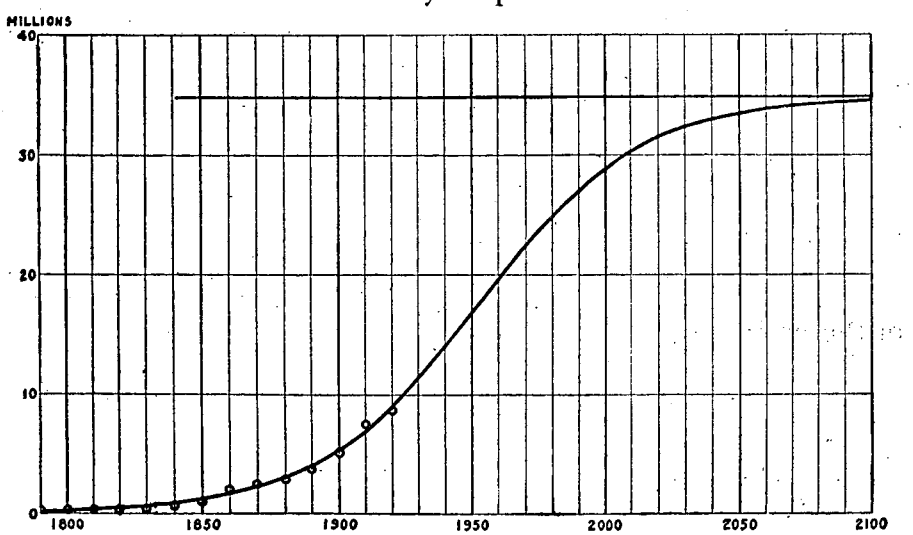
four more theatres, seating another multitude of forty thousand. Roughly thirty-five thousand people pass through the Times Square subway station between eight and eight-thirty, and some two-thirds of these within a quarter of an hour. Small wonder that Times Square at theatre time is one of the great spectacles of North America — but a spectacle which it is better to enjoy from a safe distance.

New York's population is already six million, and according to two independent estimates will be almost 12,000,000 in 1970. By the year 2000, it will have reached nearly 14,000,000. Meantime, the area surrounding the city will have increased from its present 9,000,000 to a total variously estimated at from 29,000,000 to 30,000,000, which is about the present total population of the entire United States west of the Mississippi.

It is consoling to learn that "according to prediction equations, the population situation in the year 2000 will be very near that at which the population will tend to stabilize."

It is natural that a city planned more than a century ago, in an age of small houses and horse-drawn vehicles, for a population of less than a hundred thousand, should find itself strangled when its population approaches seven million and its streets are filled with motors and lined with skyscrapers which its founders could




Courtesy, Pearl and Reed

POPULATION CURVE FOR ENTIRE NEW YORK REGION

This includes the so-called "Metropolitan Area" — the suburban territory lying in three states and surrounding the metropolis.

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not even have imagined. The original city, on the lower part of Manhattan Island, was laid out with the idea that, in the main, its horse-drawn traffic would run across the island; so the town was divided into short blocks running north and south and long blocks running east and west. Perverse Manhattan promptly grew the other way.

Suddenly, with the beginning of the twentieth century, came a host of new inventions, and with them a host of new problems. Architects, who had been experimenting with the first skyscrapers a few years before, found that structural steel made them easy to build, safe, and practical, and that the electric elevator made all their floors accessible, no matter how high they towered. Electric trains — surface cars and subways — began to bring commuters from great distances; and as fast as rapid transit made it possible for more workers to reach the crowded areas, new skyscrapers sprang up to increase the rush and crowding. The first crude and expensive automobiles became safer — and cheaper. To-day eight hundred thousand of them ply the city's streets every day. The sixty-foot streets which had been ample in the early days of horses and four-story houses became seething canyons in the day of thirty-story buildings, subways, and automobiles. But with these changes real estate values had leaped to heights beyond imagining — the "Chimney Corner" at No. 1 Wall Street is to-day so nearly priceless that a paving of its surface with five-dollar gold pieces would just about equal the assessed value of the improved property. Under such conditions, condemning property to widen streets in the districts that need it most is an economic nightmare.

Above ground, all this results in "the traffic problem," which, like most modern problems, is very nearly as old as civilization. It was familiar to every dweller in the walled cities of ancient times. Julius Caesar knew it, and forbade chariots to enter certain restricted districts of ancient Rome during the decorous Latin equivalent of the rush hours. Even ancient Israel had something of the kind. At least the Book of Nahum, written in the eighth century before Christ, contains a very fair description of the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue on a busy day:

> The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.

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The automobile is the immediate cause of one of the most glaring wastes arising from New York's congestion. Since practically all traffic is at street level, there is no way for the two streams to cross without complete stoppage of all traffic in one direction. At any given moment, therefore, day or night, exactly one-half of all the motor cars in New York are standing still, as are also a fair proportion of the pedestrians. This is more than a mere annoyance — more even than an immense waste of time in a city where time and land are probably more valued than anywhere else on earth. It means, for example, that a $3000 motor truck is not one motor truck, but half a motor truck. It can be used for only half of the time during which it would be available in a smaller city with no traffic congestion. That means that a business firm which needs one motor truck must buy two, must also employ two drivers for work that one could do, and must pay twice for gasoline. The total loss from traffic congestion is officially estimated at $500,000,000 a year.

But the motor truck is unfortunately not merely a passive victim of traffic congestion. It is also the active cause of a good deal more congestion on its own account. Since land is so fantastically valuable in the business districts of Manhattan, relatively few business firms except the great department stores — and not all of them — can afford areas for unloading; and the massive trucks, halted in the streets, often block traffic completely. This part of the parking problem is already painfully familiar even in the smaller cities, but it reaches incredible proportions and even becomes a peril in immense Manhattan. Already the fire department has difficulty in arriving on time, because of the congestion; and the prospect of a fire's getting beyond control on Manhattan Island — which is not nearly so fireproof as it is generally supposed — is appalling. It might quite conceivably ruin every insurance company in the world, and its effects would certainly be felt far and wide throughout the business world.

Fortunately, the solution of the traffic problem is already evident. New York will have to build more "arteries" for through traffic, and some of its streets will require two levels — a method of relief already used at the Grand Central, where automobiles glide swiftly around the station on an elevated roadway with no cross traffic or pedestrians to hinder them. It is now proposed to build an elevated highway from Fifty-ninth Street to Seventy-second Street, along the west side of the island.

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Investigators of the city's traffic woes suggest that more centralization in the city's trucking would not only prove an enormous economy but would also help to clear the streets. To-day it is possible to see three or four trucks in a block, each only partly loaded, each helping to congest the streets. Under centralization, a single truck, completely loaded, would perform the same service more speedily. Other proposed measures include subways for pedestrians at specially congested crossings, a few of which already exist; prohibition of all street parking; through streets along the island's edge; night delivery of foodstuffs and building materials where possible; and stringent regulation of empty taxicabs, thousands of which now congest the streets as they "cruise" for passengers.

## The Rush Hour

Where the streets are too blocked for passage, the problem of getting New York's millions of workers to their shops and offices each morning, and safely home again at night, falls on the subways and elevated lines. On the very tip of Manhattan Island, where the skyscrapers tower upward in clustered masses, is the financial district — the treasury, the stock exchange, the offices of famous law firms, the head offices of the great banks, and the directing brains of the country's greatest industries. From this centre radiate by telegram and telephone and letter the directions which regulate the business of a continent. There is probably no spot of similar area upon the earth's surface in which are congregated so many executive brains of the first calibre. But it is not executive brains that cause the congestion.

New York is not precisely cluttered with master minds. But not even a high-pressure executive can run the nation's business all alone. He requires aides — of varying degrees of humbleness. Each morning, therefore, lower Manhattan calls its armies of telephone girls, messengers, office boys, clerks, bookkeepers, secretaries, stenographers. Nine o'clock each morning must find them all at their desks and typewriters and switchboards.

Were they the only toilward travelers, the problem would be simple. But lower Manhattan is not only the directing centre of the nation's industry — a fair share of the nation's industry is right there on the spot. So, in addition to the thousands of office workers who travel down the narrow island each morning, there are more thousands of workmen and working girls. Needleworkers

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hurry to lofts along Fourteenth Street or lower Fifth Avenue, where they will stitch clothing all day in rooms so close to the great department stores that garments can be rushed from workman to customer in fifteen minutes. A few years ago these needle-workers lived on the lower East Side, but gradually they have been forced out. Now they live eight or ten miles northward, in the Bronx, and travel back and forth each day, cramming the subways until they seem almost ready to burst. But not needle-workers only. In the few square miles south of Fifty-ninth Street are crowded innumerable other industries. Printing, metal working, cigar making, leather working occupy huge areas. New York makes most of America's paper patterns, jewelry, tobacco pipes, hair work, and furs. Appropriately enough, it makes most of the pocketbooks, too. And to all these industries the workers must be carried from their distant homes.

The result is the subway "rush hour," which involves wastes as grave as any that even New York City has to show. Some wastes can be calculated in dollars and cents, but these are imponderable — useless losses of human energy and self-respect, fatigue losses, losses of time, demonstrable losses in health, and ultimately losses of life itself.

This last is no hyperbole. To appreciate what the rush hour is like, one must be a participant. Bear in mind that there is no alternative. Only a small proportion of the workers in this crowded district can hope to live near their work. The majority live in the outlying boroughs — the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island — or in the suburban towns which fringe New York for fifty miles around. These last are the "commuters" who come from as far away as New Haven and Philadelphia, journeying daily to and from their work, spending endless — and usually aimless — hours traversing the same route day after day. From the suburbs they can travel in fairly comfortable trains. But once on Manhattan Island, there is but one means of conveyance — the system of subways and elevated railroads. Distances are usually too great to walk. The hapless worker, therefore, plunges into the maelstrom known as the "rush hour."

Now let us see what this means in terms of human energy and health. The commuter forces his way through a milling, struggling mob until he is somewhere near the invitingly open door of a subway train. As he elbows his neighbors vigorously out of his way, he has his toes trodden on and is vigorously elbowed in re-

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turn. He stumbles against someone's parcel and nearly has his throat pierced with an umbrella. He approaches the door — which wavers and prepares to close. He struggles nearer. So do a hundred others. They pant for breath. The door, after preliminary palpitations, finally closes, and the frantic commuter — who is, of course, late for the office — waits with throbbing heart for the next train. It rolls immediately into sight, its ugly blunt head, with gleaming lights — red, green, and white — projecting uncannily from the tunnel like some gigantic insect emerging from its burrow.

This time the unfortunate commuter reaches the door, but finds the car full to overflowing. A subway guard, who has no more intention to be discourteous than an executioner, but who is quite as hardened to his gruesome task, places his knee in the small of our commuter's back, pushes hard on his scapula, and just manages to squeeze him in, thereby knocking the breath out of several other persons, who glare angrily at each other for the next three miles. The sliding door shaves past our hero's back — it is no idle jest to call him a hero — perchance imprisoning his coat tails or ripping a button from his overcoat; and the whole human mass, the pressure relaxing a trifle, expands just enough to fill the car evenly from wall to wall. (You can see much the same phenomenon in a jar of ripe tomatoes.) Above their heads there are perhaps thirty inches of air space — and the air is very foul.

Now if some fiend with scientific training in bacteriology had planned all this, he could have devised nothing more neatly adapted to spread disease. Nor could he have planned anything better calculated to reduce personal dignity, start the day with fatigue, promote the profession of pocket-picking. A cynical English observer once hazarded the guess that the subway rush hour starts more disease every day than the Rockefeller Foundation can prevent in a year. A cool statistical authority contents himself — after a critical examination of eight hundred thousand records of individual working days in lower Manhattan — with the observation that the subway jam has an undoubted effect in increasing sickness, and thus increasing the death rate also.

Here, then, is an obvious waste, even though it cannot be evaluated in terms of the cash register. The New York worker arrives at his desk with frayed nerves and weary body. Sooner or later he picks up a germ or two. That means a day out of the

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office — two days — a month. There is no way of putting a value on the days thus lost in New York. Neither is there any room for doubt that the value runs far into the millions.

These are the conditions in a city of six million. It is not pleasant to speculate what they may become as the population of the metropolitan area grows toward that fifteen million which Professor Pearl of Johns Hopkins bids us anticipate.

Not, however, that solutions are lacking. Indeed, one of the encouraging things about the problem is the intelligent endeavors that are being made by private and official agencies to grapple with it. The first and most obvious is the so-called "stagger plan." Despite its rather unhappy name, there is nothing very staggering about it. The proposal is simply to rearrange working hours. To-day all the workers pour into the narrow space of their day's toil at about the same hour and leave at about the same hour. The new plan is to secure the coöperation of business firms who are clever enough to see that an employee fresh and smiling from a comfortable ride is better than an employee jaded to begin with because he has been half-killed in the subway jam. Hours of opening and closing will then be so arranged by the various employers that the subway travelers will be more evenly distributed. What engineers describe as a "peak load" will thus be avoided. Unfortunately for the prospects of relief by this plan, something very like it has already grown up without providing adequate relief. The term "rush hour" is more or less a misnomer, for the rush extends roughly from about eight to ten in the morning, and from about four-thirty to six-thirty in the evening. Beyond these limits there is not much hope of "staggering," and to that extent the "stagger" is already here.

More hopeful is the solution which the subway problem is slowly creating for itself. Commuters are gradually sorting themselves out and going to live in districts whence they can easily reach stations from which they can walk to work. Men and women working near the Grand Central Station try to live in Westchester County and Connecticut, whence the trains will bring them almost to their office doors. The construction of other terminals here and there about the city, however, creating new business districts and fresh real estate values like those which the erection of the Grand Central Station produced, would speed relief to the subways and the cost would be at least partly met by the jump in land and building values. New York's congestion, with

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its resultant wastes and losses is not, therefore, necessarily a perpetual ill.

Neither is there any need for perpetuating the congestion of New York harbor, an essentially similar problem amenable to similar solutions. The New York Port Authority has estimated the annual loss from preventable wastes in the harbor at $2,000,000 a year, with an additional $12,000,000 in freight charges to business on Manhattan Island. These wastes exist because there is no central control over the armada of ferries, tugboats, lighters, and similar craft that ply the harbor waters. Two boats often do the work of one.

Like so many of New York's wastes, this is largely a matter of habit; for like other cities, New York is so used to doing things in its own way that it has forgotten to ask whether it is a good way. Being used to graft, it objects mildly and submits cheerfully. Being used to traffic congestion, it grumbles a little and does nothing. Being used to waste, it protests but pays.

There seems no real reason, however, why any of the innumerable wastes of modern metropolitan life should endure forever. At present they are part of the vast American good nature. Intolerant of strange doctrines as were the earliest pioneers, the modern American has all their material prodigality. He will not tolerate Marxian economic theory, but he will tolerate any kind of uneconomic practice. That is part of his tradition.

Abuses similar to New York's, though on a lesser scale, undoubtedly exist in every one of the larger cities of the United States, especially those that are still under political control and have not ventured on the experiment of city managership. They become enormous in New York because the city is itself so huge; but the annual waste does not really bear very heavily upon a population of more than six million people, who share their burdens more or less with their suburban neighbors and innumerable visitors from out-of-town.

Later, as American prosperity becomes a trifle less refulgent, as American society becomes more stable and civic standards more assured, the burden of waste, like the burden of graft, may become more galling; then the irritated voter may become less smug. At last he may even begin to ask embarrassing questions and refuse to be put off with scapegoats as he has been hitherto. Then he will demand municipal efficiency — and he will get it.

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# The Passion of Our Brother, the Poilu

BY MARC LECLERC

Drawing by Lowell L. Balcom

*Translated by John Heard, Jr.*

A POOR damn' Poilu went to spell
His comrades in the front-line hell.
'Tweren't choice as took him, but, you see,
The boys was fightin' an' so he
Just natcherly went too. He know'd
'Tweren't fun, but thinkin' so don't do
No one no blessed good, nor mend it.
The man what's worked the land an' hoed
Has got to do the scrappin' too;
The man what works it must defend it —
Don't take no lawyer to see through!
We can't all do th' munitions stunt;
Takes brains or trainin' at the bench
To fill a job behind a trench —
As y' might say on the Homestead Front.
Up in the lines it's plenty risky,
An' the shells, y' see, are mighty frisky!
We soldiers in a muddy trench
See lots o' shells — but damn' few French —
That's gunners' business. — Anyway
Ours has them beat a mile, they say.

This chap 'long with his pals parades
Out there in front to heave grenades.

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Gee! 'Twas a dirty night, you bet,
Black as yer hat, an' cold an' wet!
'Most ev'ry step y' took a spill
Into a shell-hole, an' say, Bill,
They sure was plenty — thick as peas;
The more y' goes, the more y' sees!

Then — Bang! — a big nine-incher flopped
An' bust not twenty yards away!
"O God! They got me!" An' he stopped;
His knees just crumpled till he lay
There on his back just like he dropped —
His whole damn' side ripped clean away —
All blood an' mud from head to feet.
But to his corporal says he: "Pete,
You got to tell the wife back home . . .
Not all to once't. . . 'Sick . . . on the blink . . .'
Just break it easy . . . 't may help some . . .
I got five bucks . . . that's for the squad . . .
That's for the boys to buy a drink . . .
Here, grab my bombs . . . for th' Boches, by God!"

You see he sort o' made his will,
Then passed away, an' lay there still.

His soul goes cruisin' through th' sky
With nothin' it could lay a course for,
But fetched to Heaven by 'n' by
An' found Saint Peter by the door
Beatin' the rugs, who says, says he:
"You wipe yer feet on enterin', see!
Way down th' hallway on the right
Y'll find th' court-room. Take a seat
On the bench, an' wait. — Hey, wipe yer feet!"

The Poilu went, scared nigh to glory,
An' 'n angel all dressed up in white
Asked him his name 'n' the whole damn' story —
Number an' class an' regiment;
Then left him feelin' like a fool
A-settin' there 'n th' vestibule.

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He hadn't sat there very long
When the angel says to him: "Come along."

It looked like sort of a church to him,
But he'd never yet seen the like before —
Silver an' gold right up to the rim;
Then 'way at th' opposite end from the door
He sees God settin' on top o' the sun
Between Our Lord an' the Virgin Mary;
An' candles, lighted every one,
Six stacks on a side, all bright an' glary.

A raft o' saints stood just below,
But mostly soldier saints, he guessed,
By their shields an' swords an' the way they dressed.
Saints George 'n' Hubert 'n' Michael, y' know,
Astride of his devil makin' faces;
An' Charl'magne with his big white beard;
Leonard an' Martin in their places;
Saints Marcel an' Sulpitius, too,
An' Barb'ra with her cannon 'peared
Next to Saint Maurice an' his crew;
An' Joan of Arc stood flag in hand.
Says he on seein' all this band:
"The full Court-Martial must be there!
I guess I'll catch it now for fair!"
Then he was told to take the stand.

"Come now, and let me hear your story through,"
Says God. "Before the war what did you do?"

"Well, God, I was a farmer then. At that,
It ain't a job what makes you fat.
I weren't no millionaire, but I weren't broke;
I got along by workin' like the dickens.
I had a horse, an' oxen — just one yoke —
An' then a cow, a wife, an' some few chickens.
I had a hog, too — 'xcuse me for the name!"

Saint Anthony pipes up an' says, says he:
"Why, hogs's my pets! Hogs all make friends with me!"

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But God he frowns as black as thunder,
An' Anthony looks cheap an' tame,
An' seems to want to step from under.

"An' since the day you went into the service,
Have you been fined or punished very often?"

"Why, God, I'd say 'twas sort o' hit an' miss.
I been in trouble, sure; but not so often.
To tell the truth, there's once I got real stewed;
But up my way the drink they make is fine,
An' I got soused afore I sort o' knew'd;
The stuff was awful bad, just rotten wine.
'Twas really more the liquor's fault than mine. . . ."

Then old man Noah speaks up an' says:
"That ain't no crime, an' there be days
When if I had my way 'twould be:
'Go to it, boys; let's have a spree!'"

". . . Another time they jailed me too,
But honest, God, 'tweren't hardly fair.
I'd wore my pants out — right clean through —
An', so's to cover up the tear
An' save my back side from the breeze,
I cut my coat off at the knees.
But they just jugged me then an' there
For damagin' th' Gov'ment's prop'ty."

An' then Saint Martin says: "Why, man,
I did no worse than that the day
I cut my cloak an' gave away
One-half to some old beggar-man.
They canonized me right away!"

"Well, different here; they threw me in
The guardhouse, so guess my sin
Was usin' it myself. That's different, eh!
I had so many cooties, too,
They got me into more hot water.
I couldn't kill the whole damn' crew."

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"Why then," Saint Labre said, "you'd ought'er
Ha' kep' 'em with you, same as me,
An' scratched in all humility!"

(Saint Michael thought this somewhat raw,
And drove him through the court-room door.)

"But, God, if I've gone wrong, I've suffered too;
An' things there was, was mighty hard to do;
An' times I felt I couldn't stand no more,
I was that cold an' hungry; or the heat;
An' then the marchin' with my toes all raw!
I've often had to drag my blistered feet
Along the roads all day — them awful roads! —
The sweat just runnin' so you couldn't see,
With backs near breakin' from our loads. . . .
An' then at night I wouldn't get no sleep!
An' sometimes, when the road was awful steep,
I've lugged the other fellow's pack a way,
Just so's to lend a hand, as you might say,
An' me that tired I couldn't hardly creep. . . ."

"Like us at Golgotha, my Lord,"
Saint Simon whispered 'cross the board.

"Now judge me, God; I'm just a soldier's soul;
My body's gone; I can't creep in no hole — !
But God, dear God, whatever wrong I've done,
Ain't I come pretty close to makin' it all right?
I'm just plain tuckered out; my blood's all gone,
An' see my side here — ! I got that last night!"

Saint Thomas took a look: "Ripped wide,
Lord Christ," he said, "just like your side."

When God sat mum, an' nothin' more was said,
He pointed to the Virgin's cloak of blue,
To God's white beard, an' to Our Savior too,
Who sat wrapped in a robe of flaming red,
An' cried out loud: "There's my three colors, see,
The flag o' France, the Tricolor! For those

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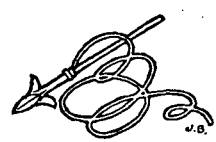
I've suffered, an' for those I've sweat an' froze!
Yes, them's the colors o' my flag; them three's
My country's colors, an' for them, I say,
I gave my life; for them I'm here to-day,
O God Almighty, on my bended knees . . . !"

Then God smiled sort o' sad an' kind,
An' Heaven opened up behind.

But in the angel crowd he saw
That things was different; everywhere
Poilus were sittin' by the score
(An' sure seemed tickled to be there!)
With blouses made o' real sky-blue
(That fitted each man first-class, too).
They had tin-derbies made o' gold,
An' great big wings to help them go
Just easy-like, where they was told,
An' not get wet in mud or snow,
An' march their thirty miles or so
Like it was nothin' but a treat,
Nor get a blister on their feet.

So he squats down among the rest,
An' sings right hearty with the best:
"All glory be to God on High!"

The angels in the limelight then,
In answer to the chorus cry:
"And Peace on Earth for all good men,
Forever Peace on Earth! Amen!"



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Cartoon by Cesare

# SMITH, HOOVER, AND PROSPERITY

Cartoon by Hilton

*Forecasts*
*by Nationally Known Business Men*

## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

EARLY in the Presidential campaign, Will Rogers attempted the formidable task of taking the bunk out of politics. With the nomination of two sincere and fearless candidates, this endeavor has succeeded beyond all expectations. As a result, this campaign has aroused greater popular interest than any other of recent history. Not since Bryan's free silver fight of 1896 has any national election so stirred the passions of the people. Party labels have been freely abandoned under the pressure of personal convictions about real issues, chief among which are prohibition, farm relief, the development of water power, foreign policies, and — more important, perhaps, than any of these — the dramatically contrasted personalities and backgrounds of Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith. Thousands of citizens who could never be moved by the empty sound of a party name or the pale platitudes of party platforms will shake off their usual lethargy and vote, because one or another of these issues has roused them as they have rarely been roused by a political campaign.

Granting all this, however, THE FORUM believes that an unconscious element of bunk has crept into the campaign, unrecognized because it borrows dignity from a hoary tradition. It is highly desirable that this election should be a popular referendum upon the real issues that have been raised; and yet, if false issues persist, it is possible that they may prove the deciding influence. Chief of these, perhaps, is the so-called "prosperity issue." It has become a tradition in American politics to believe that political parties are somehow responsible for the nation's prosperity. Hard times are always laid at the door of the party in power; and conversely, the party which comes into office in happy conjunction

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with an upward trend of the business cycle stakes out a claim to all the bounties which a smiling Providence and favorable economic conditions confer upon the country during its tenure of office.

THE FORUM, therefore, has set itself to find out, first, whether the United States has really been generally prosperous during the past four years, and second, to what extent political parties have created prosperity or are likely to create it in the near future. To this end, the leading business men of the nation were invited to state their frank opinions, and THE FORUM is happy to publish the following signed statements, representing a selection of the more important replies received. Some of these business leaders favor Mr. Hoover's candidacy, others prefer Governor Smith; but the reader should note how nearly they all agree that the economic well-being of the country is independent of politics, and that, so far as our future prosperity is concerned, it will make little difference whether we call the next occupant of the White House "President Hoover" or "President Smith."

## ROGER W. BABSON

THE spread of prosperity during the past four years has been general throughout the United States. This is not a matter of opinion but a statement of economic fact. A study of the leading barometers of business conditions during this period, as represented by the Babsonchart, shows how generally diffused this prosperity has been. In this sustained period of good times the Republican administration has played an important part. The aphorism that the best government is the one which governs least is aptly borne out by the record of the past four years. American business has been able to proceed with the confidence that it would not be needlessly harassed and hampered by the administration at Washington. There has been a minimum of hostile legislation and a maximum of executive and administrative coöperation.

In the personalities of both Smith and Hoover, we have sufficient assurance of outstanding ability and integrity to render less important than perhaps in any previous presidential campaign, the decision as to which shall be President. Each possesses a discerning eye to the tremendous significance of American industry in the domestic life of the nation and its influence on our status as a people among the other nations of the world.

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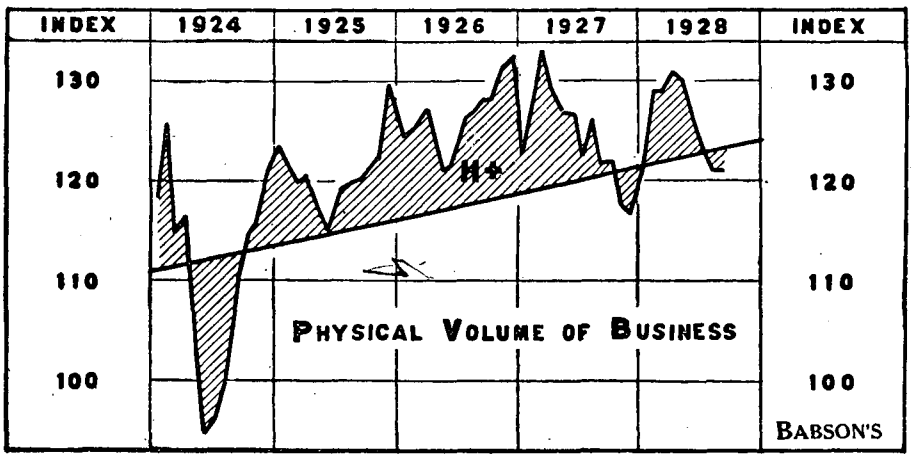
But there is another factor in the situation which has been obscured by the dominant personalities of both presidential candidates, and yet upon it may rest to a considerable extent the prosperity of the next four years. This factor is the complexion of the next House and Senate. Present forecasts on the senatorial and representative contests are more or less guesswork, with the odds favoring the Republicans in both branches by a narrow margin. But if Smith should be elected with a Democratic Congress, we are almost certain to have a resulting depression in business. If Hoover is elected with a Democratic Congress, his veto power would probably nullify this threat to a great extent. Should we have Smith as President and a Republican Congress, there would also be little likelihood of trouble.

I say all this with the reservation that to-day Presidents are created by business conditions more often than business conditions are created by Presidents. We have in the past attached too much importance to the electoral college and not enough to the business cycle. Furthermore, there is one outstanding issue before the American people in this election, more important in my opinion than the question of who shall be President. We are at last having a national popular referendum on prohibition. There is no straddle possible this time. Governor Smith has made this his paramount issue, and Mr. Hoover represents the other side. I




BABSONCHART OF PROSPERITY

The irregular line traces the actual expansions and contractions of the nation's business during the past four years. The sloping straight line shows that through ups and downs the general trend has been upward — which means that the general prosperity of the country has steadily increased.

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commend Mr. Smith upon his forthright courage in this connection, however much I disagree with his viewpoint. But the important thing is that on November 6th the citizens of the United States are at last going to be able to pass upon the question of prohibition. I consider this fact to be the outstanding feature of the campaign. Furthermore, I forecast that their decision will be to keep our present prohibition law exactly as it stands.

*Founder of Babson's Statistical Organization*
*Leading Authority on Economic Conditions*
*Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts*

**HENRY FORD**

SO far as the economic doctrines of political parties are concerned, the country's prosperity is as safe with one as with the other. If this does not appear when the logical consequences of certain political doctrines are considered, it readily appears when political ideas run up against economic facts. No party any longer opposes successful business. It is now understood that the prosperity of the country is a sign of health and productive vigor. No political capital is now sought by an attack on business, because the people now understand that there is no possible way of monopolizing the fruits of prosperity. The very existence and value of the wealth of the United States absolutely depends on its being shared and circulated.

The only way for politics to acquire business significance today is from the type of leader it produces.

Mr. Hoover is expected to be a great and forward-leading President, not because he is a Republican, but because he is a national engineer who understands the machinery of the national livelihood. That is not a political thing. It is an economic thing. It has to do with almost everything except those things in which politicians are most interested. It is not enough for a public man to desire the welfare of the people. He must have the ability to turn his good wishes into productive action before he can count for much in the people's lives.

I believe that Mr. Hoover has the ability to make his good will effective, and I base my belief not only on what I know of his work, but on what I know of his preparation. He began a long way back, when this new state of things was beginning; and he

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has come along with it, understanding its tendencies, knowing where it is weak, knowing what it needs — and knowing all this in a way that only years of experience can give. If he were the candidate of another party, all these things would still be just as true of him. He is undoubtedly the man destined to be the leader of this time.

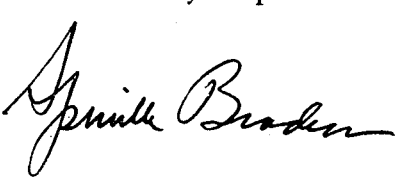
*President, Ford Motor Company*
*Dearborn, Michigan*

**SPRUILLE BRADEN**

BY and large, I think the United States has been fairly prosperous during the past four years. I cannot say this, however, for copper and textiles — the two commodities that I know most about. Copper is reaching a more stable state now. Some of the mines in America have been worked out, and with the increased demand and production it is therefore but natural that we should look to South America, especially Chile and Peru, for much of our copper. These developments have brought our government into closer relationship with our South American neighbors. So far as I have been able to learn, the Coolidge administration is in good favor there. Especially is this true of President Coolidge and Mr. Mellon.

It is, of course, hard to predict just what effect a change of administration would have. Personally, I do not think that the country's prosperity will be much affected whichever way the election goes.

I feel quite strongly, however, on one thing, and that is the reason why I am going to vote for Governor Smith — the principal reason. I should like to see a modification of the Volstead Act. While I believe in temperance, I do not believe in prohibition. I think that the result of the Eighteenth Amendment has been detrimental to the country, and to industry in particular. In the copper business there has been a general wage increase, and this, coupled with the decreasing cost of living, is responsible for the better domestic and economic conditions under which our working people live — not prohibition.



*Formerly General Manager*
*Anaconda Copper Company*
*New York City*

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**HARVEY S. FIRESTONE**

I SHOULD say that, for the most part, prosperity has been quite generally diffused in the United States during the past four years, although, of course, in some spots this is not true. I believe that under the Republican administration of Mr. Coolidge we have had clear evidence of good statesmanship, and that the election of Mr. Hoover will continue this prosperity which is now so well established. It would be a catastrophe to turn our backs against the great fundamental benefits of prohibition.

I feel confident that Mr. Hoover will find a way to eliminate the weaknesses which prevent greater effectiveness to-day. Mr. Hoover's acquaintanceship with foreign problems and his long experience in governmental work give him an unusual knowledge of national and international affairs, and this, combined with his native ability as a practical engineer, should assure this country a continuation of the general prosperity which we now enjoy.

Harvey S. Firestone

*President*
*Firestone Tire & Rubber Company*
*Akron, Ohio*

**EVANS WOOLLEN**

IT cannot be said that prosperity has been generally diffused in the United States during the last four years for two reasons: (a) agriculture, engaging something like a third of the population, has experienced during that period one of the severest depressions in its history; (b) the minor units in business, industrial and commercial, have not prospered proportionately, as is attested by the record of failures.

The Republican administration *is not* responsible for the agricultural depression insofar as it has been due to the failure of farmers to adjust themselves to the revolution which scientific methods and power machinery are producing. It *is* responsible insofar as the depression has been due to the governmental promotion of industry, chiefly through the tariff, which has tended to dislodge agriculture from its position in an orderly economic development.

The Republican administration *is not* responsible for the failure of minor units in business to prosper proportionately insofar as that failure has been due, through underlying economic forces, to

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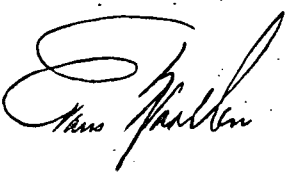
the shift of business from minor to major units in industry and commerce. It *is* responsible insofar as the failure has been due to the application of the philosophy of government that prosperity should be promoted for the big on the assumption that the big will benevolently share their prosperity with the little.

By and large, the prosperity which the country may reasonably expect from Governor Smith or Mr. Hoover does not radically differ. There is a deal of bunkum about political parties and prosperity, particularly in the arrogant assumption that we cannot have prosperity except through the Republican party. Our prosperity is not made by the political parties. They may add thereto or subtract therefrom, but they do not make it. Our general well-being is based on our unequaled natural resources. To them we apply an unequaled mechanical equipment and unequaled labor. In a word, the conditions of prosperity are not likely to be affected greatly by the outcome of the election, except in this — that we may reasonably expect, for the reasons indicated above, that prosperity under Governor Smith would be better diffused.



*President*
*Fletcher Savings & Trust Company*
*Indianapolis, Indiana*

**ROY D. CHAPIN**

PROSPERITY has not been generally diffused throughout the country in the last four years, nor will it ever be. The United States, with its 110,000,000 people, represents almost as great a difference in interest as may be found in all Europe. I see no human way in which we can make agriculture, industry, and the other occupations equally prosperous in a land so diversified as ours, with its radical differences in climate and rapidly changing demands for various products. Agriculture, of course, will always have its ups and downs, just as any other business. Some industries will prosper at the expense of others due to new developments or a revolution in popular taste. The average American insists on being up to date. He likes new things and the sections of the country that do not heed his changing desires are always bound to suffer.

I think it is generally agreed that the Coolidge administration has furnished the country with a high degree of constructive statesmanship. This applies not only in our international relations

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but in the maintenance of the right mental attitude on the part of our people which produces confidence and prosperity. We are inherently so rich in natural resources, energy, desire to work, and optimism that, given a condition of general confidence on the part of our people that everything is going ahead smoothly, the natural result is a prevalent prosperity unmatched throughout the world. The Republican administration has done much to create this favorable atmosphere throughout our land.

I cannot believe that anything serious will happen to the United States in the event of Gov. Smith's election. Because of long personal contact I have reason to believe Mr. Hoover has a keener sense of the nation's fundamental problems than any other man I know. Few men have ever been given the opportunity to familiarize themselves with so many phases of our governmental activities, and almost no man has shown the breadth of vision and the brain-power to carry on successfully so many constructive activities as Mr. Hoover. It seems reasonable, therefore, that one who is so versed in what we need, in what has made our present prosperity, and equipped with such an unusual talent for doing, will make the kind of President of these United States that our people not only want but should have during the period just ahead of us. We have not by any manner of means reached the apex of our country's prosperity, and by prosperity I mean a more even distribution of this world's goods among us and a closer approach to the aims of happiness for each individual. Mr. Hoover would seem to be the leader who can carry us farther along the road to happiness than any other candidate.

*Chairman of the Board*
*Hudson Motor Car Company*
*Detroit, Michigan*

**GLENN H. CURTISS**

OBVIOUSLY prosperity is general in the United States at present and has been during the past four years. Although we cannot accredit it to any administration other than that of the past four years, there seems to be the possibility that the condition of prosperity is prevalent independent of any political policy.

It seems to me that this country will continue to be for a long period the most prosperous of all countries of the world. Of course, it is a question of how one treats of prosperity — that is, whether

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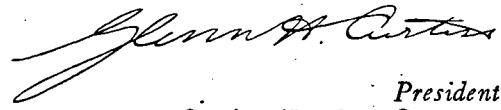
the prosperity of the United States is viewed in comparison with that of past years and past administrations.

During the past fifty years there seems to have developed a tendency to mortgage the future, and with this trend has come a great development in industry. As a nation we seem imbued with a firm belief and faith in our prosperity. It will be through the good work of the next administration, and in spite of its faults, weak points, and inefficiencies, that the conditions of prosperity will continue.



*President*
*Curtiss Aëroplane Company*
*Garden City, Long Island*

**WILLIAM F. O'NEIL**

JUDGING from reports that have come to me through trade channels and as a result of my personal observation, I do not believe that prosperity has been generally diffused in the United States during the last four years. While the tire business in general has been good, as well as the entire automotive industry, other industries such as cotton, iron, and steel have been below normal.

To-day any administration has very little to do with the prosperous condition of the country. Its resources are too vast and its industrial machinery too widespread to be influenced much by a political party, for there is very little to-day to choose between the two parties in their principles.

I think business will be good with either candidate in office. I believe this year that the parties have their candidates mixed. Smith is really more of a Republican type. He is practical and not theoretical to any extent. Hoover is a theoretical engineer. He has the idea that a great many things should be done for business by the government. I believe that modification of the Volstead Act is necessary because it would quiet the rising resentment of workmen against the tendency to curtail their liberty and to attempt to legislate efficiency into their lives. You cannot successfully legislate efficiency into a man. There will be a decided reaction every time it is tried.

*President*
*General Tire and Rubber Company*
*Akron, Ohio*

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# OUR MUDDLING WORLD

*Black Men and White Civilization*

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

THERE was once a fortunate island in the Dutch Indies in which the natives let themselves live in the warm climate, free from all shackles of toil. The soil of the island produced bananas of its own accord, without having to be tickled or scratched as other more sluggish lands seem to require. But alas for the poor natives! The Dutch turned up. You know the Dutch. They have a mania for work. Theirs is a land which had to be manufactured out of enclosed bits of sea, and remanufactured now and then by being pumped dry. They scrub the streets as if they were plates off which to eat. And as if all this toil were but a mere trifle, they have invented a language the pronunciation of which requires more labor to the syllable than any other language to the page!

The Dutch were indignant at the sight of a whole island in which no one worked and — what was worse — in which everybody enjoyed his idleness. "Dont you ever work?" they asked the natives. And the natives answered, "Work? Work? What is that?" The Dutch were nonplussed. If only there were some threat of a flood somewhere, some dyke to be kept water-tight. . . . But no. The island rose well above the sea, and the land was as plentiful as a Dutch matron in her prime. The Dutch shook their heads and wondered, until one of them saw the light. The bananas! There was the cause of the evil. No bananas, no food; no food, no idleness. For, as the Spanish saying has it: "The stomach drives the feet." So the Dutch, with European thoroughness, destroyed the banana trees which covered the island. And there was civilization!

This story sums up what is sometimes described as the "opening up of Africa." What on earth does that mean? Is Africa being opened up as a pig or cow at the butcher's? Who profits by this opening up of a whole continent? Is it the continent itself?

The first thing that strikes the outside observer is the surprising importance of forced labor in all these so-called civilizing enterprises. Public works — the railways, roads, canals, dams, and harbors — have been constructed in Africa almost universally on

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forced labor. More often than not it was unpaid; when it was paid, it was at absurdly low rates. Nearly always the conditions were unsanitary, leading to mortality as high as forty per cent, and in one terrible instance, ninety-four per cent.

Forced labor is very often upheld on the ground that the Negro will not work unless he is made to. This disinclination is countered by appropriate measures which bear the mark of white cunning. Thus the Negro is taxed in order to "stimulate" him to work. It sometimes happens that a Negro has enough cattle to sell off a cow or two and pay his tax without working, which leads the whites to cry out that Negro ownership of cattle must be limited by law. The laws and practice of forced labor have impressed on the dark races the advantages of the bush. Many are the African territories in which the Negro has fled from the roads and railways which he has built. Many are those in which civilization has reduced the population to a disquieting degree.

We may just as well stop here, and survey the land we have covered. We began by coming to this benighted continent proud of our European civilization and determined to open up Africa to the blessings which we ourselves enjoy. Then we discovered that this enterprise required big public, semi-public, and private works for which Negro labor was necessary. Then, finding the Negro disinclined to work, we reorganized his life in order to make him work. But what is the good of it all? Who profits by this nonsensical activity?

"Ah," the white man says, "the Negro is such a child. He does not understand work. He must be educated into it."

And the honest negrophile revolts and argues: "Do you think that forced labor will ever convert him to your gospel of work?"

I would go further. Nothing strikes me as more superciliously impertinent than that delusion which attributes to puerility any attitude we do not understand. The Negro a child because he dislikes work! Now, now! There is a Spanish comedy in which an inveterate idler is asked, "But dont you ever feel that you want to work?" and he answers, "Yes, but I refrain."

We Spaniards, the Orientals of Europe, can still — I hope, always shall — enjoy leisure. It is difficult for us to believe that a capacity for enjoying leisure is proof of underdevelopment. Oh, we know the economist and his stern laws, all explained by 1, 2, 3 at the tip of his short, squat fingers. We know the economist.

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He has been triumphantly answered by one of us — a man whose work I make bold to recommend, sure of reaping universal gratitude. Julio Camba, then, in a book which rejoices in the title, "On Almost Nothing" (*Sobre Casi Nada*), explains how mistaken are his well-meaning but economic-minded friends who urge him to write in order to make money. "Money?" he says, "I make lots of money, but I spend it all in my favorite sport — leisure. Only I have improved on the old system whereby the earning and the spending were separate operations. With me, earning and spending are but one. How much do you think I could earn in an hour's work? Very well. That is exactly what I spend in an hour's idleness. Please figure it out and you will find that in any one year I handle thousands of dollars."

Here is the matter in a nutshell. If leisure is the highest pleasure — and I believe it is — surely the race which knows that there is no need to reach it through the circuitous road of activity is a race of wise men. Yet we whites go to Africa to bother the Negro out of his wisdom.

Oh, I know. You say that the Negro lived in the thick of darkest superstition until you came to stir him out of it with your white Christian faith. Well, I wonder. The Negro had a religion evolved by his race in harmony with his landscape and civilization. He held certain beliefs, certain taboos, directly connected with the bush, the swamp, the moon, the tropical diseases. You have brought him Christianity under a score of different trade marks. The Negro has been told that God is one — but also three; that he was born of a Virgin and a Holy Ghost; that his ideas coincide with those of John Wesley; that he is a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic. The Negro has been asked to drop his taboos and to adopt new ones. He has forgotten magic cures, but he is asked to believe in vaccination. He must not eat his enemy nor his aged father, but he is bidden to swallow the flesh and blood of God; he must not worship animals and trees, but must adore the Lamb.

I won't deny that on the whole he may be improved, physically at any rate, if he survives forced labor, military service, and other features of our beneficent civilization. But have we improved his race by throwing its evolution out of gear? Can we seriously maintain that a tropical black man is able to absorb Welsh, Scotch, Parisian ideas and affections without a grotesque dis-

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tortion of both these ideas and affections, and of the strange mind and soul into which they are forced? No, believe me. This is another case of bad muddling, of your white provincialism and swollen-headedness bent on meddling with God's handiwork.

But now, you would protest and assert the right of the World-Community to open up the natural wealth of the whole planet. Ah! then you also are on the side of the World-Community? Let me take note of it and congratulate you. You are no longer advocating the expansion of this or that nation, of this or that firm. You are anxious lest the World-Community as a whole should be deprived of its wealth by the selfishness or ignorant isolation of one of its backward peoples. What worries you is not the ambition and greed of the powerful industrial nations, but the obstacles opposed to economic progress by undeveloped colonies and territories which no benevolent capitalist has yet tried to open up.

Assuredly, a most noble point of view, and one which deserves all our sympathy. Yet, are you sure that the facts fit your unimpeachable theory? Let us glance at Liberia, that black republic founded and godmothered by the great republic of the West, the United States. Liberia, by the way, has a treaty with Spain whereby she provides Spain with black labor for Spanish cocoa plantations in Fernando Poo at the rate of twenty-five dollars a head. Slavery? Oh dear no! All these laborers are free citizens of a free republic; they are indeed so free that when England went through a period of "stimulation" of military service during the war, which led many a black subject of His Britannic Majesty to cross the frontier into Liberia, a number of these British subjects found their way into Spanish Fernando Poo under the "stimulation" toward cocoa labor which they found prevailing in Liberia at the time. It is strange how these moods for volunteering to work develop in certain African states and colonies, under certain circumstances.

But that is by the way. The true reason why Liberia comes into this picture at all is that I am told by some friends who know a little about Africa that a big American firm is planning to develop an immense rubber plantation in its opened-up territory. My friends tell me that labor for that kind of enterprise cannot be found in Liberia, unless under irresistible "stimulation." Now, I seem to have heard that rubber is precisely a commodity which

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has now and then given rise to ill feeling, owing not to scarcity, but to over-abundance. Too much rubber is being made already by the world. The British, who control most of the production, decided a few years ago to limit it, in order to raise prices. And I have even heard — with chuckles — how, through this manœuver, they managed to get back from Uncle Sam a *fair* proportion of what Uncle Sam had got out of them under the war debt settlement. (Fairness, as you see, is an elastic notion). Uncle Sam was wroth and decided to have rubber plantations of his own. So there is Mr. Ford in Amazonas, and there is Mr. Firestone in Liberia, lustily engaged in increasing the already too spacious area of the world wasted in growing rubber. If you don't call that muddling, let God come and look at it — as we say in Spain.

No, you see, your arguments won't do. A little medicine and much disease, a little pure water and too much alcohol, a little less fighting and too much fierce competition, a little less taboo and too much incomprehensible dogma, a little civilization and too much forced labor — the balance is poor.

The fact is, the whites are ill with activity. They are possessed by a demon who bids them turn round and round, always quicker and quicker. Like tops, if they don't gyrate, they lie on their side, helpless. The Negro may be in a different stage of development, or he may — which is more likely — represent a different mood of creation. The Negro can enjoy leisure. He need not spin in order to live. (That "the lilies spin not" may be read, as you see, in more than one sense.) It is in vain that Providence, living up to its name, painted the Negro a different color to warn us of his different nature. We pay no heed to Providence. Are we not white? Don't we know everything? Didn't we invent gramophones and radio sets?

So we go to Africa and open it up and out, bringing our civilization into the benighted continent. Fools, hypocrites, or both. For, in actual fact, what we do bring is our own incurable restlessness. Turning round and round, ever faster and faster, ever farther and farther from the centre of our soul, in which we dare not dwell, we are impelled by our centrifugal force to disturb with our ever-growing orbit wider and wider areas of the world, driving out quietness and leisure to the far-off interstellar spaces where God lurks, hidden from eyes too blind to see that which does not move.

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Drawing by Harold von Schmidt

# EXPERIENCES FACING DEATH

*Part I*

MARY AUSTIN

OF death, man comes into the world knowing nothing and feeling universally that somehow he himself will never suffer it. Realizing its inevitability as a fact, he invents a myth to account for his personal exemption; and later, as he sees his contemporaries falling before him into the general human certainty, he experiences a secret pang of triumph, as though by some essential superiority he had been elected to survive. Finally, when the end leaps out at him starkly, not to be evaded nor denied, the stoutest fronts it with sudden consternation. That was how it was with me, when, after a life span which made death, though unwelcome, appear reasonable, I faced that possibility with what was for me the nearest approach to fear that I had ever known. And of all that I had thought or observed about death, the last thing I had expected was to be afraid of it.

Once before, in my early thirties, I was positively told that all I had to look forward to was the inevitable end of a dated period of disease; and my curiosity was, on the whole, disappointed when the event dwindled into the insignificance of a mistaken diagnosis. At that time, however, I was apparently well and unshaken by anything more annoying than a faint, insistent pain.

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In the later instance, I could partly account for the unanticipated spasm of fear by crediting it to my being at the lowest ebb of a long and tormenting illness. Even when I was most securely confident of survival, I had never been sure that the change called "death" might not prove an ordeal. But at this particular time my disturbed state of mind sprang in some measure from the temporarily involved condition of the pledges and responsibilities of my life; for as soon as I had made some practical disposition of my affairs, I found the sense of excited apprehension abating. After that I had time to gather up my fear and question it in the face of my still undaunted conviction that human consciousness survives the dissolution of the body.

To my relief, I discovered that the structure of a rational belief in survival — built up mostly by analogies and inferences as most of our science is, though you will not always find scientists admitting it — remained intact. With death staring me in the face, my reasons for believing that there is no such thing remained unaltered. This was not so reassuring as it might have been, however, if I had not been perfectly aware that the intellect of man, as the latest product of consciousness, is not always to be implicitly trusted. For here is Bertrand Russell, who has one of the few modern intelligences that one feels bound to respect, coming to exactly the opposite conclusion. Ordinarily one feels the necessity of deferring to a better intelligence than one's own, when it can be discovered, just as one uses the Brooklyn Bridge to get across East River instead of swimming it. Now Bertrand Russell not only possesses a live and obstinate faith, but, since his is older and more experienced than the best of our modern intelligences, it seems more worth trusting than theirs. (By faith, in this connection, no codified tradition is meant, but that inward monitor on whose promptings the major activities in the life of any creative worker are predicated.)

When I analyzed my state of mind, I recognized several separate urges leading me to deny death. One was an unwillingness to leave a world so abounding in beauty that I could frame no image of any other in which I would prefer to live. Another was the impetus to survive, the will to prolong the life processes I had begun. But more than these, there remained at the bottom of my consciousness a something which was profoundly unaware of any ground for supposing that life did not go on and on, untouchably, beyond both hope and fear. The thing that made me

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afraid had nothing to do with any abstract doctrine of immortality; it was something much more personal — something to do with my individual share in it.

There is no more reason to assume that every individual consciousness achieves a competent survival than that every conception arrives at conscious life. All adventures of change appear to be conditioned by what is going on around them; and if we admit logic to the adventure, it would be entirely reasonable to suppose that the change called "death" might be so conditioned as to make survival undesirable. In saying this, I must hasten to explain that I had never been afraid of any traditional peril that had been postulated for an after-life; nor had death ever presented itself to me as the final adventure of the spirit. As a matter of fact, most of my life had been spent in the kind of pursuits which, so far as our best information goes, offers the best chance of survival; if anybody gets past death, my chance seemed as good as the next one's.

The orthodox moralist, upon learning that I faced the probable end and found myself repenting of nothing, would no doubt think my confidence exaggerated. By repentance I mean that intuitive judgment on our own lives which advises us that somewhere a wrong turn has been taken — a turn at which secondary impulses have prevailed against the fundamental individual drive. It has always interested me to know that the word Jesus used, ordinarily translated "repent," means literally "turn around and go back to where you began." In the intervals of pain and sickbed exigencies, I never felt the least necessity to live any of my life over again. I found myself regretting occasions when I had not been kind — regretting that I had ever been unkind at all. But in respect to those things which my admirers — if I had any — would probably wish to forget, curiously enough I sighed a little because there had not been more. I regretted the narrow and repressive moralities in which I had been brought up, if these had been in any way responsible for my having lived less intensively than I might — if these had made me love or hate less, or less variously, than opportunity afforded. No, I did not regret my hates — I have always hated lying and cowardice, and latterly I have spent a good deal of energy hating war; nor did I regret any of the emotions and actions that might have come under the ban of the morality to which I was born. My sins, however, did not include any of the more drastic offenses.

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I had never deprived anybody of life, nor cheated anybody of spiritual opportunity, nor represented truth otherwise than as it came to me — all of which would, I think, be meet for repentance. What I am trying to convey is that it was not any belated moral queasiness nor any spiritual unease which accounted for my surprising consternation in the face of possible dissolution.

Surprising I have called this fear, because, as I have already said, faith and intelligence were still making the habitual response. But there it was, discount it however much you will by the simple fact that I was emotionally reluctant to leave a world which, at its worst, has always interested me tremendously. I have had — thank God! — some pretty bad times in this world; but still, of late, I have taken to being rather silent on the worldly things I have liked the most. It seems scarcely decent in the face of Messrs. Joyce and Mencken and the psychoanalysts — almost like humming dance tunes at a funeral — to insist that one goes about the world with a singing bird inside and a leaping flame on either hand. But it is permissible to say that I like my friends, my work, and my house here on the *loma;* and the thought that I should never again see the wild plum blossoms storm the banks of Peña Blanca, never hear the drums of the Keres calling up the rain cloud with its wing hollows filled with evening blueness, smote me with an insupportable pang. I feel quite certain that had I been forced to abandon this present level of consciousness at that moment, I should have haunted, not my house, but the familiar scene — morning headlands, the three Wind Rivers, and the winding trails; I should have come back to the sound of the drums and the smell of the orchards. For one to whom beauty — the reality of natural things — has been the most spiritualizing influence in life, it was necessary to get back of the dread of separation from these things and trace the fear to its source; to recover a little from the suspicion that leaving this life would be more than could be supported with fortitude.

To make that clear, to describe how it was that I was not terrified at the idea of leaving life, but only of leaving *this* life, I shall have to go back to the very beginning of my thinking about these things and retrace the steps by which I built up my still unshaken conviction that personal consciousness persists beyond death. For what had upset me was not the doubt of continuity, but the fear of continuing to live in a state in which I could not avail myself of my principal means of spiritual sustenance and most

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of my enjoyment. Unless I am to speak entirely in terms of theories and analogies — which would not be particularly profitable to me or to the reader — I shall have to go back to the most personal of spiritual experiences: the experience of the presence of God.

If I use that term, it must be understood that to me God *is* the experienceable quality in the universe. He is the Universal Consciousness out of which my own consciousness stems — never a person, only faintly descried in the unknowing core of perception as Being.

I must have been between seven and eight when this experience happened to me. I had previously been brought up in the orthodoxy of the Methodist Church, which I joined at the mature age of eleven; but I doubt even if its mythology left any more appreciable trace than my belief in Santa Claus, which I abandoned about the same time. It was a summer morning, and the child I was had walked down through the orchard alone and come out on the brow of a sloping hill where there was grass and a wind blowing and one tall tree reaching into infinite immensities of blueness. Quite suddenly, after a moment of quietness there, earth and sky and tree and wind-blown grass and the child in the midst of them came alive together with a pulsing light of consciousness. There was a wild foxglove at the child's feet and a bee dozing about it, and to this day I can recall the swift inclusive awareness of each for the whole — I in them and they in me and all of us enclosed in a warm, lucent bubble of livingness. I remember the child looking everywhere for the source of this happy wonder, and at last she questioned — "God?" — because it was the only awesome word she knew. Deep inside, like the murmurous swinging of a bell, she heard the answer, "God, God. . . ."

How long this ineffable moment lasted I never knew. It broke like a bubble at the sudden singing of a bird, and the wind blew and the world was the same as ever — only never *quite* the same. The experience so initiated has been the one abiding reality of my life, unalterable except in the abounding fullness and frequency of its occurrence. I can recall, even as a child, leaving the companions of my play to bask in it, as one might abandon the shade to walk in the sun. There is scarcely any time in my adult life in which it cannot be summoned, with more effort at some times than at others. It is furthest from me when I am most absorbed in the emotional reactions of personal existence, but never entirely

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out of reach. Often it seems to float like a bubble beside me, and in moments of abstraction and relaxation, without my volition, it encloses me with ineffable warmth and light. It is on these occasions that I hear the Voice speaking a word or two that I need to know: "Wait," "Go Forward," "Trust this person or this occasion." It has the *feel* of a Presence, but it never manifests itself as a person. It comes nearest to that when it arrives in the midst of work, like a tall white Presence at my shoulder; but it never takes any personal shape, either of ghost or god or angel. It is a force, a source of energy.

When I speak of warmth and light in this connection, these are analogies only. I see nothing with my eyes, feel nothing with my hands, hear nothing with my ears. Nor have I ever failed to know that the Voice is *inside* me, a portion of my innermost deep-self functioning; as much a part of my constitution as the clapper is of the bell. When this experience began to come, there were no such words as "subconscious" and "subliminal" in current use; but it was always clear to me that the sensation of light and warmth and the Voice were responses of my inner self to a stimulation whose source was beyond guessing. As soon as I began to hear of the autonomic nervous system, I recognized it as the seat of the responses by which the experience is conditioned. I am chary of using the term "subconscious" in this connection because I do not wish to confuse it with any of the operations of what we ordinarily call "mind" or "intelligence." As the brain is obviously not the seat of such experience, it cannot be called mental. All that the intelligence can do is to account for and explain the experience.

One recalls, concerning this matter, that practically all the early attempts of the intelligence to explain personal experience have been proved mistaken. We now assume that the simple savages and the clever Greeks were equally at fault about this sort of thing when they named it the "spirits" of their ancestors, "dæmons," or "genius." It would be idle to pretend that in locating the response in the autonomic reflexes — in what my Indian friends later taught me to call the "Sacred Middle" — we have determined the absolute nature of the experience. For the space of this article I am satisfied — if the reader is — to call it "God," or the "Great Unconscious." And for reasons that will come later, I have so much more confidence in the revelations that come from this experience, that if my Sacred Middle

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tells me that life is ever-living and the human frame only one of its abiding places, I will believe it much sooner than I would believe my intelligence, or the intelligence of Bertrand Russell, who is the latest and most outstanding prophet of extinction. When I say "ever-living," that is, of course, a relative term; I mean able to live beyond this bodily phase of existence.

Probably there is nothing in this experience of mine that is different, except in its explicitness and persistence, from the experience of my contemporaries. Most people probably go on all their lives trusting their intelligence or their traditions for the unimportant issues, and for vital matters listening to the voice of the Sacred Middle, which they explain according to the mythological beliefs in which they have been brought up. On the other hand, the minority of the intelligentsia suppose that the seats of reality are all located in a narrow strip above the eyebrows or in a more insistent region below the belt, and have forgotten or will not admit that they have any middles. They forget that life began with a middle and a skin and got on some æons with very little else — not thinking at all, and dividing its middle when it desired to reproduce. They forget that within the complex of vital organs served by the autonomic system is stored the complete cycle of life experience in body building, repair and renewal of parts. Here are stored all memories of the patterns and the motions life has made. Here are all possible tendencies and techniques, which, when filtered through the intelligence, become the source of invention and achievement. All that has happened to life is remembered here, lying latent against need, once we have learned the trick of recalling it to the level of conscious intelligence. Here also resides that curious living experience which certain types of men feel it their duty to deny, simply because it is no part of man's conscious equipment — the experience of faith.

By faith I do not mean either intellectual belief or the blind forcing of allegiance to a tradition. I mean exactly what Paul of Tarsus meant — *the evidence of things not seen*, the evidence of life's capacity to triumph over objective difficulties by developing organs and functions not yet discovered by the scientist's microscope. I mean the knowledge-feeling which enabled primordial protozoa to climb up out of the sea border, to live on the land and sail through the air, creating the mechanisms necessary to these changes out of *the substance of things hoped for*.

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Something within all life knows all the ways possible to life. In the higher creatures this knowledge-feeling becomes more or less conscious. When it refers to the less important issues, men call it a hunch and often trust it against their intelligence. When it refers to matters of the scope of life-continuance, men have also trusted it for the most part, translating it into myths, objectifying it with rites and ceremonials. From time to time the knowledge-feeling of exceptional individuals has embodied itself in philosophies and dogmas, which, because they express a general widespread certainty, have had wide acceptance. Later, when the particular explanation has been superseded by larger certainties, there are always a great many people who suppose that because the explanation has been discovered to be inadequate, the embodied perception of reality has been completely disproved.

Faith — the witness of unaccomplished things, the worker in the substance of desire — in so far as it deals with immortality, has passed through all these phases many times. But for the writer, nothing so irrelevant to experience as current explanations of the things going on inside man — most of which have changed several times in my lifetime — shakes the evidence of the Sacred Middle as to the existence of the thing itself. Shrinking as one's physical organism naturally and healthily does shrink before the near approach of dissolution, nothing anywhere in the Middle of me denied the existence of the undying spark. When I thought I was about to shake off this mortal coil, I was not daunted by the fear that the essential *I* wouldn't be there still, perfectly aware of myself, and with a recognizable budget of personal characteristics. The thing I feared was that I might go on living, stripped of most of the things that made going on interesting and worth while. Intellectually I was still convinced of survival — as I shall presently take time to explain — but my disturbed state of mind arose from the fact that this conviction had failed to provide me with any comforting notion of how life would go on, and under what conditions.

The Western World has so long rested under the Christian prepossession about the life to come that it does not invariably throw off that prepossession along with the dogmas of which it was the outcome. The Christian idea has always been that death, if not the end of the life adventure, is decisive, and that the remaining course is then marked out one way or the other, without

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appeal. The disembodied one continues much the same person, minus his most objectionable human traits, and lives much the same life, rid of its most troubling phenomena.

The less orthodox versions of life after death do not seem to have improved greatly on the hymn-book heaven of the early Christian saints. I recall in particular a forecast of spirit life by that distinguished prophet of spiritism — Sir Arthur Conan Doyle — in which it appeared that spirits might still suffer the necessity of the daily shave; and, as Sir Arthur explained, since we could not imagine ourselves losing our natural modesty along with our mortal frames, we should still be subject to the tyranny of clothes. All of which seemed a bit sillier than uninterrupted harp playing.

And yet, what *do* we know of the essentials of discarnate existence which justifies us in presuming anything more acceptable? What frightened me was the realization that the little we could assume with any degree of safety did not sound either easy or interesting.

The creative writer is beset by a mysterious compulsory honesty which impels him to create shapes of beauty, but prevents him from living in them comfortably, because it makes him go on forever uneasily testing out the underpinning of his ideals, squaring up their corner stones by standards of reality which a succeeding generation will discover to be untenable. Something of the same mysterious and compulsory honesty led me to realize that I had been imagining a future life in which the conditions would be those which I most desired. I had imagined a future equally free of harp playing and of writing on slates for greasy mediums at a dollar a slate, but one in which I should drift pleasantly about the beloved scene, rid of the necessity of going to bed at night and of coming in when it rains. What I wanted was uninterrupted æons in which to explore the beauty and mystery of nature; and for byplay, I had incorporated in my eternity an idea that Thomas Hardy imagined after he accepted Einstein's theory of time-space — namely, that the time-stream might actually spread out behind me undiminished by a single instant, infinitely explorable once I had learned the trick. There was an occupation to which an immortal might happily apply himself! — Imagine going back and forth unhindered in the endless stream of time, visiting the spacious days of great Elizabeth, or seeing and knowing the great Achilles! Now, suddenly, all this

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became as unsubstantial as a small child's dream of Christmas.

Like a Christian, I had been thinking of keeping all the mechanism of sensory perception, of seeing color and feeling form and hearing music, together with the pageant of nature and history. And the one thing we positively know about death is that it takes from us the mechanism of all sensory experience. As a matter of fact, sensory experience has accompanied life on only a short stage of its objective journey — only a little longer than intelligence, perhaps; for we are told that even when sensory apparatus is present, as in all the higher organisms, the range of its capabilities is extremely limited compared to man's. All this complex of seeing, hearing, and feeling isn't necessary to life, but it does seem indispensable to enjoyment. It is obviously unnecessary to perceptions of Immaterial Reality. But with me the loss of sensory mechanism would leave me stripped of the occasions which afford that other experience already described, which, after reading Brother Lawrence, I should call the Practice of the Presence of God.

In that moment I had a glimpse of the scared and desperate flight of the Oriental mystic straight toward Nirvana — the cessation of the struggle for separate consciousness. And in the next instant I had completely rejected it, not for myself alone but for all partakers of the Occidental spirit. We Westerners, under all disguises of creed and anti-creed, want to go on and to keep going. Though I am not a practising Christian, I discovered myself in complete accord with Jesus in his teaching of sustained personal identity maintaining itself by harmonizing all its impulses with that Immaterial Reality out of which we are fathered.

There are times in the life of the individual when one's whole ancestry, the strength and sense of the race, rises up to meet some personal emergency. It rose for me now when I found myself insistently demanding: "*What am I* and *what have I* with which to defend myself against the dissolution of my present frame and habit of being, with which to resist the reabsorption of my identity into the stream of undifferentiated consciousness?" And the answer was not withheld.

*Part II of Mary Austin's "Experiences Facing Death" will appear next month.*

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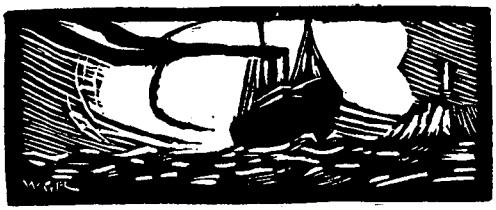
# FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

## THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS



Woodcut by W. G. Raffe

AND the smoke went up the chimney just the same!— That, dear reader, as you of course recognize at once, is a modern deep-sea chantey such as exhilarated first-class passengers "use at sea." Droves of them, hammering up and down the deck and shouting their glad refrain. It seems a long cry from "Sailing down along the coast of the high Barbaree" — and it is, in more ways than one. For you don't have to go back to clipper days to find real freedom of the seas. You got it in a little three-thousand-ton steamer thirty years ago. The seas themselves enjoyed it, and the passengers had it, whether they enjoyed it or not.

One reason you felt free, I suppose, was because you were leading a life unfamiliar on land. Restricted as you were, you were nevertheless liberated from your humdrum daily round. You really had something to tell the "folks back home," for most of them had never crossed. Other ships were passed and spoken; that was an important item to a voyager in a lonely cockleshell amid the perils of the deep. Storms were luridly described. That also was an important item, for waves did look "mountainous" from the deck of your little boat and you experienced a real sense of danger when you "heard the rotten rivets draw as she took it green." But now — the sea lanes are set sixty miles apart; you speak other ships by wireless, not by a waving of handkerchiefs. The towering decks of gigantic liners have reduced measurably the Alpine aspect of the waves. No longer racks on the table and swivel chairs screwed to the floor; no longer curtains swinging out level and suit-cases charging from under the bunk — unless you ship on a little coastwise tramp.

Perhaps to the "poor sailor," the old days seemed more like tyranny than freedom. But there was one phase of the old life at sea which was significantly free. I refer to the curious steamer

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intimacies. I don't mean that they don't ever occur any more. A sort of very intimate intimacy seems to be established at once by some of the passengers, but it doesn't go very deep or matter very much — except to certain old ladies who stare at it from their steamer chairs with a mingled look of horror and desire to be young again. I am thinking rather of the deep, solid intimacies which made it seem actually painful to say good-by at the gang-plank. The novices, of course, thought they should see these good friends again, but, after they had done it once or twice, they knew that, in most cases, it was good-by forever; and it seemed unreasonable — poignantly so — to cut off an intimacy which had been so strong. Yet it was a common experience. Who among older travelers has not had it?

A plausible explanation is that, until the modern ship removed the discomforts and perils of a sea voyage, people felt pretty generally that they were sharing in an adventure, not merely putting up at a floating hotel. In this respect the earlier steamers were like the old sailing ships, and though there is a vast difference between the two, an irreplaceable loss of romantic glamour (except in the engine room, *pace* M'Andrew!), the really great difference, in passenger life, is not between the clipper and the little steamer, but between the little steamer and the big steamer. Somehow, the change, with all its conveniences, has made life on shipboard so like life on land that the adventures and the intimacy bred of sharing them seem to belong to a vanished day.

At least, so goes the argument. But isn't it a touch sentimental? Isn't this "perils of the sea" business rather relative? — as Lief Ericson might have said. To a pedestrian mind, it is the busy, organized life at sea, not the absence of danger, which has so killed a chance for memorable intimacies, which has destroyed the passenger's real freedom of the seas.

Freedom of the seas, in other words, now means freedom from any sense that you are at sea. The passenger's life is now so organized that he has no time to brood over the perils of the deep. What with athletic tournaments, dancing, treasure hunts, concerts (these things no longer impromptu, but carefully arranged by the steamship company), what with frequent changes of costume necessary in a municipal hotel or on a modern steamship, what with filling out blanks and such land persecutions now suffered at sea, he has little opportunity for morbid introspection, or seasickness even. Perhaps that is all to the good

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— but perhaps it isn't. For when the elaborate entertainment organization of the company allows a few moments of respite, the passengers, all wound up, "dressed to go," hammer up and down the deck and sing a chantey that symbolizes the ceaseless conversion of energy into smoke. A doctor tells me that he has given up recommending a sea voyage for weary patients; it is too fatiguing.

Naturally, then, passengers have ceased to write and talk about the great voyage to Europe; it is no longer great. They cannot even lend an air of mystery and importance to their narrative by quoting the captain. In self-defense he has withdrawn, inarticulate. They must adorn their nautical yarn, if they are honest, with "The bath steward said —." There used to be at least a minor interest, too, in the names and personalities of fellow passengers. Accustomed to one stripe of humanity in the little town back home, "the folks" were interested to learn all about the strange people gathered with you, actually eating, talking with you, in so narrow a compass as one little ship. But now, with their metropolitan minds, they would be bored. Besides, they themselves have crossed; they know the familiar types: the seasoned travelers, settled to reading or to quiet conversation, too inured to the old life at sea to fall in with the jazz version of it; the old ladies who look as if they had meant to take the Nantucket boat and had got beyond their depth; the traveling sports, with a cheerfulness that almost condones excesses; the sure-bet Englishman flourishing galley proof of a book and saying "quite so" as if it were an act of faith; the equally sure-bet American with complete traveling equipment and a desire to tell the world; a rather large group of escaped inmates of the Prohibition Asylum; and the vulgarians and flappers hammering up and down the decks.

Of course it may be all right. Only a sorry sentimentalist can pretend to prefer a staggering ship, with canned milk and salt fish, to a steady keel and modern refrigeration. But when I have worn myself down with a feverish participation in the activities, and when I think of the old intimacies of sea voyages, I find myself in the mood to say — and I wonder if others don't too —

> And I'd sell my soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
> Of a black Bilbao tramp.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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# WHAT IS RELIGION?

*Forum Definitions*

IN attempting to arrive at the meaning of religion, we cannot afford to ignore the opinions of the philosophers. A few of the best definitions handed down by the world's greatest minds are the following:

IMMANUEL KANT — Religion consists in recognizing all our duties as Divine commands.

JOHANN FICHTE — Religion is conscious morality, a morality which in virtue of consciousness is mindful of its origin from God.

TOLSTOI — True religion is the establishment by man of such a relation to the Infinite Life around him that, while connecting his life with this Infinite and directing his conduct, it is also in agreement with his reason and with human knowledge.

AUGUSTE COMTE — Religion consists in regulating each one's individual nature.

JOHN STUART MILL — The essence of religion is the strong and earnest direction of the emotions and desires towards an ideal object, recognized as of the highest excellence, and as rightfully paramount over all selfish objects of desire.

CHARLES DARWIN — The feeling of religious devotion is a highly complex one, consisting of love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, hope for the future, gratitude, and perhaps other elements.

MATTHEW ARNOLD — Morality touched by emotion. . . . Ethics heightened, enkindled, lit up by feeling.

GEORGE SANTAYANA — Our religion is the poetry in which we believe.

JOSIAH ROYCE — Religion is the consciousness of our practical relation to an invisible spiritual order.

These definitions may be regarded as models of clear thinking and concise expression. As an exercise in criticism, the reader is invited to compare them with those that follow, which have been awarded prizes as the best definitions submitted by FORUM readers.

1. Religion is the attitude of man toward a superior Being, the assumption of whose existence renders acceptable the facts of life or makes endurable the futility of existence. (*Randolph Raynolds, New Haven, Conn.*)

2. Religion is the restraint, or inspiration, of human conduct caused by either fear of displeasing, or gratitude and desire to please, a higher Power or Powers; these impulses usually finding expression in a system of worship. (*R. T. Fullwood, Los Angeles, Calif.*)

3. Religion is a theory offered to explain and interpret the universe, coupled with an ethical code of life by means of which we attempt to adjust ourselves in the best possible way to the conditions of life. (*Mrs. Donald Forsyth, Provo, Utah.*)

4. Religion is a sort of egocentric conceit, in the interest of which man postulates a "supernatural" world, populated by certain of the risen dead, over which reigns a vainglorious sovereign whose alleged solicitude toward mundane economy is made the basis of the assumption that man occupies the supremely important place in the universe — a pretty theory in proof of which biological research has not been reassuring. (*Howard Elsmere Fuller, Loxley, Ala.*)

*Next word to be defined:* — GENTLEMAN. *What is a Gentleman? Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by November 26. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

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# RABELAIS

## *A Biography in Three Installments*

ANATOLE FRANCE

*Translated by Ernest Boyd*

LAST month the narrative of Rabelais' life was begun with his birth, about 1495, and brought down to 1532, by which time he had completed the first two books relating the marvelous exploits of Gargantua and Pantagruel. Being the fourth son of a provincial lawyer of moderate means, he was dedicated to the service of the Lord in order to preserve the patrimony of the older children. At a time when the eruptive forces of the Renaissance were making themselves felt in France, he was caught up by the wave of enthusiasm for the ancient learning and devoted himself arduously to his studies. Though himself a monk, like Erasmus he warmly espoused the teachings of the humanists against the sterile doctrines of the theologians. For his pains he was persecuted until he fled from his monastery at Fontenay, going at length to Montpellier and Lyons, where he studied medicine. It was at Lyons that he first published *The Great and Inestimable Chronicles of the Great and Enormous Giant Gargantua* and its sequel, *Pantagruel*.

Drawings by Frank C. Papé *

## *II — The Wandering Buffoon*

THE *Gargantua* and the *Pantagruel*, printed in the shape of popular little booklets, with crude wood engravings, were very popular and had many readers, for they had several editions in a short space of time. But the theologians were exceedingly wroth. They were very much excited at this time. The King's own sister — the good Queen of Navarre — was, in this year 1533, denounced, insulted, and ignominiously represented on the stage of the College of Navarre. A book written by her, an austere, edifying, ascetic work — *Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse* — caused a scandal. It was not enough to be pious, it was necessary to be pious in the Sorbonne manner. *Pantagruel* was condemned at the Sorbonne, together with a book which I confess I have never read — *La Sylve d'Amours*.

Things had not been so bad in France for a long time. Numerous heretics were being burned in Paris and Rouen and the common people did not think that enough were being burned. The winds of anger and cruelty were blowing up from below, rising from the mob which applauded the tortures and eagerly breathed the odor of roasting flesh. The King was not wicked; he was no fanatic; he was a frivolous man, completely given up to gallantry and sport, who liked art and letters and was as favorable to scholars and artists as his frivolity and selfishness permitted him. He was undecided, powerless before this flood of popular and monastic fury. But, if only from self-interest and in order to defend his independence against the enterprises of the Pope, he was inclined toward a wise, moderate, and royalist reformation of the Church of France. Suddenly, in the month of October, 1534, an audacious gesture on the part of the Reformers, a piece of insolent bravado on the part of those known as Sacramentarians, drove him onto the side of the hangmen.

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* The drawings that accompany this article were especially designed by Frank C. Papé for the two volume limited edition of *The Works of François Rabelais*, as translated by Urquhart and Motteux, and published by Boni and Liveright last year. They are reproduced here by the kind permission of the publishers.

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On the 18th of that month, in Paris and several other cities, and even in the King's own chamber, placards were found which were violently hostile to the Mass. François I was irritated and frightened by this. From that moment he gave the theologians a free hand; everywhere the stakes were lighted. At one moment he even thought of forbidding the printing of books. It was very dangerous to write about matters of faith and, at that time, everything was a matter of faith; or was connected therewith. However, we need not believe that the author of the censored *Pantagruel* was in very grave danger of being burned. On the contrary, he was one of those least threatened among the suspects. Like Brutus in the Rome of Tarquinius, François Rabelais played the fool in his books and was thus enabled to say what no man reputed to be in his senses could have said with impunity. His *Gargantua* and his *Pantagruel* were regarded, it is true, as detestable buffoonery, but of no consequence; they were censored only in the interests of decency and good manners.

Further, Master François was physician to the Bishop of Paris. It will be remembered that the young monk of La Baumette had made the acquaintance of two very great and very powerful personages — the brothers Guillaume and Jean du Bellay, of a very illustrious Anjou family. Now, in 1534, Rabelais was in the service of Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, whom the King was sending that year on an embassy to Rome.

## *Rabelais in Italy*

At this point it is necessary to say a few words about this prelate whose protection was so valuable to our author. Jean du Bellay, while quite young, had astonished the University of Paris by the extent of his learning, sacred and profane. Trained in the exercise of dialectic and in public debate, he had held his own against the most obstinate theologians. That is how the finest minds of the Church liked to employ themselves. They posted up at every crossroad in the city the theses which they wished to maintain, like those which young Pantagruel at one time posted in Paris, to the number of nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-four, "couching in them the hardest doubts that are in any science."

Subtle, agreeable, pursuasive, Jean du Bellay succeeded very well in the negotiations with which the King had entrusted him. Having been sent to England, to the court of King Henry VIII, he had won him over and, on his return to France, had obtained the Bishopric of Paris. In 1533 he was present at the interview in Marseilles, where Pope Clement VII and King François I concluded an agreement of which the Reformers in France were to pay the costs. Being agreeable both to the Pope and to Henry VIII, he was appointed to negotiate in Rome for the divorce of the King of England. He set out with his household. Passing through Lyons, he found Friar François Rabelais, whom he had previously known as a novice at La Baumette, and out of his love for Greek, he took him with him as his physician.

Delighted at traveling over the soil of Italy, which had nourished one of the most beautiful civilizations in the world, and where the ancient learning had awakened from its long sleep, Rabelais looked forward to talking to the scholars, to studying the topography of Rome, and to searching for plants unknown in France.

The Bishop and his suite set out in the month of January, 1534, and, being pressed by the inclement weather and the urgency of their business, they scarcely stopped in the towns along the way.

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Rabelais explored Rome with two studious companions — Claude Chapuis, a French poet and librarian to the King, and Nicolas Leroy, a jurist with Lutheran leanings. There is often an odor of heresy about the people with whom Rabelais associated. He undertook a complete description of the Eternal City, whose smallest *vicolo* he was beginning to know; but he abandoned his work when he heard that an antiquarian of Milan, called Marliani, had undertaken the task and had just successfully completed it.

Jean du Bellay, however, employed his keen mind and his abundant eloquence in vain. He could not bring the cardinals over to the side of the King of England. He spoke well, and if Rabelais may be believed, he spoke better than Cicero. None the less, the Consistory decided that the marriage of Henry VIII was valid. Thus was provoked the schism which still lasts. Without being personally involved in the negotiations, Rabelais was present at the meeting when the Pope and the Sacred College discussed this question, so trifling in itself and so important in its consequences. He was keenly interested, for he was as curious about matters of his own time as about Greek, Latin, and Hebrew antiquities.

On the 15th of April the embassy was back at Lyons. In this city Rabelais published an edition of Marliani's topography with a Latin epistle to Bishop Jean du Bellay, in which he eloquently expressed his gratitude to his master and protector. "You have conferred on me," he said in this Ciceronian epistle, "that which has been the dearest wish of my heart ever since I have had any feeling for the progress of belles-lettres, namely, that I might be able to traverse Italy and pay a visit to Rome, the world's capital; and you have made it possible for me not only to visit Italy, but also to visit it in your company, you who of all men under Heaven are distinguished for learning and courtesy — the value to be set on which I have not yet fully realized. To me, indeed, it was more to see you at Rome than to have seen Rome itself. To have been at Rome may fall to any one's lot, and lies before all, except those who are maimed and disabled in all their limbs; but to have seen you at Rome, receiving the incredible congratulations of everyone, was joy itself. To have taken part in affairs at the time when you were conducting that illustrious embassy on which you had been sent to Rome by our most triumphant King François, was a matter for boasting. To have been by your side when you pronounced your speech on the affairs of the King of England, in the most sacred and dignified conclave in the world, was a point of high felicity."

Jean du Bellay returned to Italy in the month of July, 1535, and once again François Rabelais accompanied him. On the 18th they were at Carmagnola, on the 22nd at Ferrara. There the ambassador had recourse to the arts of his physician; he was not well and in no state to travel with post horses, he said. At Florence, where they stopped, Master François, in the excellent company of scholars, contemplated the beautiful situation of the city, the structure of the cathedral, the sumptuousness of the churches and palaces. As he vied with his companions to see who should most worthily praise all this magnificence, a monk from Amiens, named Bernard Lardon, expressed his surprise and dissatisfaction: "The devil take me," said he, "if I know what you find here so worthy of praise. I have gazed as well as you and am no more blind. What is there? Beautiful houses, and nothing more. But God and our good patron, St. Bernard, be with us! In the whole city I have not yet seen a single cook shop, and I have looked and searched with curiosity. . . . In four times, in only three times the distance which we have covered in our observations, I could show you at Amiens more than fourteen old and sweet-smelling cook shops. I do not know what pleasure you found in looking at the lions and tigers near the belfry and the porcupines and ostriches of the Strozzi Palace. By my faith, my children, I should like to see a good and plump young goose on the spit. These porphyries, these marvels, beautiful? I say nothing against them. But the cream cakes of Amiens are better to my taste. These ancient statues are well made, I have no doubt. But, by St. Ferréol of Abbeville, the young lasses of our country are a thousand times more engaging."

Need I say that this is Rabelais, word for word? The lions and the tigers mentioned by Friar Bernard Lardon are not,

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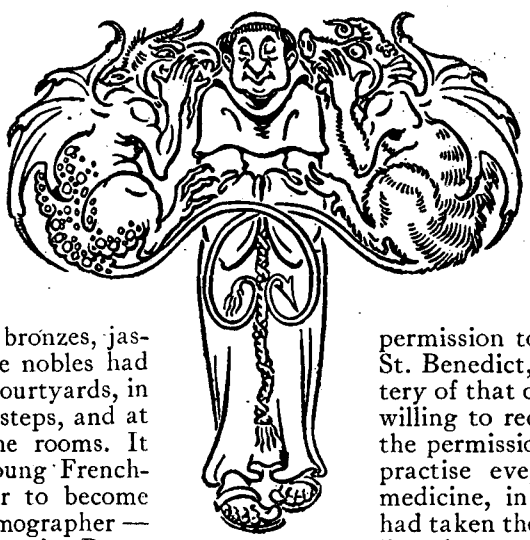
as might be imagined, carved in marble. They are animals in a princely menagerie. The great Italian lords kept wild beasts in their palaces. A picture by Giovanni Bellini, preserved in the Louvre, shows a rich Renaissance palace with wild beasts chained in the cellars.

Toward the middle of August, Jean du Bellay was in Rome, where he received the hat. Although he was there in grave and difficult circumstances, he found the time to look for antiques. In order to make excavations, he purchased a vineyard near San Lorenzo in Palisperna, between the Viminal and the Esquiline. He received from a Roman cardinal a beautiful old mortar. This present to a foreigner caused such a clamor in Rome that du Bellay had to return the mortar to the Governor of the Capitol.



At this period, the palaces of the Eternal City were ornamented, as they still are to-day, with ancient fragments, marbles, bronzes, jaspar, porphyries. The nobles had them placed in the courtyards, in the gardens, on the steps, and at the entrances of the rooms. It happened that a young Frenchman, who was later to become renowned as a cosmographer — André Thévet — was in Rome during the embassy of Jean du Bellay and went about the city examining the sculpture with passionate ardor. One day, when his curiosity had drawn him into the courtyard and gardens of a nobleman, and he was lost in the contemplation of the remains of so great a past, the lackeys, misunderstanding what attracted him into a private dwelling, took him for a spy. They would have given him a bad reception if young Thévet had not declared to the master of the house that he was known to Rabelais. Rabelais introduced his compatriot to this nobleman as a great traveler and collector of antiquities. From that moment Thévet was freely admitted into all the Roman houses. This single fact shows that Cardinal du Bellay's position was in good repute with the Italian nobility.

In the Eternal City, Rabelais frequented the priests who had come from the East. The Bishop of Caramith, who gave him lessons in Arabic, abused the credulity of his pupil — who was not, however, very ingenuous — by persuading him that the noise of the cataracts of the Nile is audible at three days' distance, that is, from Paris to Tours.

Rabelais had no regular position in religion. From fear of the hobgoblins, as he called them, or rather, in order to be in a position to profit by all the advantages which he might expect from his illustrious protectors, he addressed to the Pope a supplication *pro apostasia*. In it he confesses that he had deserted the religious life for a period of vagabondage, and he asks the Sovereign Pontiff for full and complete absolution, for permission to renew the habit of St. Benedict, to reënter a monastery of that order, where they are willing to receive him, and, with the permission of his superior, to practise everywhere the art of medicine, in which, he said, he had taken the degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor — to practise it within the limits canonically imposed upon priests, that is, up to the application of the knife and fire exclusively, for purely humanitarian reasons and without any hope of lucre.

I may point out, without unduly dwelling on the fact, that Rabelais at this time held the degree of licentiate in medicine, and was not yet a fully qualified doctor, although amply equipped with the talent and knowledge requisite. His request was granted by a letter of Pope Paul III Farnese, dated January 17, 1536, in the second year of his pontificate. The latter is conceived in the most flattering terms for Rabelais: "Wishing to succor with gracious favor one who hath received

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manifold commendations for zeal in religion, knowledge of letters, honesty of life and morals, and other merits of probity and virtue, having these things in view, do hereby absolve you, etc."

We must be careful not to see in this document the opinion of the Holy Father concerning the author of *Pantagruel*. This is the formal style of diplomacy. What must have touched Friar François more than these testimonials to his qualities and virtues was the fact that, contrary to usage, the Pope granted him gratis and without expense the privilege of composing bulls of absolution.

## *Not Too Proud to Beg*

From Rome Rabelais kept up a correspondence, of which a few letters remain, with the pleasant Bishop of Maillezais, Geoffroy d'Estissac. On the 29th of November, 1535, he notified the Bishop that he was sending him some seeds from Naples for the garden of Ligugé, the best seeds which the Holy Father had sown in his private garden at the Belvedere. He also sent him some pimpernel. If he did not send him salads of nasitord and arrousa, it was because he found them too tough and much less grateful to the stomach than the variety cultivated at Ligugé. It is touching to see Master François thus striving to enrich the gardens which he had enjoyed as a poor monk, and to provide vegetables for the table at which he used to sit when he was exposed to the resentment of the hobgoblins. He furnished advice as to the time of planting these seeds which he sent. He offered Alexandria pinks, matronal violets, and also an herb called "belvedere," with which the Italians keep their chambers fresh in summer. "But," he added, "this would be rather for Madame d'Estissac." He meant young Anne de Daillon, married to Louis d'Estissac, nephew of the Bishop. In return he asked for some crowns. The ambassador of the King of France was always in need of money. His physician, as may be imagined, was even more so. Rabelais never had any money; it was a disease with him, and he had experienced all the feelings which he attributed to Panurge in this connection. He is always ready to ask of the great, believing that to beg from them is to do them a favor.

One day he wrote to the Bishop of Maillezais: "If I am short of money I shall appeal to your charity." This he did a few days later: "I am again obliged to have recourse to your alms. For the thirty crowns which you were pleased to have paid to me here are all but come to an end; and yet I have spent nothing for any ill use, nor yet upon eating; for I eat and drink with my Lord Cardinal du Bellay or my Lord de Mascon. But in these little trumperies of dispatches and hiring of chamber furniture and keeping up one's dress, a great deal of money goes; although I regulate myself as frugally as I possibly can. If it is your pleasure to send me a bill of exchange, I hope to employ it only in your service and to be grateful besides. I see in this city a thousand little knickknacks to be bought cheap, which are brought from Cyprus, Candia, and Constantinople. If it seems good to you, I will send you anything that I shall see suitable for you, as well as my Lady d'Estissac. The carriage from here to Lyons will cost nothing."

I hasten to say that Master François gave Monsignor d'Estissac plenty for his money. I do not speak of the little knickknacks, which must have been very like the amber beads, the copper trays, the many-hued fabrics and the embroideries of our Oriental bazaars, nor of the seeds, salads, and vegetables from Naples. The Bishop of Maillezais entrusted him with the most important business which he had at the court of Rome, and Rabelais acquitted himself with skill. We have this on the authority of Colletet, one of the oldest biographers of our author. Finally, he gave his correspondent news of Rome and the whole of Christendom, which was very valuable at a time when it was hardly possible to learn about public affairs save by private letters.

Very important events were occurring in Christendom at the time, and Rabelais, although not in a position to disentangle the intrigues which were being concocted in Italy, was fairly well informed of the facts as they occurred. So far as the King of France was concerned, he had particular sources of information and, if certain rumors are to be believed, sometimes less discretion than is necessary in matters of this kind. Charles V had made an expedition into Tunis that year and, on his vic-

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torious return to Sicily, was preparing for the conquest of France, making plans after the manner of Picrochole. Knowing that prophecies sometimes bring about the accomplishment of the facts which they predict, his partisans were uttering all sorts of prognostications which conformed to the plans of the Emperor, and a certain book, full of such oracles, was creating a considerable stir in Rome. Rabelais, who had the work at hand, sent a copy to M. de Maillezais. "For my own part," he added when sending it, "I put no faith in it. But none hath ever seen Rome so given over to these vanities and divinations as she is at present."

Meanwhile Charles V, who was expected at Rome, remained in Naples, forming alliances, raising troops, and collecting money. Rabelais informed the Bishop of Maillezais that the Emperor had postponed his arrival until the end of February, and he added: "If I had as many crowns as the Pope would give days of pardon to whosoever would put it off to five or six years from now, I should be richer than Jacques Cœur ever was." It is easy to understand the feeling of the Sovereign Pontiff. Rome had just been sacked and despoiled of all its riches. People feared that if the Emperor and his troops fell upon it, nothing would remain of the unfortunate city. "They have begun in this city great preparations to receive him," Rabelais continued. "By command of the Pope they have made a new road by which he is to enter. To make and level this road they have demolished and thrown down more than two hundred houses and three or four churches, level with the earth. This is taken by many as an evil presage."

Meanwhile the Emperor was approaching and Cardinal du Bellay no longer felt safe in Rome. Busybodies advised him to take precautions against sword and poison. Believing that his life was threatened, and resolved to escape this mortal danger by flight, he caused his doctors to spread the report of a headache which confined him to bed, jumped on his horse, and fled alone through Romagna, Bologna, Montecalieri, into France. For two days the cardinal's servants were unaware of his departure. Rabelais, who was doubtless no better informed than the others, rejoined his master in Paris.

## *The Germans March on Paris*

At this time Charles V, in his attempt to realize long-cherished projects, crossed the Var and entered Provence with fifty thousand men, while the Imperialists entered France by the north, took Guise, besieged Péronne, and marched on Paris. Cardinal Jean du Bellay, Bishop of this city, having been named Lieutenant-General of the King by a decree of July 21, 1536, tried to put his episcopal city into a state of defense, as Bishop Synesius formerly did in Pentapolis. His task was difficult, for the walls of Paris were worthless. On this point we have the authority of *Pantagruel*. In the fifteenth chapter of the Second Book it is said that Panurge, looking at them derisively, spoke of them with contemptuous irony.

"O!" cried he, "how strong they are, and well fitted to keep geese in a mue or coop to fatten them! By my beard, they are competently scurvie for such a city as this is; for a cow with her tail would overthrow above six fathoms of them."

"Oh, my friend," said Pantagruel, "doest thou know what Agesilaus said, when he was asked, why the great city of Lacedæmon was not enclosed with walls? Lo here (said he), the walls of the city! — in shewing them the inhabitants and citizens thereof, so strong, so well armed, and so expert in military discipline; signifying thereby that there is no wall but of bones,

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and that towns and cities cannot have a surer wall, nor better fortification than the prowesse and vertue of the citizens and inhabitants; so is this city so strong, by the great number of warlike people that are in it, that they care not for making any other walls. Besides, whosoever would go about to wall it, as Strasbourg, Orleans, or Ferrara, would finde it almost impossible, the cost and charges would be so excessive."

"Yea," said Panurge, "but it is good neverthelesse to have an outside of stone, when we are invaded by our enemies, were it but to ask, who is below there?"

Cardinal du Bellay put into practice the wise maxims of Panurge and tried to give Paris an outside of stone to receive the Imperialists. He fortified the city with ramparts and boulevards and took in provisions. But the peril which they feared disappeared of itself; the imperial army melted away. The siege of Péronne was raised and almost at the same time Montmorency obliged Charles V to recross the Var. You may be sure that these events were not indifferent to Rabelais, who had a great love for France and his King, and in whom the feeling of military glory blew in great gusts.

The Bishop of Paris was the Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey of Saint-Maur-des-Fossés. We know by a letter from the Pope that Rabelais had obtained permission to be a monk in a monastery of the order of St. Benedict where they were willing to receive him. He was received as a monk at St. Maur and lived in this house. But the Abbey of St. Maur, having been raised to the rank of a collegiate church by the Pope at the request of the Cardinal Abbot, the monks there had the rank of canons. This seemed to exclude Rabelais, unless there were another letter authorizing his canonicate. To leave St. Maur, according to him, was to leave Paradise; a Paradise, he said, of healthfulness, amenity, serenity, delight, and all honest pleasures of agriculture and rustic life. We do not know what became of this request, and there is little interest in knowing it. Rabelais could not remain in a Paradise, any more than Eve; like her, he was too full of curiosity for that.

We find him again in Paris, when the humanist printer — Étienne Dolet — who had been prosecuted as a murderer and pardoned by the King, gave a banquet in that city to celebrate the royal clemency, to which he invited a distinguished crowd of scholars, men of letters, and poets — Guillaume Budé, Danès, Toussain, Macrin, Bourbon, Voulté, Clément Marot (the Gallic Virgil), and François Rabelais, who had been invited in his capacity as an excellent physician. Étienne Dolet himself has transmitted to us in Latin verses the names of the guests and the subjects of conversation. They talked *sub rosa* about the cleverest writers of which foreign countries could boast: Erasmus, Melanchthon, Bembo, Sadolet, Vida, Jacques Sannazar, and each of these names was greeted with loud acclamation. If the ancient Muse of Étienne Dolet has not exaggerated the austerity of the speeches, this banquet was a banquet of sages, and the orgies in which those present indulged were what a Greek poet called "the quiet orgies of thought."

Very shortly after this celebration, Rabelais went to Montpellier, where, on the 22nd of May, 1537, he was raised to the rank of a doctor — a title which he had already taken before he had obtained it, but not without being worthy of it, for everything points to the belief that he was a very good doctor. As we have seen, he was a botanist and an anatomist, a cook,

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a scholar; and according to his learned friend, Sussanneau, he had that joyful, serene, gracious, open countenance which cheers the patient and is a notable part of the art of Hippocrates and Galen.

In 1537, he made another sojourn in Lyons, his favorite city, which was disturbed by a misadventure about which we have very little information. A letter which he sent to some friend in Italy was handed over to Cardinal de Tournon who, whether rightly or wrongly, finding blameworthy indiscretions, sent it to Chancellor Du Bourg with a few lines which indicate his anger toward the physician of Jean du Bellay.

"Sir," he writes, "I am sending you a letter which Rabelesus wrote to Rome, from which you will see what news he was communicating to one of the worst rakes in Rome. I have given him orders not to leave this city (Lyons) until I learn what are your wishes. If he had not spoken of me in the said letter and avowed his fealty to the King and Queen of Navarre, I should have had him thrown into prison, in order to set an example to all these scribblers of news. You will write to me what is your pleasure, and I rely upon you to let the King know of this what seems best to you."

Whatever Cardinal de Tournon might say, Rabelais belonged to Cardinal du Bellay, Ambassador of the King, and consequently, to the King himself. He was not in the service of the Queen of Navarre; but it is possible that he may have used the name of so helpful a princess, the certain refuge of poor or persecuted humanists. One of her servitors said that she was the port and refuge of all who were unhappy. We do not know whether the complaints of Cardinal de Tournon were well founded. What is certain is that the matter had no unpleasant consequences for Rabelais, for in 1538 we find him accompanying François I to Aigues-Mortes and being present at those interviews which, by bringing together the Emperor and the King, won the latter over to the Spanish Catholic party, to the great detriment of the humanists, who were all more or less Reformers and inclined toward Lutheranism, in the light French manner. An exclusive devotion to the cause of Roman orthodoxy animated the conduct of François I and Charles V after they became reconciled.

Rabelais returned to Lyons with his master, the King, at the end of July, 1538.

## *The Monk Has a Son*

It is time to reveal a fact of his private life which was long unknown but is now certain. François Rabelais had a child in this city of Lyons by a mother who is unknown to us, a son who received at the baptisimal fount the name of Théodule; and one is tempted to believe that it was his father who gave him this name, which means "Adorer of God." Rabelais never lost an opportunity of showing his love for Almighty God. He loved Him as a philosopher — for love of Plato — and against his priests. Far from hiding this child as a disgrace, François showed him to everybody and little Théodule was rocked in the purple on the knees of cardinals. The princes of the Church could not be severe upon a monk who, after all, did not surrender more than they to the desires of the flesh. Cardinal Jean du Bellay, to mention only one, lived in a sort of conjugal union with the twice-widowed sister of that Cardinal de Tournon whom we have recently seen so irritated against Master François. Théodule, upon whom the princes of the Church smiled, died at the age of two.

In 1537, the brother of Cardinal du Bellay — Guillaume du Bellay, lord of Langey — in the absence of Marshal d'Annebault, was charged *ad interim* with the function of the King's Lieutenant-General in Piedmont. The King of France had conquered this country without difficulty; the difficulty was to keep it. Langey had to put Turin, which was threatened by the Imperialists, in a state of defense, set up a Parliament in this city with instructions to apply French law, fill the offices of the judiciary, prepare the fortifications of the castles and towns all over the country, and bring from France oil, groceries, salt fish for Lent, and medicaments, of which Piedmont had been denuded.

Master François was called to Turin in 1540, and discharged there the function of physician to the Viceroy, who was in great need of his services, for Langey, being a little over fifty, was greatly worn and the superhuman labor which he undertook completed the ruin of his shattered health.

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A universal man, the Pantagruelist rendered his master other services than those of a doctor. He was his intermediary with several scholars. He corresponded particularly with Guillaume Pélicier, Bishop of Narbonne, then of Montpellier, and at this time Ambassador of the King of France at Venice. We have two letters from this prelate to Rabelais. One of July 23rd, the other of October 17th, 1540, written in a friendly and familiar tone. In the second of these letters it is a question of Hebrew and Syriac manuscripts and Greek books whose purchase the French Ambassador was negotiating. Pélicier asked the Hellenist monk to use all his credit to help the success of the negotiations. We do not know whether Rabelais made himself useful in this matter, but it succeeded according to the wishes of Pélicier, and the Oriental manuscripts acquired by the Ambassador still enrich our public institutions to-day.

It would appear that Master François, whom a prelate like the Bishop of Montpellier treated with such consideration, got into another scrape at Turin through his indiscretion. He was so terrified by what he had done that he recrossed the Alps madly and was found at Chambéry, out of his wits and not knowing where to go. We do not know what his error was, but it was doubtless less serious than he supposed, for, in the month of March, 1541, he was back in Turin in the good graces of the Viceroy and receiving further letters from the Ambassador of the King of France at Venice.

After three years of dogged labor, Langey assured the defenses of Piedmont; but tortured by gout, exhausted by fatigue, powerless and unable, as he said, to serve his King any longer save with his brain and his tongue, he asked for leave and was carried back to his country on a litter. This valiant and clever man died at Saint-Symphorien, at the foot of Mount Tarare, between Lyons and Roanne, on the 9th of January, 1543. François Rabelais, who was present at his death, relates that the last thoughts of this great captain were concerned with the future of the kingdom. "He employed the three or four hours before his death in vigorous words, serene and tranquil in sense, predicting what we have since seen in part, and expect in part to happen, although then the prophecies seemed incredible, and no prognostication had appeared of what he was predicting."

Langey's papers were not found after his death. A German servant was suspected of having stolen them, although this man seemed little capable of knowing their value. Questioned as to their disappearance, Rabelais replied that he had never thought of looking for these papers, since he thought they were locked in the shoe boxes, which had not been opened.

The will of Langey reads: "*Item* to

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Sieur Rabelais and Messer Gabriel Taphenon, Doctors: the aforesaid testator wills and commands that there be paid to them, in addition to their salaries and fees, videlicet, to the said Rabelais, fifty Tours livres per annum until his heirs have furnished him or caused to be furnished to the Church a total of three hundred Tours livres per annum; to the aforesaid Taphenon, fifty crowns in one payment." It is supposed that it was in execution of this clause that René du Bellay — Bishop of Mans, brother of Guillaume and Jean du Bellay — conferred upon Rabelais the living of Saint-Christophe-du-Jambet in the diocese of Mans, from which the former physician of Langey drew the revenue without being compelled to reside there.

Rabelais preserved a tender memory of his protector. In his Fourth Book he associated the end of the good knight Guillaume du Bellay with everything great, noble, mysterious, and terrible related by Plutarch about the death of geniuses, of heroes, and of the great god Pan himself. To one of the wisest heroes of his book he attributed the hyperbolic statement that, so long as Langey was living, France lived in such happiness that the entire universe envied her, and that immediately after his decease she fell into the contempt of the whole world for many long years. Finally, he wrote in Latin a book about the high deeds of Langey, which another friend of that nobleman — Claude Massuau — translated into French under the title: *The Strategems, that is, the Prowesses and Tricks of War of the Valiant and Very Celebrated Knight Langey at the Beginning of The Third Cæsarean War. Lyons. Seb. Gryphius, 1542.* The Latin text and the French translation have both been lost.

## The End of a Friendship

About this time the friendship of Étienne Dolet and François Rabelais was violently sundered, and the worst faults were not, perhaps, on the side of Étienne. This bookseller, greatly suspected of heresy, had reissued *Pantagruel* with all the passages likely to irritate the Sorbonne pedants, who had become more and more violent and cruel; and Rabelais became frightened — not without reason. The danger was real and the stern Dolet could rightly be reproached with having been as imprudent about others as he was about himself. He might be accused of trying to compromise, betray, and expose a friend. It is not surprising that Rabelais hastened to disown so dangerous a publisher. Rabelais was prudent, he feared the stake. "I am, by nature," said he, "sufficiently thirsty without becoming any more heated." Who can reproach him for this?

As he was publishing at the same time an expurgated edition, he included a letter in which he makes the printer speak, but the style betrays him. There he says expressly that Dolet "out of avarice subtracted a copy of this book while it was still in press." The accusation is inconceivable. Dolet had merely to take one of the numerous copies of the old editions; and if he had fraudently procured copies of the new emended and expurgated edition, in order to copy them, his edition would have been equally expurgated and emended. Under the name of his printer, Rabelais added that Dolet was a monster "born to injure and upset decent people." He was not very perspicacious, for he had taken ten years to discover this.

It is a sad adventure and an eternal one. Whether it be humanism, intellectual and moral liberty, justice, or any other generous impulse, minds are stirred up in a powerful movement. Between defenders of the same cause, between workers at the same task, men unite, support each other, encourage each other, and excite each other; in this way the great task is lightened and easily achieved. Then men grow tired and stop. That is the bad moment for quarrels, recriminations, disputes, and the breaking up of friendships.

Let us not be too severe upon Rabelais. After all, he was only a man, and the exquisite qualities of his mind only rendered him more sensitive, more restless, and more irritable. The brutal Dolet had brought him within an inch of imprisonment, of the stake; he had frightened him. Alas! we are cruel only when we are afraid.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

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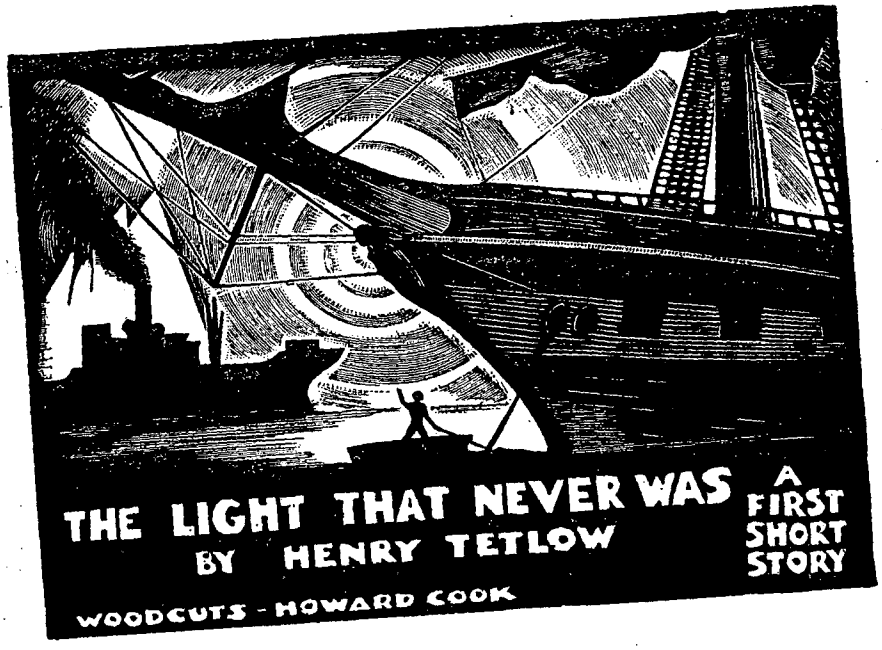

# THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS

A FIRST SHORT STORY

BY HENRY TETLOW

WOODCUTS - HOWARD COOK

THE dawn's early light revealed a huddle of shipping in the smooth streak behind the breakwater: ships, schooners, and barges that hurried in for rest and shelter when the wind shifted offshore, all eloquently marked by their struggle with the equinoctial gale. The fragile boy with a big head who stood in the after companionway of the schooner "Annie L. Mulford" inspecting the flotilla saw that his ship had gotten off easily. He supposed it was to be expected. Other ships might have the sticks snatched out of them, although none in sight was in such a bad plight; but his vessel would come out of it with nothing more disastrous than an unshipped foretopmast and a snapped spanker boom. No blood had even been spilled when the boom broke. The equinoctial storm, too, was in the conspiracy to spoil his experience of seafaring.

He had gone to bed early the night before, just when the sea was getting up; for they had caught only the last twelve hours of the storm. He clung to his bunk wide awake for hours, with legs and arms outspread to keep from being tossed out into the welter of cabin furniture that milled about him as they rolled in that sickening trough. By the binnacle light he saw the drawers tear out of the Old Man's desk — itself planted to the deck with fishplates — spilling their papers and ink and matches and cigars into the gruel of broken lamps and crockery that thickened on the cabin floor all through the night.

When the morning watch was called, he assembled his clothes and scrambled on deck. There was no delicious four o'clock coffee this morning; the Doctor had cautiously drawn his galley fire at sundown and tossed the flaming coals into the sea. The boy shivered while he watched the Old Man con her into Delaware Breakwater, keeping the red patch of Henlopen Light always over their port bow. He expected daylight to show a scene of unparalleled disaster, and here all the wreckage had been cleared away. Everything had been snugged down; you might have thought the owners were coming aboard at the breakwater, the deck and rigging were so neat and shipshape. One more disillusionment.

Other ships limped into shelter like maimed ghosts in the early gray light, to rest and refit before going on up or down the coast. The "Annie L. Mulford" had manœuvered to an anchorage among them and dropped her mud hook before the Doctor called the boy to breakfast on water toast with maple syrup and agate half-pint cups of coffee. The Old Man's grace was short and the meal was quiet; even the roaches seemed lethargic. Weariness was conquering where the winds had

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failed. After breakfast all hands turned in to sleep — except the boy. He was not sleepy. He was lonely. For there is no lonelier place in the world, especially for a twelve-year-old boy, than a sleeping ship.

As he came on deck, he paused deliberately at the head of the companionway, the way the Old Man and the mate did, to take a look around. A rank whiff of bananas drifted up behind him and drove him out on deck. That would be the Doctor's can of gold leaf. It stood on the top of the Old Man's desk for days after the Doctor regilded the capitals of the little flat pillars in the after cabin. Last night it leaped from the desk and crashed into the after bulkhead, right above the sofa. The Old Man got terribly mad. The sofa was a Christmas present from his wife. For a brief ecstatic instant the boy thought the cook would get a cursing. But the Old Man never cursed. He never did anything but pray and read the Bible and Drummond's sermons. He gave the boy the Book of Ruth to read, and the boy, comprehending it, thought it a strange thing to give a twelve-year-old to read. The Old Man subscribed to the *Christian Herald* and sent the back copies to the forecastle to spread sweetness and light among the four negro A.B.'s. He called the cook "Cook" or "Steward" instead of "Doctor," and the mate "Mr. Banks" — which was his name — instead of "Mr. Mate." He had never heard of Herbert E. Hamblen or Albert Sonnischen or Morgan Robertson. He knew nothing of seagoing folk ways or etiquette. He was as disappointing to a twelve-year-old boy as *Westward Ho!*

But the Old Man taught the boy one great truth: that no one is all good or all bad. When he first came aboard — his parents sent him on the cruise for his health — the boy decided the Old Man was all bad. He had to revise that judgment. No man who kept *Three Men In A Boat* in the combined medicine and book cabinet could be all bad. Some few precious drops of salt water must have gotten under the skin of one who had read and rejected W. Clark Russell. Even the Norfolk affair betrayed good intentions.

The "Annie L. Mulford" had been anchored in Hampton Roads nearly a week waiting for a wind to take her out of the Capes. So the Old Man went to Norfolk to get his wife. When they came aboard, he had about twenty pounds of fishing tackle — hooks, lines, squids, and sinkers. The boy was touched. The Old Man must have heard that boys like to fish. He must have bought all these things to please his passenger. Stirred by the Old Man's attention, the boy successfully simulated huge interest in fishing all one evening. The Old Man was delighted, and showed it. He was getting to know this child after all. Over the tackle those two almost made contact. But fishing really bored the boy; he could not help it; he went to bed unprecedentedly early.

The next afternoon — oh horror! — the captain's wife heated a bucket of water on the galley fire and gave the boy a bath. A bath! A public humiliation! A tour in the stocks! When he came on deck and faced the ship's company after the ordeal, he blushed, and kept on blushing, bitterly, until the hateful woman left on Monday morning.

There was no wind that Monday. All Sunday afternoon there had been a fair breeze that blew every other waiting ship out of Hampton Roads. But the Old Man was too devout to set sail on Sunday. Later the boy observed he was quick to strike a bargain with a tug at the mouth of the Kennebec and get towed up to Bath on a blustery Sunday morning. There appeared to be a fine religious distinction betwixt coming and going.

The boy sighed. The voyage had been a disillusionment and disappointment in so many ways. No rum drinking; no pannikins of grog after a hard night's work. The Old Man fired on suspicion of the mere smell of drink. No cursing — within hearing of the quarter-deck. No fights; no skull cracking with belaying pins. No shanghaiing. . . . But — faint hope! — this was the coasting trade; it was probably all different sailing deep water. These men were tradesmen and artisans, not really sailors — most of them. Look at them now! The Old Man and the Doctor asleep below; the crew asleep in their forecastle; the Chief asleep in his bunk beside the fretful donkey engine; the mate — standing anchor watch — sitting upright on the starboard bits, dead to the world.

Let him stay that way. What good was the Mate? He was domesticated — had a wife and mother-in-law and a nice little

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home in Baltimore. He once had a master's certificate but lost it with his ship down in the Gulf; so there had been some difficulty, only overcome by the Captain's faith in God and the moral turpitude of port authorities, about signing him on as mate. Mr. Banks should have stayed in Baltimore; he was born for oyster tonging, where he could get home every week-end. On the high seas he was homesick. Mate of a thousand-ton three-master, and homesick! And he had laughed at the boy's enthusiasm for a life on the rolling deep.

The Chief, now, was a pretty good man — a Finn with an unpronounceable name, who had sailed with the Old Man for twenty years. He made friends at once with the boy; called him "Bos'n" from the start. An hour after the boy came aboard the Chief began the fabrication of a checker board and men. Within twenty-four hours he had shown the boy how to make a long splice — they cut the tail of the jib sheet to work with — had built a figure four trap to catch rats in the 'tween decks, had shown the boy where he hid his whiskey, how to roll cigarettes, and to sing:

> In the Black Ball Line I served my time,
> Who-raw for the Black Ball Line!

When that barge load of watermelons was cut in two by a big steamer, one night in Hampton Roads, the Chief organized the party which salvaged melons while the barge crew was drowning. The boy had small joy in watermelon, but he had once watched a U. S. Life Saving Crew loot a fruit boat beached near Fire Island, so he recognized the Chief's conduct as in the best tradition, and rejoiced. Besides, the Chief had sailed deep water, sailed in hell ships. His jaw had been broken in three places — you could feel where it knit — in a fight with a bucko mate. Although not required to stand watch, the Chief always turned out when all hands were called to reef down. And because he was a Finn and had followed the sea nearly sixty years, he understood the boy's unexpressed will to love the sea and ships. Sometimes he talked a lot about quitting and setting up a little store in Jacksonville (why Jacksonville the boy never learned); but even that was not so bad. For it would certainly be the kind of store in which twelve-year-old boys are welcome.

No, the others were awful, but the Chief was all right. He helped keep alight the one faint spark of romance unsmothered by the dead weight of this matter-of-fact life, this seafaring like tending store, or going to school or — worse yet — to Sunday school every day of the week. The boy clung to him desperately.

Would the Chief be awake yet, he wondered as he evaded the stench of raw gold leaf. There was a riddle wanted explaining, and the Chief had an explanation for everything on, over, or under the water. He might wake the Chief, but he hesitated, for the engineer had been up all night with the rest of the crew keeping steam on the donkey for emergencies, and he needed rest. Still, the boy wanted to know what that ship was — over there at the end of the breakwater.

She was lying there when the "Annie L. Mulford" came in, a queer craft; might be a barque. Dingy square sails were loosely brailed to slatternly yards on her fore and mainmast. She carried schooner rig at the mizzen as nearly as he could see at that distance — the "Annie L. Mulford" had come in at the other end of the breakwater. All three masts were somehow too short. The boy gazed at the ragged stump where, yesterday, the foretopmast of the "Annie L. Mulford" had stood. No, those sticks over there were sawed, not broken off. They were too short for the vessel. Almost like the masts of a barge they were. She was a small ship, not over five hundred tons if the "Annie L. Mulford" was a thousand, with high bows that looked blunt at this distance, and square things set regularly spaced along the level of her bulwark right up to her forefoot that suggested the phrase "painted ports." The boy had never, as far as he knew, seen a painted port, but he had read of them somewhere and thought they must look like that.

What a queer color she was! It might be brown or — you could scarcely tell from here — she might not be painted at all, but badly weathered. She was deep loaded with something, certainly not timber; for although her quarter-deck was cut well back of the mainmast and the mark of her starboard timber port was plainly visible, yet she carried no deck load. . . . Probably coal. Almost all these coasting vessels that were not freighting

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kiln-dried boards from Charleston or stone from Maine seemed to be carrying coal. The "Annie L. Mulford" herself had loaded coal in Baltimore.

The boy moped on the quarter-deck singing under his breath —

> Starboard, larboard, main and mizzen,
> Fore and aft we go a-whizzin'

— and trying to decide to call the Chief. He burned with demoralizing curiosity to know more about that ship. Of course he might accidentally wake the Mate and ask him, but the Mate probably would not know anything satisfying about her. The Mate was like the Old Man: neither could answer the questions that vex twelve-year-old boys. So he sang softly and stepped silently in his rubber-soled shoes. The Mate slept on, dreaming no doubt of the gray little home in Baltimore.

Once, after the manner of the men he lived with, the boy walked to the taffrail and looked down into the water. It was thick and deep and cold, but very still. The small boat, which had been put overboard during breakfast, lay right beneath him. The tide had swung it alongside, stern forward, and it tugged at the long line which held it to the after rail. The boy stared at it thoughtfully, recalling the lessons he had learned in it.

When he joined the ship, he thought he knew how to handle a row boat. He could row, flexing his arms without bending his back, the way men do who row for livelihood instead of for recreation. He could scull, facing dead astern, with a short nervous stroke. But the Chief, contemptuous of his accomplishments, taught him how to row standing up and facing forward, so that he could at once lay a course through crowded harbor traffic and keep the boat dry inside; and to scull with the long, slow stroke, legs braced well apart at a half-face to the stern, that distinguishes deep-water scullers from those who never venture out of sight of land.

A pair of oars lay in the small boat. Scarcely a breath of air stirred. Fog? There might be fog later, if the sun did not get out, but not right away. The tide, slack when they cast anchor, was now making in, driving whatever might otherwise drift to sea back upstream. If he could get clear without waking the Mate, the boy thought, he might easily scull over to the strange ship for a closer look. She was quite near; the route lay all under the breakwater; once clear of the "Annie L. Mulford" there was nothing risky in the journey.

Very gently he dropped the end of the mizzen-topsail halyard over the rail. When it touched the bottom of the small boat, he fastened it securely to a belaying pin. It would be awkward work getting back over that rope, but the ladder which lay on the main deck was too heavy for him to handle quietly. He glided past the sleeping Mate, loosed the painter, and stood still a minute to feel if the boat pulled on the line. It did. So as he worked his way back along the rail, he coiled the painter between palm and elbow, keeping a tight line on the boat to prevent its drifting away from his halyard end. He had to slip between the Mate and the rail; close work — but the mate did not stir. When he reached the halyard, he hooked the coiled painter over his left arm, clambered over the bulwark and hand-over-hand down the ship's pitchy side. The small boat drifted out, but by bracing against the ship he managed to get one toe over her gunwale and draw her close enough to drop aboard. One oar rolled on the thwarts with what seemed like a deafening thunder. He shoved off, paddling quietly under the stern of the "Annie L. Mulford." The Mate snored on with the gentle regularity of a steam winch in union hands.

It was a long pull, longer than it looked from the elevation of the deck. The boy's arms were tired when he finally came up under the barque's stern. He had sculled past her to take a look before hailing or boarding; and a glimmering race memory whispered faintly that "under her stern" was the place to come. He sat in the small boat to rest and take his bearings. At least one puzzle was solved: the ship's dingy color was not painted on but flaking off; it must be years since a brush had touched her. Set across her stern, just above the rudder post and gear, were three strange little windows such as he had never seen on the sea, more like windows in a house than on a ship. Below the windows were inscribed the ship's name and port of origin:

RESOLUTE
of
CLAYTON

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Clayton! His grandmother came from Clayton. Often his father had told him of the things he had done in Clayton when he was a boy — about the dockyards and shipbuilders and sailors and insurance pirates. If only some of those people were alive now, if only his father were here, he would know all about this ship: when she was built, for whom, and why. He had been long enough at sea to know nothing is designed or done a different way except for sound and sufficient reasons. He wanted to know why the "Resolute" looked different from all the other ships he had ever seen.

The middle window in the stern stood open, but no sound came from within; so he sculled quietly toward the bow. Opposite the break of the quarter-deck he stopped sculling and sent up a hail. It was not a vigorous shout, for bashfulness possessed him in the presence of this lifeless stranger, but it was loud enough to be heard by anyone awake in the cabin. No answer followed. He shouted again without result. There must be no one aboard. There was certainly no one on deck, for he could see right down to the scuppers; which struck him as extraordinary. Her bulwarks and quarter-deck were not low. She must be loaded awfully deep. Those "painted ports" — he could see now they were heavy wooden shutters flapped against openings in the bulwarks. Why . . . ! She was built to mount guns!

He advanced stealthily. The bows were blunt and high, the bulwark shaped in an abrupt curve up to the forecastle head. In the quadrilateral seams of the timber port the cement was fresh — the only new thing about the "Resolute." Reason and an instinct for salt water told the boy that in all else she was very, very old. A chaste but battered figurehead adorned her cut-water. Above and beyond it the raw end of her cut-down jib boom was badly weathered. So she must have been pruned this way a long time.

The boy slung his painter over the rusty bobstay and sat down again to think. The chaste figurehead stared down on him with all the calm severity of a south Jersey Quaker lady. No sound reached him but the dull surf on the outer flank of the breakwater and the faint creak of slack rigging overhead. A thin smoke and the smell of stewing salt horse came from the galley. What he would give to know about this ship! Perhaps the Chief knew about her. Surely his father knew — but it would take so long to write and hear from home. If he had only been a boy when his father was a boy! They would have gone to sea together. Where was the crew? He had heard of ships found in mid-ocean with all sails set, dinner cooking in the galley, wet wash on the forecastle clothesline, but no sign of life aboard. Was this such an instance, here in Delaware Breakwater? Would it be safe to board the "Resolute" to find out?

*Set across her stern were three strange little windows*

"Better sheer off, young man. It hain't very safe here."

He started, looked up at the bows, all around. No one in sight. Better answer anyway; "they'd" seen him.

"What's that?" By contrast his own voice sounded shrill and thin.

"Better sheer off before you get caught." The voice was aged and comfortable. There was no locating it, yet it did not make the boy fearful or uneasy.

"How caught? What will they do to me?" he asked.

"You don't see what I mean. We're going down, sonny-bub. Sheer off! Clear that line and stand away — if you don't want to go down with us."

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"Going down! Sinking?"

"Yep. No more sailoring, I've got my whack. This here's the last anchorage."

"You mean the ship is sinking? I thought she was just deep-loaded. She is awful low in the water. Why don't you leave her? Where's the crew? Where's the anchor watch? Are all hands asleep?"

"Steady! Steady! One at a time. You'll lose your sculling oar if you hain't careful."

"If you are sinking," the boy asked as he brought the oar inboard, "why don't you do something yourself?"

"I be. Hain't I telling you to sheer off?"

"I mean why don't you leave, or call all hands or something?"

"Leave? How can I, why should I leave when I'm sinking?"

A romantic fearful thrill crept up the boy's spine, tickled the back of his head. He lowered his voice: "Who are you?"

"Resolute, out o' Clayton," the voice answered promptly.

The boy did not reply at once. He was not afraid; he was eager to believe the ship was talking to him; he knew it was talking to him. But he must use tact, not argue or ask obvious questions lest it stop talking. Would it be rude to ask who or what the "Resolute" was? Finally: "Listen! I sculled over to find out what you are."

"Thought you did. Well, son, I'm what Captain Jim Windrove used to call a 'perfectly good total loss'."

"I know! My father told me about 'perfectly good total losses'," the boy interrupted eagerly, "Captain Jim Windrove was my great-uncle. He was an insurance pirate."

"He was. What's more he was a good sailor and a better designer."

"Did he build you?"

"Lord love you, I was an old hulk when your Uncle Jim was an infant learning to curse. But I'm from Clayton. Finest and fastest ship they ever sent out of the Delaware Capes. Do you know why they built me so fine and so fast?"

"No."

"Your Quaker ancestors needed fine, fast ships for their slave-running."

"Slave-running?"

"Smuggling slaves from Africa into the States."

"I thought that was prohibited years before the Civil War." Unpleasant memories of first-form history stirred the boy.

"It was. That was what made it so profitable." A shuddering creak ran the length of the vessel. "Them's me knees. They're giving way. It won't be long now."

"Are you really sinking?"

"I am really sinking. Far as that goes, it hain't the first time. But it'll be the last. I hain't young and useful like I was then."

"When was that?"

"While I was privateering; during the late Rebellion."

"Were you sunk . . . deep?"

"Pretty deep. It was someways south of here. I remember it well. So does my skipper. He came with me long before that, when he was a young fellow, about your age. Been with me ever since. Fine man; born a Quaker but lived it down. He stuck by me then. Our Commander locked horns with a blockader. There was a running fight, me doing most of the running. They put a shot in my powder magazine. Zi-say, my skipper was just a boy then, fetching powder from the magazine to the gun crews. When they fired my magazine, he was safe on deck, and a good thing for me. They blew me wide open, right under the lazarette — you could see the patch if I was in ballast and riding easy. We were pretty close inshore, so the Old Man heads for the beach. But it got too warm and they all took to the boats — all but my skipper. He hung around the wheel. The Old Man came to him particular' just before he went over the side to tell him to come on. My skipper — he was a gritty youngster — says he ain't going to leave while I'm afloat. The Old Man says 'Why, Jed, thee must be crazy,' and my man tells him where to go, and he went. The skipper kept me under way and got me into real shoal water before I sank and doused the fire. One of the boats come along and took him off. Later when they salvaged me, he took a six-sixty-fourths' interest in me for his share and, zi-say, he's been with me ever since."

"Where is he now?" the boy asked.

"The captain and all the ship's officers — we only got three hands all told now — has gone ashore to wire the owners I'm on my death bed and sinking fast."

"Why are you sinking?" the boy ventured.

"Because I'm old and out-worn and out-dated and out-sailed. All salt seasoned

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sawed oak I am, but no ship can last forever. Three generations, as men count them, I sailed the seven seas. That's why I look strange to you; my pattern is old-fashioned. Always a leetle might faster'n the others, I was. My skippers were buckos and we carried smart, driving officers. I was a hell ship. But I never lost a stick or a man or money for the owners — until steam. After steam came in, I plugged along, up and down and across the world until here a few years ago — oh! years before you was born — men got too high-priced for me. Didn't pay to man me. It took twenty able-bodied seamen to work ship on me! Two niggers can run that express wagon you're riding in. I laid up till the skipper got so hard pushed he had to do it. I don't blame him, nor say he let me down. He was on the beach, hungry. So they ripped out my 'tween decks, which weakened me considerable, and cut back my top hamper, and tied me to a filthy belching tug with a couple of common Kennebec barges swinging behind me, and set me to carrying coal. But I can't complain. I've come to my last harbor under my own sail, and I didn't let my skipper down. Let me tell you one thing, young man. I don't know about women; mostly they've thought I was awful. But I know this about men — good men are mighty scarce. When you find a good man, hang to him. Don't ever let a good man down."

"Yes, sir." Should he have said "ma'am," he wondered. "How is it you came in under your own sail?"

"I'm telling you. We loaded anthracite in Philadelphia and come down the bay with the tug "Mahanoy City" and two barges — I don't know if they even got names — trailing us. We got here at sundown and with an onshore gale blowing; but that fool tug ploughed right on out. We made some headway, maybe a mile an hour, dead into it, with the sea wrenching us six ways at once and them tows and the tug yanking fit to break me in two. We daren't try to swing around and come back: the wind would have blown us smack on the barrier. Even so, we were all right till the wind hauled and we started to make a drift — right onto the Jersey beach. When we's almost piled up, that misbegotten tug drops us and puts to sea. I hope they have a special room in hell for tug captains.

"We got our mud hook over, the skipper raving and cursing, and them two hands kind of half-crying like. The barges swung in behind me and we all give a heave and I took a good bite on the hawser and the tow lines strummed out tight as fiddle strings and — by mighty! — everything held. Right on the beach. That last barge had her tail in the break. She was scared; wanted to let go. 'Hang on, and I'll learn you something about going to sea,' I yells at her to cheer her up. 'I can't hang on; it's killing me. I got to go,' she moans. 'All right, then your crew will drown,' I says. 'There's Life Savers on the beach,' she says, 'and my crew want to get off.'

"She was right. Her crew had fired a rocket, and the Life Savers came piling down the beach with their gun and boat. They shot away all the line they had. The barge was in easy range, but the line would snap every time as soon as it fell across her. They built a fire on the beach. It lit up them and their little brass cannon, and the copper paint on that plunging barge, and the white faces of her crew hanging to the pitiful stumps of masts to keep from being swept overboard. I was busy but I managed to see it all out of the corner of my deadeyes.

"Then the Life Savers tried to get their boat off, but the second try she pitchpoled on 'em and smashed — and killed the number two man, I think. I see them fish him out of the surf and carry him up to the fire in his black shiny oilskins, and put him down. He lay still the way a dead man lies still. So then they got their practice boat and tried to put her off. She was smaller and lighter and they could handle her easier, but they couldn't get her off the beach — they smashed her too. Then they stood on the beach waiting for us to break up and the bodies to wash ashore.

"I see there wasn't a thing in the world to do but hang on, so I hung on. My knees was sprung, and I was buckling and filling and cursing the hawser and praying the anchor wouldn't drag. The skipper was doing the same. Looked to him once like I would break up. He climm up the quarter-deck with the ax and stood over the tow line and says, 'Shall I tie 'em loose, old girl?' I give a grunt and a shake, and he says, 'Well, when they get too much for you, just say the word.'

"By and by I began to think the end

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had come. I knew I couldn't float much longer, and I wanted to drop that hawser and let everything slide. But I says to myself, 'I mustn't let the skipper down.' Then all of a sudden, lo and behold our prayers are answered. The wind shifted directly offshore. Before you could say 'knife' I was staring at the empty beach, and that last barge, instead of hopping around in the break, was nighly hull down on the horizon. The skipper grabbed the ax and cut the tow line, and all that aching dead weight slipped off me.

"So we came back under our own sail. We saved our cargo and our self-respect, even though it isn't worth much at our age, the skipper and me."

The boy had no reply. He knew the "Resolute" had saved something for him too — something that the matter-of-fact life on a coasting schooner had nearly smothered — something "noble and grand and good." What was it? The words rang through his brain as he sat, silent, trying to frame, to pronounce the speech he knew the "Resolute" would understand; and the warm, glowing "light that never was on sea or land" hearteningly rekindled and sturdily flamed within him.

"Stand away, sonny-bub. I give you fair warning: when I go, I'll let go all holts and drop. Don't get sucked under. *Stand away!*"

The boy found himself adrift in the small boat. He seized the oar and sculled rapidly away from the "Resolute." Without warning the old ship's nose settled. She shuddered from end to end, like a pole-axed steer, and sank.

The boy looked about him in surprise. The sky was heavily overcast and the rain had begun again. A long way off he saw the Old Man's grim bulk, watching him through the glass, the Mate standing beside him with the too easy air of one who has just been adequately rebuked. As he came alongside, the Chief, standing in the waists, caught his line.

"The Old Man is mad as hell. You are going to catch it, Bos'n." He dropped the ladder overside and as the boy rose to face the majesty of vested authority enthroned on the quarter-deck, he whispered cautiously: "I see you go. I let you go. The Old Man's going ta gifv me hell too."

"Does he know you saw me? I thought everybody was asleep."

"No, he doan know yet."

"That's all right then. I won't let you down, Chief," the boy said softly. Then he stepped up before the mast.

He took his scolding without rancor, and listened with real serenity to the one the Mate got for lagniappe. Later, while they were roasting apples at the fire door of the donkey, he explained to the Chief that it was worth a tearing out to have a good look at a real old-time ship like that before she went down. The Chief admitted it was, and granted that few such opportunities were left afloat. But he supported his Captain's charge of foolhardiness in remaining so long by a sinking ship.

"Why, that was all right. I knew when she was going down."

"How'd you know?" The Chief spoke sharply and stared expectantly at the boy.

"She told me!" — It slipped out, before he thought.

"Yeah. A goodt ship, a real oltime ship, she talk 'ndt tal you vat she 'ss going ta do, but — only to a real sailor." The boy nodded. The Chief's brightened eyes blinked. He frowned and cleared his throat. "Bos'n, maybe some day you make tam goodt sailor. Right now you make tam rotten cook. Tem apples is all burnt ta hell."

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*The Editor will be glad — space permitting — to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in* THE FORUM.

## The Civil Jury

*An answer to the argument against the abolition of the civil jury as presented in* THE FORUM *debate for October.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

The logic of Mr. Windolph's main argument in favor of the jury system can be tested by converting it into the following Greek syllogism: "All democratic institutions are good; the jury system is a democratic institution; therefore the jury system is good." Now the major premise of this syllogism is not sound. We know both from ancient and modern history and from our own national experience that *undiluted* democracy often works very badly. It is no more reliable to-day than it was at Athens in the time of Socrates. The wise framers of our Federal Constitution were so convinced of this truth that they subjected "democracy" to elaborate limitations. Every attempt to improve on their work by injecting more democracy into our institutions has been a failure. To elect members of the Senate by vote of the people, as provided in the Sixteenth Amendment, is more democratic than the method prescribed by the fathers; but in practice it has produced results satisfactory neither to the public nor to the Senators themselves. The direct primary is a democratic institution, but it has debased the standard of our candidates for public office. An elective is more democratic than an appointive judiciary, but it never produces as good judges. Conceding that a democracy, subject to wise restrictions, is the best form of government for an intelligent electorate, it is not necessarily an argument for a given institution or innovation that it is "democratic."

Nor can it be properly contended, as Mr. Windolph claims, that trial by jury in civil cases is "an *essential* part of Anglo-Saxon democracy." The jury system must stand or fall on its own intrinsic merits and demerits as a machine to produce justice. It is not sufficient to stamp it with a popular label like the word "democracy."

Mr. Windolph contends that we must not "ignore" the "political and legislative significance" of "trial by jury." But the verdict of a jury ought never to have any "political or legislative significance." Under our system of jurisprudence a jury has just one duty to perform, and that is to decide disputed questions of fact and to draw logical inferences therefrom. Juries have nothing to do with politics or government or legislation. The law bearing on a given case is administered to the jurymen by the trial judge, and it is their duty to conform to it. It is no part of a jury's duty to inaugurate new "customs" or to enact statutes. If permitted to exercise such powers, there would result an utter absence of uniformity in the action of different juries on the same subjects. There could not be a worse way of converting even good customs into laws than through the instrumentality of successive groups of untrained men, each group having ideas entirely unrelated to the ideas of the other groups. It is one of the strongest arguments against the jury system that juries are continually trying to do this very thing. Very often they don't enforce cus-

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toms at all, but only their own distorted ideas of what ought to be customs. As a result, no litigant, under our present double-headed system of court procedure, can rely upon the existence of any definite standard of justice upon any subject.

Mr. Windolph's proposition that "the sanctity of law arises . . . from the common judgment and consent of the whole body of the people" is, of course, conceded. However, that "judgment and consent" should be given effect, not through the haphazard instrumentality of detached groups of inexperienced and substandard jurors, but through the chosen representatives of all the people assembled in legislative halls. Unlike our Federal Congress, whose powers are strictly limited, the legislature of a state (subject only to constitutional limitations) has all of the powers of the British Parliament. A legislature is the only proper agency through which customs and "the common judgment" should be translated into laws. New problems and situations not provided for by legislation should be met and solved through the orderly development of the common law by judicial decisions. Ideal justice is not to be attained by the chance guesses of untrained minds, but through the enforcement of those rules of action which the most intelligent minds of the period believe will produce the best results practically. Like my opponent, I have the highest respect for what he calls the "custom of the country," but it should be given the force and effect of law only through the appropriate legislative and judicial channels.

In a far from perfect world the administration of justice is bound at times to be imperfect; but the problem is how to reduce that imperfection to a minimum. It is no answer to an indictment of the jury system, but rather an overwhelming proof of its inefficiency, to say that judges have sometimes been "capricious" or unduly "technical," and that certain of the English chancellors were often "dilatory." In the new judicial tribunal which I have advocated, all such evils can be forestalled by appropriate legislation, providing for the appointment of competent judges by the executive power, and requiring both the speedy disposition of causes and the avoidance of technicality. Such a tribunal would effect the prompt determination of civil disputes by the administration of that intelligent justice which the community wants but which our present jury system is so ill-fitted to provide.

RUSSELL DUANE

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## Forum Stimulants

*The Doctor looks commendingly at Donald Rose. . . .*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

I am sending you this line to tell you that your contributor who does the "Take It or Leave It" column is to be commended and THE FORUM readers are to be congratulated. His comment is sound, his interpretation sane, and what he says is interesting. I have read practically all the books that he discusses in your August number: therefore, I feel a freedom to speak thus dogmatically.

I wish I could be enthusiastic about Mr. Rose's "Who Am I?" It is my observation that when the majority of Englishmen try to be funny they succeed in being pathetic. Mr. Rose is not of the minority. Should you ever want a Who's Who of him, let me write it. I don't know him, but, after I have read a few more of his comments and interpretations, I shall.

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS

*Marienbad, Austria*

*. . . and an explorer is praised for dispelling a few clouds of superstition.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

I have just been reading "The Republic of Greenland" by Stefansson in the August number of THE FORUM. It was high time to publish this first chapter in American history. You and Mr. Stefansson have earned our thanks.

But even Mr. Stefansson is not wholly immune from the Tennysonian myth, based, of course, upon the pious marvels of Bishop Las Casas (the Parson Weems of Columbus), reinforced by R. H. Makor, John Boyd Thatcher, Roselly de Lorgues, and Peter Martyr D'Angera, as well as the antecedent yarns of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, the patron saints of "the grand admiral." For example, Mr. Stefansson writes (page 254) of the "ab-

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sence of hampering fears of the Norsemen" — "They did not fear sailing over the edge of the earth into hell, as did the Christian sailors 500 years later."

This evidently alludes to the opinion that Columbus was forced to combat the superstitious beliefs of the sailors, and even of the learned faculty of Salamanca University, whereas, as M. André demonstrates in *La Veridique Aventure de Christophe Colomb*, it was Columbus who held all the superstitious beliefs, while Martin Alonso Pinzon (his navigator without whom he could never have sailed one league from Palos or safely returned) and his men had long planned the voyage to the Indies, China, and Japan, by sailing west long before they ever heard of Columbus. André proves that belief in the flatness of the earth is a myth, and that the rotundity of the earth was generally accepted and understood in the days of Columbus, especially by seafaring men. But, now that you and Mr. Stefansson have "broken the ice," why not keep up the good work? There is a world of superstition and ignorance left to be dispelled.

CARL CHRISTIAN PETERSON
*New York City*

## Debunking "Trader Horn"

*A recent* FORUM *book review has loosed the following vehement protest.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

I have repressed my feelings just as long as I can, but your recent review of the second volume perpetrated by Trader Horn has loosed the dam. The thing that has surprised me is that anyone could believe these fabrications. Had the book been put forward as fiction, there would be nothing to say about it; but it is published as a "true book of a true man."

Hatton and Cookson (who Horn says sent him out) were (they are not now in existence) to the African trade what Standard Oil is to the oil trade. Can you imagine the Standard Oil people going to a school and picking out an uneducated, inexperienced seventeen-year-old schoolboy to go out on a special mission to China or some other country? I know you cannot, and Hatton and Cookson would not.

Description of S. S. "Angola" is all wrong. I made four trips in her and know her from stem to stern. She was a small, ordinary nine-hundred-ton boat. Captain Thompson, instead of being the fine man Horn made him, was the most insufferable snob in existence. Carlill, chief agent at Gaboon under whom Horn says he served, was agent for just a few years. Hatton and Cookson's contract was a three-year one, not for a lifetime. Horn infers he was in Equatorial Africa "more years than he could remember" and Ethelreda Lewis places it anywhere from thirty to sixty years.

Horn says he went to Cabinda — up the Congo — up the Lake Chad — on the Ivory Coast — knew Stanley and all his men, Livingstone, and Cecil Rhodes.

Horn was *never* in Cabinda, never up the Congo, never saw the Congo, never saw Stanley or any of his men, never saw Livingstone, never rescued Cecil Rhodes from a crocodile, was never on the Ivory Coast, never saw Lake Chad, never had any cannibal fights, never was Hatton and Cookson's "Company Pilot," never charted rivers, never rescued a beautiful English girl — to put it in a nutshell, the whole book is such a tissue of lies that I am almost certain he was *never* in Equatorial Africa. The only part of Africa he was in was South Africa, where he met Mrs. Lewis.

If (you see I use the word "if") he went out for Hatton and Cookson, he went as first-term assistant at the munificent salary of $150 the first year, $200 the second year, $250 the third year, house, food, and passage out and home. As first-term assistant, his position was that of an office boy and he would learn as much of Africa and African customs as your office boy knows of New York by gazing out of the window. I know all about it, for I went out two years after Horn *says* he did and I occupied exactly the same position for my first three years; then I was appointed agent in charge of one station (and I had my office boy such as Horn), then the sub-agent was obliging enough to allow himself to be eaten by a crocodile and I was given his place. A few years after I was appointed Chief Agent and at this time I was appointed British Consul for the Portugese Congo.

I am a little of the opinion that some of the wild, ridiculous stuff in *Trader Horn* is stolen from *Hell's Playground*, a book dealing with the Ogowe River and six

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Hatton and Cookson men. I think if Trader Horn had the Ogowe River dished up to him on a plate, he would not recognize it.

The silly stuff of the beautiful English girl captured by cannibals is a *South* African yarn about an English girl. She was not captured by any cannibals, but he (Horn) gives me the clue to the story when he says, "It may be Nina De Trafford." It is really a tragic story but nothing connected with a goddess.

Dr. Cook of North Pole fame is not in it with Trader Horn, for Cook *was* pretty close to the Pole, but my unbiased opinion is that Horn was *never* in Equatorial Africa; but if I am wrong in saying "never," then I know I am right in saying his sojourn there was for three years only, and that what he really knows of Africa is microscopical. One thing I have often wondered: who footed the bills for his wonderful explorations? You, of course, do not know Teddy Cookson, the head of Hatton and Cookson. If you did, you would certainly wonder what he would say when called upon to pay up. African explorations are the most expensive in the world. If you have a *Trader Horn*, please examine the map accompanying the book and note the huge territory Horn claims to have explored. Now, three to five miles a day is considered fast work and I have had to cut my way through jungles where I considered a quarter of a mile as good work. The amount of territory cut out of Africa as Horn's jaunt would take about three hundred years to cover.

DR. FRED PULESTON
*Daytona Beach, Fla.*

## In Defense of Aviation

*Statistics are advanced to answer the question raised in the August* FORUM — *"Has Aviation a Future?"*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

As one who has devoted quite a number of years to the development of a practical and commercial ocean railway system, I cannot accept the dictum of Captain Alfred Charles Dewar, R.N., in the August issue of THE FORUM. Commander Byrd has ably defended aviation, but not in the detailed way I believe imperative in order to correct many fundamental errors such as are being constantly made by writers on aviation and perpetuated by repetition.

It is curious how many technicians in transport development, in discussing airplane loading values, accept as final the ultimatum apparently conveyed in the fatal statement of Captain Dewar — "Twenty-five pounds to the horsepower is the absolute and dangerous limit." That aviation progress is doomed because of this limitation is untrue. As a matter of fact, at two-thirds of this loading per horsepower the modern transport airplane carries more pay load per horsepower than do our largest and fastest steamships, our fastest and most palatial railroad trains, or our highly developed and comfortable automobiles. If pay load per horsepower be the measure of success — which I am inclined to question — then commercial aviation has a very bright future indeed.

Captain Dewar says aviation has no future, because "power load is an insuperable bar to air transport on a big scale." Comparing the airplane with the locomotive and steamship, he says that the plane is "forced to measure its weight in skimpy figures of pounds and fractional ounces." In clinching his argument he cites the performance of the triple-motored "Argosy" type Imperial Airway's transport plane, powered with three "Jaguar" 385-horsepower engines, which plane, he states, carries only three pounds of pay load per horsepower. Although the Captain is in error in his estimate of pay load per horsepower, I am sure he will be surprised to learn that the apparently skimpy loading of the above plane, using his own figures, exceeds by about four hundred per cent the per horsepower pay load of the pride of our Merchant Marine, the "Leviathan," and even exceeds the per horsepower pay load of the passenger locomotive and automobile.

Those who have watched a modern transatlantic steamship come into port, thrilled with the thought of the tremendous achievement in engineering and science that it represents, may not realize that man has been prodigal both in material and power in developing the steamship, and while, as the culmination of one hundred years of effort, it may be inspiring, it is not a good example of efficiency loading per horsepower. The

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next time you say "bon voyage" to your friends on the "Leviathan" or the "Majestic" — those 60,000-ton leaders of the American and British Merchant Marines — remember that the total passenger pay load, including baggage, on the average trip is the magnificent total of 136 tons. Reflect further that the passenger load represents eighty-six per cent of the total pay load, the balance being mostly mail. Also remember it requires the continuous development of 83,000 shaft horsepower to carry these 136 tons at a little less than an average speed of twenty-seven land miles an hour.

As the result of a year's work, the $20,000,000 queen of the seas, requiring over a thousand men in her crew, has carried to and fro over the ocean 3,815 tons of passenger pay load, at an expense of over $6,000,000. Does the airplane pay load seem so puny after all? Generalization being nothing more than personal opinion, proof of the above statement must be such as will bear analysis.

In 1925 the "Leviathan" made twenty-eight ocean crossings, carrying an average of 1,090 passengers, a total for the year of 30,523. The average passenger's weight, including baggage, is estimated at 250 pounds. This gives the trip passenger tonnage of 136 and the yearly tonnage of 3,815. Approximately four hundred tons of ship are required for every ton of passengers, including baggage.

The pay load in pounds per horsepower carried by the "Leviathan" is indeed small compared with a modern transport plane. To maintain the sea speed of twenty-seven land miles, about 83,000 shaft horsepower is required. As the average passenger pay load is 136 tons, it is obvious that to carry one ton of passenger load one mile will require almost twenty-three horsepower. Because passenger load is only eighty-six per cent of the total, a slight correction should be made to this figure, reducing it to about twenty horsepower per ton-mile, and a proportionate operating cost of forty-seven cents per ton-mile, with no allowance for depreciation or interest on the investment. How does this compare with the transport plane?

According to an official report from government sources, the plane referred to by Captain Dewar — the 1926 "Argosy type" with three "Jaguar" air-cooled engines of 1,188 horsepower — carries 248 gallons of gasoline, a pay load of 4,400 pounds, and has a range, in still air, of four hundred miles at something over one hundred miles an hour. Contrary to the opinion of Captain Dewar, the total horsepower is not the power required for normal flying. The engines of the plane in question, flying at one hundred miles an hour with full pay load, will develop not to exceed a total of 850 horsepower, giving about five pounds of pay load per horsepower rather than the three pounds quoted by Captain Dewar. The ton-mile pay load operating cost, according to official data, is about forty-five cents.

Another important oversight in Captain Dewar's reasoning is that no mention is made of the speed of transportation in his comparisons of the plane, the locomotive, and the steamship. If one horsepower in an hour carries five pounds one hundred miles in a plane, certainly it would be four times as effective as one horsepower in a ship carrying the same weight twenty-five miles in the hour. At five pounds per hour the "Argosy" plane would require four hundred horsepower per ton of pay load and would carry it one hundred miles in the hour, or the pay load ratio would be four horsepower per ton-mile compared with the twenty horsepower required by the steamship. So, as a matter of cold reasoning, the "skimpily loaded" transport plane is actually carrying, per horsepower, five times the load of our biggest and fastest steamship.

Then, too, a few figures will serve to show that railways cannot afford to neglect the possibilities of the airplane.

Referring to the 1927 annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad, I find that about 120 pounds of coal are burned for each locomotive-mile of hauling an average passenger train carrying seventy passengers. In a locomotive about 2½ pounds of coal are burned per horsepower-hour. Assuming the average speed of the train when running is forty miles an hour, the average power developed will be about 2,000 horsepower, which hauls eight tons of passengers, with baggage, forty miles, or, on the previous basis of comparison, six horsepower will be required per ton mile — fifty per cent more power than that required by the plane.

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To make the comparison complete, although it has very little direct bearing on the matter, the ton-mile pay load per horsepower of the average automobile is also given. As an example, a medium-sized motorcar, with the average load of two passengers, giving fifteen miles to the gallon of gasoline, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, is used. In one hour two gallons of gasoline will be consumed, developing during that time twenty-five horsepower, which transports two passengers, totaling say four hundred pounds, thirty miles. This reduced to a ton-mile basis gives five horsepower per ton-mile, exceeding somewhat the power requirements of the transport plane.

All of this may be summarized as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Transport Airplane..... | 4 | horsepower | per | ton-mile |
| Passenger Automobile . | 5 | " | " | " |
| Passenger Locomotive. | 6 | " | " | " |
| Passenger Steamship .. | 20 | " | " | " |

It would seem that the terrible forebodings of the worshipers of the twenty-five pounds per horsepower load fetish are not such that it will require additional sacrifices to the gods to permit aviation to take its place at the pinnacle of man's accomplishment in the field of transport.

EDWARD R. ARMSTRONG

*Wilmington, Del.*

## A Juryman Retaliates

*And thereby proves the fallacy of classifying all jurors as morons.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

M. Pierre Lepaulle, when he writes about "Jury, Democracy, and Efficiency" in the July FORUM, seems to take the position that all judges are expert and conscientious and all jurymen are ignorant and morally obtuse. His great experience and learning qualify him to speak with authority, but one who has had much experience among ordinary mortals and some experience as a juryman finds him far from infallible.

"Citizens must be judged by law and not by men" is perhaps a correct technical formula, but just how the human element is to be thoroughly disposed of is not made clear. There is a general recognition of the force of public sentiment in the enforcement of law, whether that sentiment be favorable or unfavorable to particular laws. However, we would be led to believe that the efficiency of court administration of law is due to the court's ignoring public sentiment.

M. Lepaulle says, "The jury is a poor way of discovering the truth," and the gist of his argument is that jurymen are always a low order of *genus homo*. He is here announcing a standardized opinion despite all he has said against standardization. Judges usually have something to do with the selection of jurymen. Again the jury "maintains at the trial unbusinesslike methods and delays the trial unreasonably." Every business man who has been on a jury has probably become disgusted with the quibbling and unbusinesslike procedure of the court and the attorneys. The jury is always anxious to get through with a trial. The extreme case M. Lepaulle mentions would probably have been shortened from three months to three days if the procedure had been determined by the wishes of the jury instead of by the court and the attorneys. A jury fears neither the ritual of precedents nor the criticism of higher courts nor a plain statement of facts.

M. Lepaulle in his proposed trial without a jury would have the court judge the defendant by his entire past rather than by the facts contingent on the particular crime with which he is charged. Then he criticizes the jury for considering the personality of the accused. Personality is an evidence of the innate individuality as affected by the past. When human nature changes, the past does not change, but the personality is different.

The jury should not be blamed for the melodrama that attorneys stage in trials under the protection of the court. Jurymen must often struggle not to be prejudiced against attorneys and those before the court who would cloak incompetence and guilt by histrionic flights. The jury system is far from ideal in operation but it gives people a deeper interest in government and society. Any means that helps men to govern themselves brings about some good that might not result under an impersonal, abstractly efficient system that knows rules and routine rather than men.

JOHN P. BRUTON

*Memphis, Tenn.*

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## West Virginia Protests

*A warning against the flood of mountain "literature" which is sweeping the country.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

I am a West Virginian. My paternal grandfather came into these mountains when there was nothing here but bears and Indians, and his son, my grandfather, was one of the first lawyers to open an office in southern West Virginia. And, as a descendant of the mountain people, I think it is high time that somebody "riz up and said somethin'."

This rising is occasioned by the laudatory reviews in THE FORUM and other reputable publications of *The Happy Mountain*. I want to register a protest on behalf of my mountain forbears against the present epidemic of mountain stories, folklore, poetry, and ballads that has struck the country, of which epidemic the aforementioned book is an example. The result of this flood is such that "The Little Dog Barked on Sourwood Mountain" is being jazzed from coast to coast and "whar" and "ain't" are beginning to find their way into polite society.

A pseudo-mountain-writer will hop into an old rickety Ford and tear around the mountains for a few summer months, drinking spring water out of a gourd and talking to the natives along the macadam highways. And the next winter he will set himself to write, as one of authority and inside wisdom, a story of what he has seen, the sum total of this ambitious excursion being three hundred-odd pages of so-called mountain superstitions, "ain'ts" and "wuzzes," and a feud or two thrown in for good measure. They never see the real mountain people, and they fool nobody but the publishers of their books and readers who never saw a mountaineer.

I know a place called "the Smoke Hole" because the valley is so deep that the mountain tops are forever veiled in mist. The people who live there speak almost pure Anglo-Saxon; grown men and women have never seen a train; and, being too poor to buy guns, they fight with stones. Their religion is all their own and they live and think as they did five hundred years ago.

I am not ashamed of our mountaineers. I'm glad that I'm one of them. They are the personality people of America to-day — in fact, they are about all the simon-pure genuineness we have left — and when a writer can depict them as they actually are, all well and good and more power to him. (Perhaps you've read *Up Eel River*, in which the dialect is pure, unadulterated mountain speech.) But these highly colored chronicles that are being foisted upon us by these aspiring writers are a reflection upon the people they attempt to portray, upon their own versimilitude, and — most dreadfully — upon the intelligence of the reading public.

LORNA BALL KONOITZ

*Bluefield, W. Va.*

## The European Menace

I remember, I remember (see THE FORUM for September),
That an energetic member of the English suffragettes,
Has presented to the nation for its grave consideration
The moral implication of a taste for cigarettes.

Miss Royden crossed the ocean with a taste for weeds nicotian
To upset the moral notion of our own enlightened shore;
And evidence is ample that she set a bad example
Of which this is a sample too flagrant to ignore.

For our visitor confesses to cigarette excesses
To a total of — she guesses — six a week, except in Lent.
Which accounts for all but one day which would probably be Sunday,
Leaving Saturday to Monday for the lady to repent.

And it really seems outrageous that example so contagious
Should have chances advantageous to corrupt our moral way,
With a habit so pernicious, wanton, wicked, and malicious
(Not to mention vile and vicious) as a cigarette a day.

DON FRANCK

*Bryn Athyn, Pa.*

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## Psychoanalysis

*A layman's answer to Miss Yost's paper in the July* FORUM. *And controversy still is king!*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:

Like Miss Yost, author of "Psychoparalysis," I am a layman, and I feel bound to come forward with another layman's point of view. I not only question the value of her assault on psychoanalysis and the truth of her conclusions, but since the argument is loose, specious, full of half-truths and down-right inaccuracies, I believe that the writing and printing of such an article does more harm than any good which could possibly come from it. Miss Yost is in deadly earnest, and, I feel sure, is a lover of truth, but either she has been unfortunate in the collection of analyzed persons she has observed or she has observed or reported inaccurately. In fairness let us say all three suppositions may be true.

On the surface it is silly to attribute all faults of character in a given person to his analysis. No analyst expects to turn out a perfect specimen in soul and body. Miss Yost generalizes from too few data and therefore establishes nothing. What about the complete history of these awful examples — the early condition of the patient, the capacity of mind, the problem met or not met? Of course there are analytical failures, as there are surgical. Because someone with a weak heart dies on the operating table is no reason why I should not have a gangrenous appendix removed. Because in analysis some one suffers spiritual death of a weak soul is no reason why I should come to that sad end. Neither are all bad results the fault of the patient. There are risks, certainly. Everything worth a tinker's dam is risky. But my point is this. For each of Miss Yost's awful examples I can produce a sound mind, sound body, and healthy soul as a good result of psychoanalysis. Perhaps that, in turn, proves nothing, for I have no extensive data of my own. But it proves just as much as Miss Yost! And certainly this county should be heard from.

I should like to consider point by point the arguments in "Psychoparalysis" and show the holes in the thinking. Surely FORUM readers are by now trained to see them. But space is not available. On page 115 the author says she is speaking of "pseudo-analytical dilettantes," yet she judges by them. On page 118, consider: "The disparity between the case records so glibly and colorfully described in the technical journals and the analyzed persons one sees and lives with every day is as great as the disparity between what the advertisements said would happen and what did happen to my aunt long ago when she became a prey to a well known patent medicine." The fallacy is obvious. The "glib" case records are not those of the persons Miss Yost has observed, unfortunately. Psychoanalysts do not advertise a cure-all in a bottle or allow the patient to make his own diagnosis. Also consider page 120: "The rot in psychoanalysis lies in its method. Its technique must be made to start with what the human soul is capable of, rather than with what analysis wants to do." As an unanalyzed layman Miss Yost is not equipped to speak of analytical technique, and neither am I equipped. If one guesses right as to what the author intended to say in this strange sentence, it shows lack of information which even a layman may detect. "The potentials" of the individual human being are just what the analyst seeks. To put the patient into full possession and control of them is what analysis "wants to do." What the technique "starts with," chronologically, is left to the exigences of the specific case. I believe it is usually the difficulty which made the patient seek help.

But I am concerned chiefly with the author's charge of slavery to the analyst, her implication that even the "competent high-minded analyst is either a knave or a fool," and her reference to analysis as an escape.

The object of psychoanalysis, aside from the cure of actual illness, is "individuation" or the birth of the individual soul. It is therefore apparent that identification with another personality is far from the analyst's avowed aim. For a time the analyst does seem to be the only savior, the only person who has hold of the other end of the life line, and is consequently loved and trusted. This love is called the "transference." But Miss Yost does not speak of the "resistance," that natural antagonism of the healthy soul against the person into whose hands it has

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been delivered. The expert analyst can handle both so that in the end they cancel, so to speak, leaving lasting respect and friendship, not necessarily intimacy. Miss Yost seems never to have heard of the "super-transference," that relation the analyst is trained to employ, wherein he uses only the material offered in analysis and maintains a professional detachment. She describes psychoanalysts as "just men and women" who can not handle their own emotions any better than other specialists can handle their hearts and livers. The example is again illogical, but pass that by. What are "just men and women"? As a matter of fact an analyst has the type of mind that has led him to specialize in psychology. Whether Miss Yost believes it or not, reputable analysts can and do handle their own emotions, and I can refer to patients who will testify.

As for the implication that a sex relationship is a fairly common result of the transference, I suppose some other doctors may have had "affairs" with patients. I don't doubt there are some in the psychiatric profession, too. If there has developed a real feeling relation between the doctor and patient then there is a serious problem, but one not more impossible of solution, or reprehensible, than in some other situation in life. But is it so common? After all, one does not suppose that the physician who is an analyst falls in love with all female patients at the same time, or even one after the other!

The "child-to-God" relationship is represented as just as bad. But certainly men and women have been returned to normal living through temporarily having this feeling. It is frequently experienced by the patient of the old family doctor, who "feels all right the minute he comes into the room," and is used to advantage by the doctor. When the patient recovers, he normally forgets it. Miss Yost has recently described her own physician, presumably not an analyst, in no temperate terms. And I must add that the five or six examples of what Miss Yost considers the "imprint of the analyst's soul" on the patient's prove absolutely nothing. I can cite five or six of the opposite sort.

The use of the word "escape" applied to any psychoanalysis worthy the name is almost humorous. The patient has probably been escaping all his life into illness, failure, unhappiness, hectic compulsions of busyness, or serious mental neuroses. In analysis he must go down into the dust and grapple with the thing he has been afraid to face and renounce the luxury of running away. He may fail, and deliberately choose the path to death. It is a truism that many insane are they who cannot face reality. Another humorous remark is that the patient is left with an unlimited supply of the drug, analysis, and remains henceforth a bondservant. Only a millionaire could do that. Psychoanalysis is regrettably expensive.

I have been able to touch on only a few of the points I should like to answer. You can't take a degree in living without being a greasy grind any more than you can a Ph.D. in a university. If Psychoanalysis is only one of the ways to mental, physical, and spiritual health — and I contend that it is one — then to close that way to someone who might have traveled it by arousing suspicion and prejudice through the publication of glittering half-truths is of more than doubtful wisdom. Point out that the road is dangerous — "Travel at your own risk." The world is full of infantile adults, caught in currents they don't know exist, hell-bent on wrecking themselves and the rest of us with them.

SYLVIA BATES

*New York City*

## Long Live Hilarity

*The belligerent Mr. Belloc receives an epitaph more flattering than that suggested by Jerry Cruncher.*

*Editor of* THE FORUM:-

May I "drop into poetry, as a friend"? I have been reading with joy the "Epitaphs for Living Lions" in your July issue, but I find it hard to understand the virulence toward Mr. Belloc. Believing, as I do, both in his hilarity and in his bellicosity, I should like to offer a substitute:

Here lies one who loved a tale,
Drank great bowls of English ale,
Laughed and fought with zestful glee,
Deep in Sussex earth is he —
Here he lies where he ought to be.

MARION PRINCE

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

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# Should the Civil Jury be Abolished?

*"YES," asserted Mr. Russell Duane in the October debate, believing that a small, scientific tribunal would function more efficiently than the present jury. "NO," answered Mr. F. Lyman Windolph, who preferred to correct the abuses of the system rather than to abandon it. Following is a selection of readers' opinions.*

## YES

If there is any place where scientific reorganization is needed, it is in our court rooms — from our judges down to the janitor of the building. Business principles are lacking throughout. There is more laziness, more incivility, more rudeness, more lack of brains in our courts and court rooms than in any other single institution or enterprise with which I am acquainted. Hence, not simply the jury system is at fault, but the whole general system we call justice.

CHARLES W. BURKETT

*New York City*

From my own observation of and experience with the jury system, I should say that in the interest of justice it should be changed or abolished.

PAUL W. BROWN

*St. Louis, Mo.*

I see no reason why a trial of the facts by a judge in law cases should not be as satisfactory as it has proved in equity cases.

EDWARD WILCOX HINTON

*University of Chicago*

I have long been of the opinion that jury trials in civil cases should be abolished; that justice often miscarries through jury verdicts, for a multitude of reasons; and that unwarranted delay and expense in final disposition of jury cases are constant factors.

FRANK ANDREWS

*Houston, Texas*

I see no real value in retaining juries in common-law cases. I believe that a single judge, in less important cases, and a bench of judges, in larger cases, would very much more efficiently dispose of the great mass of litigation. There is no danger in the United States from judicial privilege or probable oppression, and to my mind the causes which brought about the jury system in Anglo-American institutions have ceased to exist.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT

*New York City*

I feel that the present jury system is incompetent and cumbersome in the extreme and usually the lawyers succeed in getting the least intelligent group of people into the box. I would much prefer to leave the matter entirely to the decision of a trained judicial mind, whether it be one, two, or three judges. Decisions such as are involved in civil cases should be reached by the analytical study of trained minds.

LEONARD BARRON

*Garden City, N. Y.*

## NO

I unhesitatingly believe that the principle of trial by jury is absolutely correct. There is no occasion to "scrap" the jury. Such deficiencies as it possesses can be traced to the human element in it, and these are amenable to improvement if the legal profession wills so to do.

DR. SAMUEL HORTON BROWN

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

The jury system is a part of the life of the nation for the settlement of questions of fact in litigation. It is a human institution and therefore is subject to the infirmities of all such institutions, but it should not be abolished.

MELVIN A. HILDRETH

*Fargo, N. D.*

I am very strongly in favor of retaining trial by jury. In my opinion we have too much law by judges — *i.e.* abuses in injunction and contempt of court cases.

JOHN BORDEN

*Chicago, Ill.*

I believe that the principles of the jury system are as sound to-day as they were when first adopted. If there is fault with the administration of justice at present, I believe that the fault is more likely to be found with the technical and professional side of the machinery than with the jury side.

GENERAL LYTLE BROWN

*Nashville, Tenn.*

While there are evident abuses of the jury system and oftentimes discouragements, I hasten to say that I think it would be a calamity for us to abolish trial by jury.

J. B. CRANFILL

*Dallas, Texas*

I do not believe the civil jury should be abolished. I do not regard the jury as an antiquated device, nor as a worn-out relic. It is somewhat cumbersome. But we can make it more expeditious. It furnishes, in my opinion, a reasonably satisfactory method of settling private disputes.

OSCAR HALLAM

*Saint Paul, Minn.*

I am convinced that any present attempt to abolish trial by jury would be unsuccessful. Trial by one's peers has a fine democratic flavor and spellbinders the country over would spring to rostrums to defend it.

HENRY J. FISHER

*New York City*

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# TOASTS

WITH the publication this year of *The Great American Bandwagon*, a large and slightly abashed public recognized that CHARLES MERZ is a connoisseur of our native follies. Politics, however, is his especial field. Since leaving Yale in 1915, he has had rich opportunities to observe the antics of the professional vote-getters. For several years he was the Washington correspondent of the *New Republic* and in 1924, after a taste of journalism in foreign parts, he joined the editorial staff of the New York *World*. Commenting on the heavy vote predicted for this year, Mr. Merz says, "People go to the polls when they are given something worth voting for." We shall allow the campaign managers to interpret as they please.

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ACCORDING to the somewhat staccato telegram which we received, LESLIE GORDON BARNARD is a Canadian who has spent most of his life in Montreal. At the age of eleven he sold his first short story for two dollars and has, he says, never recovered. "Short period of sanity during business career, but even then worried employers to death by trying to launch house organs. One ran four issues. When demobilized after war, harnessed hobby and started riding hard. Still in saddle. Have written and published more than two hundred yarns." The sketch of Mr. Barnard is by KATHLEEN SHACKLETON, sister of Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer. The illustrations for "Marching Feet" are by LOWELL L. BALCOM, an artist already well known to FORUM readers. He was staff artist under General Leonard A. Wood at Camp Funston during the War.

I AM not a direct descendant of the poet," said EDGAR ALLAN POE when we asked him the obvious question, "but he and my grandfather were first cousins and they married sisters. Anyone who reads my article will readily perceive that Poe's literary talents were not passed on to me. I am simply a fairly industrious lawyer." Mr. Poe understates the case. He was formerly Attorney General of Maryland and, as a member of the firm of Bartlett, Poe, and Claggett, he is one of Baltimore's most prominent lawyers.

AN unusually varied experience in the law has given MARTIN W. LITTLETON an optimistic outlook on the criminal jury. Mr. Littleton, recently chief counsel for Harry F. Sinclair, is a well-known New York lawyer who has taken considerable part in the political affairs of the state. Born in Tennessee, he had few opportunities for schooling and was obliged to educate himself in the fashion made famous by Abraham Lincoln. Admitted to the Texas bar in 1891, he practised there for some years as an Assistant Prosecuting Attorney before coming to New York in 1896.

WHENEVER he can spare time from his physiological studies, LEONARD HILL writes and illustrates fairy stories for children. This, he says, is not to be construed as coddling. Dr. Hill, who is the author of numerous scientific books, lectured on physiology for twenty years at the London Hospital Medical School and is now on the staff of the National Institute for Medical Research, England.



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IN the fourth and last of THE FORUM'S authorized interviews with HENRY FORD, the famous industrialist adds another cornerstone to his creed and explains, in his dual capacity of philosopher and man of business, why he believes in that disputed phenomenon — progress. Mr. Ford also adds his voice to this month's symposium of the views of important business men on the question of national prosperity.

C. E. M. JOAD

WITH a pessimism not uncommon in poets, VIRGINIA MCCORMICK wonders why anyone bothers about writing when "we might say to ourselves the 'Ode to a Nightingale'." Mrs. McCormick, incidentally, knows all about the vagaries of versifiers, for she is editor of *The Lyric*, a poetry magazine, and president of the Poetry Society of Virginia. In her less public rôle, she is the wife of Dr. J. Jett McCormick and lives in Norfolk. "I work in the mornings," she writes, "and in the afternoons I get rid of the cobwebs on the golf links. A good brassie shot will make me almost as happy as finding the right word in a sonnet, and a thirty-foot putt is a poem in itself." Mrs. McCormick is the author of *Charcoal and Chalk* and two other books of verse.

GORDON KING

AS a nation we are hardened to domestic criticism; but when outsiders view us with chill, censorious eyes, we are apt to squirm uncomfortably. Consequently, there were cries of distress when C. E. M. JOAD published *The Babbitt Warren* last year — a book which was scarcely flattering to American manners and morals. In his present article, he has prepared another pungent dose of criticism for American digestion. Mr. Joad lectures on philosophy at the University of London and is the author of various erudite volumes such as *Mind and Matter*, *Common Sense Ethics*, and *Introduction to Modern Philosophy*. He confesses to a strong dislike for motoring, hustling, and efficiency, and the reader will suspect that he identifies America with all three of his most pronounced aversions.

But is England really so leisurely, Mr. Joad? We seem to remember some agonizing moments spent in the traffic and tumult of Piccadilly Circus.

ACCORDING to our mental picture of him, GUSTAV DAVIDSON is now lolling on tropic sands surrounded by cocoanuts and breadfruit. He departed recently for Rimitara, an island some five hundred miles south of Tahiti. Mr. Davidson, whose poems have appeared before in THE FORUM, has been associated with several poetry magazines — he even founded two — and is the author of *Songs of Adoration*, *A Half Century of Sonnets*, and other books of verse.

BROUGHT up under the cloud of becoming a Baptist minister," says GORDON KING, "I lost my faith while at Harvard and decided to become a free-lance writer instead of a clergyman. Nevertheless, I have been unable to free myself from the problems of religion. I was engaged in writing a forthcoming book on religion in America when I chanced to read Bishop Fiske's article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It seemed to call for an answer." Mr. King's second choice of a career was evidently a happy one, for he has published articles and stories in numerous magazines and is the author of a novel, *Horatio's Story*, and of a play, *The Ostriches*. Doubleday, Doran and Company is bringing out this fall a child's history of Greece by Mr. King, which is entitled *Herodotus*.



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AS a vivacious interpreter of the lives of the great, ANDRÉ MAUROIS has few rivals. In his present series of articles, he is doing the same service for Charles Dickens that he performed so ably for Shelley and Disraeli. A biography of Byron, incidentally, is promised for the near future. We recently published "The Earth Dwellers" by M. Maurois and, as our readers will well remember, *Disraeli* appeared as a serial in THE FORUM.

THE art centre in this issue is by BARBARA LATHAM. She is a grand-niece of the late William Baxter Closson, whose wood engravings were exhibited recently at the New York Public Library. A New Englander by birth, she has spent considerable time at the artists' colony in Woodstock and in the Southwest. Her husband is HOWARD COOK, who did the sketch of Miss Latham reproduced on this page, and who also illustrated "The Light That Never Was." His work has frequently appeared in THE FORUM.

BARBARA LATHAM

THE editor of the *Living Age*, JOHN BAKELESS, continues in this issue his study of New York's monstrous extravagance. Mr. Bakeless was formerly managing editor of THE FORUM and has worked on an impressive number of newspapers and magazines. His latest book is *The Origin of The Next War*.

IN March, 1917, between two trips to the trenches at Verdun, a soldier who was serving with the troops from Anjou scrawled down a poem on a bit of paper. The soldier was MARC LECLERC, an Angevin poet, and the poem was "The Passion of our Brother, the Poilu." Published originally in the columns of *L'Echo de Paris*, it created an immediate sensation in France. Since the poem was written, however, in the curious Angevin dialect, it has not been accessible to Americans. The difficult task of translation into colloquial English was performed by JOHN HEARD, JR., of Boston, who has published translations of Rostand, Hugo von Hoffmansthal, and others.

FOUNDER of Babson's Statistical Organization, which has its central office at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, ROGER W. BABSON, the well-known statistician, is also associated with several large power companies and has written a number of books on economics and finance.

TRAINED as a mining engineer in South America, SPRUILLE BRADEN has long been identified with the Andes Exploration Company and other South American interests, and is also a director of the American Ship and Commerce Corporation.

ASSOCIATED with the automobile business in Detroit since 1901, ROY D. CHAPIN is a pioneer in the industry. He is Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hudson Motor Car Company and is particularly interested in the improvement of the country's highways.

ONE automatically links the name of GLENN H. CURTISS with the development of aviation in this country. President of the Curtiss Aëroplane Company, and of the other Curtiss organizations, he has been identified with aviation, as inventor and promoter, since the opening years of the century, and has designed many new types of aëronautical equipment.

AS founder and president of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, HARVEY S. FIRESTONE of Akron, Ohio, is one of the most prominent figures in the American rubber industry. He was especially instrumental in investigating the rubber-growing possibilities of the Philippine Islands and of the South American countries, and has recently figured in the news as the economic ruler of Liberia.

LIKE Mr. Firestone, W. O'NEIL, president of the General Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, is known throughout the country as one of the leaders of the rubber industry.



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NATIONALLY known as a banker, Evans Woollen is president of the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company of Indianapolis, and first vice-president of the American Central Life Insurance Company. During the war, he was Federal Fuel Administrator for Indiana, and has always taken a prominent part in the various public enterprises and political affairs of that state. Last June, it will be remembered, he figured prominently in the news, for he was Indiana's "favorite son" for the Democratic presidential nomination.

OUR commentator on international affairs, Salvador de Madariaga, whose fifth article appears this month, has been for some seven years an official of the League of Nations. He is also Professor of Spanish studies at Oxford. "In 1921," he writes, "I left London for Spain, choosing the otherwise unusual route by Barcelona in order to deliver a manuscript to my publisher. I found that my publisher was bankrupt—a curious piece of intelligent anticipation on his part. Otherwise he might have waited for my book to come out. My having had to go through Barcelona, however, made me meet the members of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and shortly afterwards I was invited to join their staff. My work has dealt especially with disarmament, and I am about to publish a book on that subject."

Mary Austin

I WROTE that account of my first meeting the face of death," writes Mary Austin, "exactly as I would write an account of any other exciting experience, such as first meeting Joseph Conrad or dancing the fox-trot with Bernard Shaw, or seeing the dance called the 'Deer's Cry' at Jemez. Only, of course, it was much more exciting than any of these. You see, I have lived much among Indians who believe that 'life cannot die, it can but change its house,' and I may have been more or less infected with their confidence. But, as a matter of fact, ever since that experience described in my article, I have had a clear, shining conviction of ever-livingness." As a postscript, Mrs. Austin adds, "Just now I am desperately busy having charge of the Spanish participation in our Santa Fé Fiesta, and reviving the ancient market. If you should see me teaching sixteen people La Cuña you wouldn't suppose I ever thought of dying." If any of our readers should need a further introduction, Mrs. Austin's poems and prose articles have frequently appeared in The Forum. Her latest book of poems, *The Children Sing in the Far West*, has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin.

THE Pedestrian, who may be identified as the second self of Walter S. Hinchman, has just returned from a walking trip in England with his son. The current Pedestrian paper is a sea log of his outward voyage.

WE publish this month the second installment of "Rabelais," which was so fortunately discovered, after his death, among the papers of Anatole France. The translation is by the well-known critic, Ernest Boyd. Incidentally, the publishing house of Henry Holt will bring out the biography in book form in December.

AFTER graduating from Yale in 1914, Henry Tetlow took over the management of what he describes as "the old family perfumery and powder plant" in Philadelphia. As an authority on this lucrative industry, he has recently written an article for the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica on the history of cosmetics in America. "I am a Pennsylvania Republican," he writes, "who has never voted for any but Democratic presidential candidates — and I expect to continue the good work this fall." Though articles by Mr. Tetlow have appeared in many leading magazines, he is a novice at fiction. It took, he says, twenty-three years to get his story into shape.



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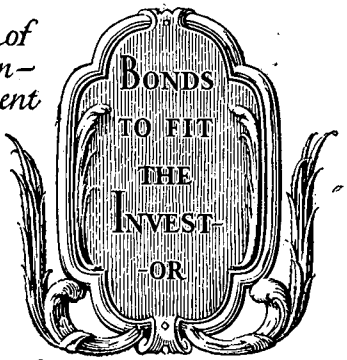
*This is the Introductory Statement of a Series outlining the various Principles involved in Sound Investment*




*Government–Municipal*
*Farm Loan–Public Utility–*
*Real Estate–Industrial*

TO DISTINGUISH between speculation and investment is fundamental in the employment of money. Speculation aims at increase of capital with attendant risk; investment seeks mainly to conserve capital and insure normal income from it. No consistent progress can be made financially by those who confuse these divergent purposes.

Speculation is necessary, to a degree, in the development and functioning of business. But the average person, with surplus funds, should hold to investment. He needs safety, but may lose thought of it, grasping for profit. Sometimes the profit is made—oftentimes not. Comparatively few can afford to speculate, or are in position to do it intelligently.

Many people speculate when they think they are investing—or drift away from sound investment practice without knowing it. This may happen to bond investors who are undecided about when to buy. They lose income by waiting—trying to guess the trend of the market—and may have to pay more for their bonds in the end. Some watch for every market fluctuation—buy and sell bonds for quick profit, and trade from one issue to another, for the same purpose. This leads, sooner or later, to weakening the quality of their holdings.

There are times, of course, when exchange of securities is distinctly advisable. And bond holders may benefit substantially over a period of time, in income or market appreciation, from purchases made when prices were lower. Nothing in a policy that puts security and income first, precludes profit from sound investment.

This subject—along with other basic principles to guide investors—is more fully discussed in our booklet, "Essentials of a Sound Investment Policy." *Write for booklet* FO-Y8.

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# STEINWAY

## • THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS •

• • • "THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" SUITE, *painted by* FRANK McINTOSH • • •

*Although the reputation of Deems Taylor as a composer rests largely upon his opera, "The King's Henchman," he has written many other lovely things. His suite, "Through the Looking Glass," is a delightful fantasy, peopled with the strange and charming creatures which Alice found in fairy-land.*

IT IS almost taken for granted today that a well-appointed home shall contain a fine piano. Among cultivated people it is little short of a necessity. And in every walk of life it is accepted as an index and warrant of good taste.

In homes of this sort the numerical superiority of the Steinway is overwhelming. And its margin of physical superiority is no less striking. There is no other piano to compare with it in the depth and beauty of its tone . . . its power . . . its sensitive and incredibly fluent action.

That is why virtually every musician of note from Franz Liszt to Deems Taylor has chosen the Steinway, both for personal and concert use. It is the fundamental reason why the Steinway is the leading piano wherever good music is known and appreciated.

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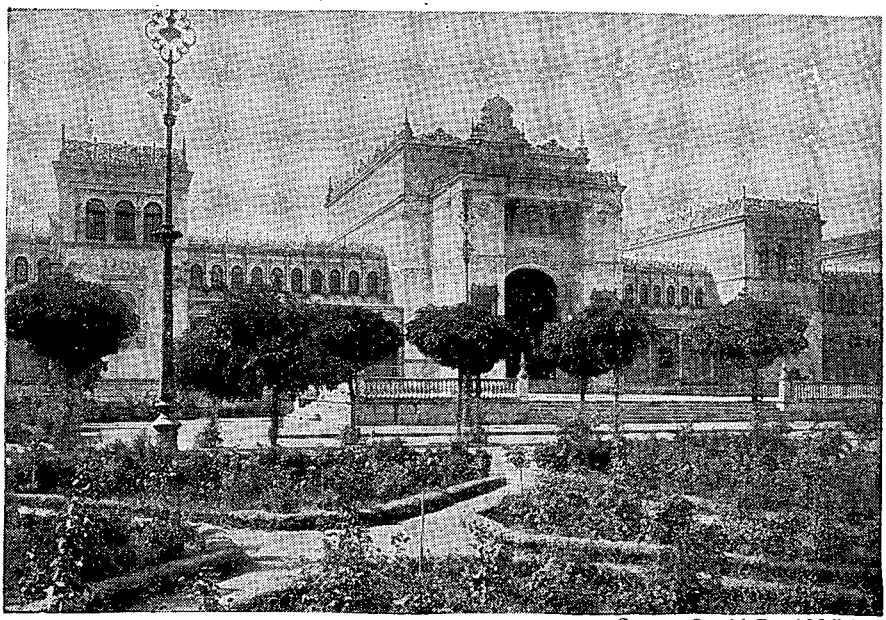

Courtesy, Spanish Royal Mail Line

*Palace of Fine Arts, Seville*

# The Ibero-American Exposition

M. Haidar Bey

FOUR hundred years ago the Pope drew a line down the centre of the map to divide the New World between its discoverers, Spain and Portugal. Since then many changes have taken place. But soon the children of the New World, having long since broken away to set up housekeeping for themselves, will again meet the children of the Old World at the Ibero-American Exposition, which is to be held next spring in Seville, one of the most romantic of Spanish cities.

The original name, "Hispano-American International Exposition" was changed to "Ibero-American" so as to include Portugal and its offspring, Brazil. Spain has invited all the republics of America to participate in an exposition of art, commerce, and industry. The United States, not forgetting Christopher Columbus and the Spanish settlers of Florida, New Mexico, and California, will be "among those present," and is erecting an attractive building of Spanish mission type. This building is to be permanent, and will later be used as the United States Consulate.

Seville is an ideal spot for this exposition. Historically, it is connected with the days of discovery. Palos, the small port from whence Columbus sailed, is only a short distance away. It was from Seville itself that Magellan set forth for his trip around the world. At that time Seville was one of the great cities of the world and outshone London and Paris in opulence and distinction.

"Seville is a young bride, her necklace the river," sang an old Moorish poet. The Guadalquivir is more than a necklace; it is a very useful river that has recently been deepened to permit modern liners to navigate the fifty miles from the open sea to the city. Seville is to-day a modern city of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, but it has lost none of the charm of the past. The women still wear the tall comb and mantilla — a custom fast disappearing elsewhere in the country. There are gypsies singing and danc-



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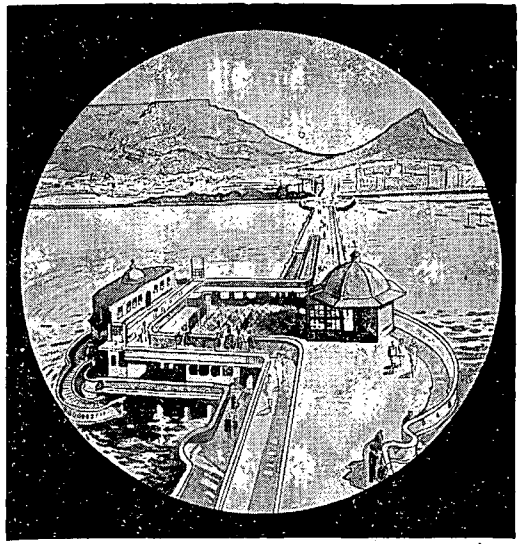

## *From Your First Glimpse*

**of the glorious Cape in the pink glow of the morning sun, the golden floodlight of noon or the silver radiance of moonlight, until you bid a fond farewell to**

# South Africa

*you will be charmed, mystified, and thrilled.*

It is a land of strange contrasts and inspiring places of romance, mystery and beauty. A land of invigorating climate wherein age renews its youth. When you have seen South Africa you have travelled and not until then.

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South Africa

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**11 Broadway, New York City**

ing, and white houses with iron grills at the windows, behind which you may see a girl whispering to her lover at evening — all the glamour and gayety associated with a romantic past.

On the outskirts of Seville, less than a mile from the great Cathedral, is the Park Maria Luisa — one of the most attractive and most beautifully planned parks in the world. Every angle of it reveals a lovely vista. Peacocks strut out across the motor paths, or spread their tails on the bridge over a brook. In the late afternoon, Sevillian aristocracy promenades in carriage or motor along the Paseo de las Delicias. At the entrance of the park is a monument to Becquer, the gentle poet of love, a native of Seville. At the base of the poet's statue sit three marble maidens in floating gowns. The first maiden is obviously regretting the loss of love, the second smiles at being in love, while the third has hopes for love in the future.

This beautiful park is the nucleus of the exposition area. The total space to be occupied by buildings, open grounds for tennis, racing, and other sports will be 2400 acres. Many of the buildings are completed and will be permanent. The Plaza de America is surrounded by beautiful and distinctively set buildings. The Royal Pavilion is there, and the Palace of Fine Arts. In this Palace will be hung a remarkable collection of the best modern work of Spain, Portugal, and the Americas. The largest building of all is the Spanish building, which, flung in a crescent, embraces the Plaza de España. This has forty-nine divisions, to represent the forty-nine provinces of Spain.

In the Plaza de America, near the pool is the Don Quixote circle, a perfect resting place shaded by trees, with benches of colored tile, each small square tile gayly decorated with a character or incident from the book.

Not far from the Plaza de America will be an exhibit of the exceedingly interesting customs, music, and dancing of Spain. Each region has its own peculiar flavor. There one may hear and see *flamenco* — the dancing and singing of the gypsies — strongly reminiscent of the Moors, and typical of Andalusia. From the country around Barcelona come the Catalan dances and Catalan songs sung in the language that of all tongues spoken to-day



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# . . . Angkor Wat . . . Apsarases . . .

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# Around the World with the "RESOLUTE"

THERE are glories apart from Heidelberg and Notre Dame. — Minarets and temple shrines, belled in gold, silver and bronze. Breathtaking fantasies in carved ivory — mosaics in porphyry to soothe your eyes after too-long gazing at the angular geometry of our sky-scraper architecture.

Pillared halls of ancient Indian cave-temples — the Taj — gem-studded pagodas—Peking's Temple and Altar of Heaven—curving roofs where figured fox and fowl perch together in peace.

You see this legend of creative building from the ideal vantage point of the RESOLUTE, "Queen of Cruising Steamers."—You live a life of luxurious ease, amid exquisite dignity. Deft service—rousing sports — felicitous surroundings. And a cuisine with the sophistication of Lucullus in the matter of sauces and seasoning.

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most closely resembles the old Provença of the French troubadours.

Besides the commercial interest of the exposition, which will be well represented by the nations participating, there will be an unusual historical display. Many valuable objects belonging to museums will be gathered — old firearms, ancient costume of Spain and Portugal, ancient books and papers relating to America, porcelains of all kinds, including the famous coppe glazed pottery of the Moors, rare and beautiful. There will also be a historica display of Spanish colonization in the Americas.

Thus, the exposition should have an especial appeal to those who enjoy history and art as well as commercial exhibits They will find everything from Velasque to automobiles. And when the foot-weary tourist has seen as much of beauty and interest as he can possibly digest, there is plenty to do in the way of amusement — polo, racing, bull fights, and fiestas such a no longer exist outside of Spain. For above all else, Andalusia is a land of joy and the citizens thereof know how to make the most of life. There is still one place in the world where happiness means more than business. That place is Seville.

## Barcelona, Gateway to Spain

HANLUAN O'HANLON

BARCELONA is the principal seaport of Spain. It is more than that. It is the largest seaport on the Mediterranean Sea. In industrial wealth, in number of inhabitants, in commercial importance, it ranks high among the cities of the world It is an ancient city. It is a modern city One of the earliest of trading centres, it is filled with historical interest. One of the liveliest of the present-day crossroads of commerce, it is filled with interest for the industrialist, the trader, the manufacture and the student of world economics.

Therefore Spain is inviting the world to Barcelona next year. The traveling world the inquisitive world; the scientific world the world of business and of pleasure, of buyers and sellers, of spenders and reapers the world of students and teachers, of artists and philosophers, of architects and builders, of transportation experts, by land, by sea, and by air. Spain believe



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# UNION PACIFIC

**THE OVERLAND ROUTE**


that it has a wealth of materials, manufactures, art, industry, culture, evidence of material and spiritual progressiveness that are largely unknown or unrecognized by the rest of the world. So there is being prepared, on the beautiful citadel overlooking the harbor at Barcelona, on the world famous slopes of Montjuich, another city, a magic city of magnificent buildings, of winding driveways, of sparkling fountains, spacious theatres, and stadiums. Here will be displayed the art and industry, the grace and progress, the sports and pastimes, not only of Spain herself, but of the whole of Europe, and of all the rest of the world.

In this beautiful natural park will be staged the Barcelona International Exhibition of 1929. Nearly thirteen million square feet of ground, extending from the heights down to the sea, will be occupied by the exposition buildings — a Palace of Agriculture, of the Textile Industry, of Electricity and Motive Power, of Trades of the Building Industries, of the Printing and Publishing Arts, of the Lens Industries — optical, astronomical, engineering microscopic, photographic — of Sports Equipment, of Labor, of Communications and Transport, of Foreign Relations. The arts of ancient and modern Spain will be seen at the National Palace, the Spanish Village, the Palace of Modern Art. The Stadium, seating 60,000, will be the scene of stirring sports contests of all kinds. The Missions Palace, the Greek Theatre, the Restaurant Miramar, and many other varied units devoted to amusement, instruction, and creature comforts, reflect the world-wide appeal of the Barcelona Exhibition.

The plan of the exhibition will include a display of all classes of materials, the historic aspect and the technical processes of production, and the artistic activity of modern peoples. The Industrial Department will contain a varied compendium of the principal elements of production and the most notable contributions of science to industrial purposes. In the Department of *El Arte en España* (Art in Spain) Spanish artistic life will be chronologically presented in a vivid and interesting way.

The president of the exposition is the Marquis de Foronda, one of the most successful industrialists in Europe. The



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If it is Cunard, you will have days and days of sea-going perfection . . . This year the first cruise sails December First . . . Every day on board will be a sun-drenched interlude between one fascinating port and the next . . . You can swing along the very Parisian Prado in Havana at midnight and still be in a tropic frame of amiability in the morning . . . Staterooms which you will not want to leave even in alluring Nassau . . . restaurants with Transatlantic secrets and the day's yield of native dishes thrown in . . . The Cunard way of "getting things done . . ."

**Three 16 day cruises . . . $200 up**
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**Two 31 day cruises . . . $300 up**
Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Martinique, Barbados, San Juan, Bermuda.
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Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner S. S. Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from N. Y. . . Jan. 5 to March 16, 1929

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**French Line**

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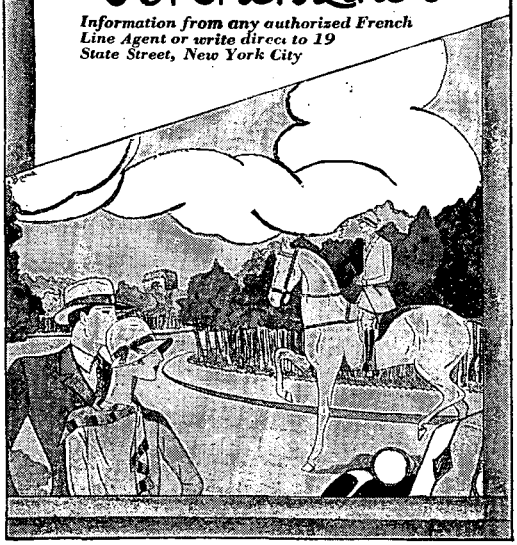




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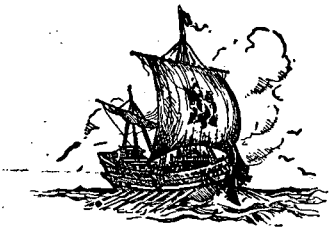

# Travel News

*A Digest of Travel Announcements*

RAILROADS - STEAMSHIPS - RESORTS - TOURS

## Famous Hostelries

Copocabana Palace — Rio de Janeiro. Although not the largest hotel in the world, still the Copocabana Palace is considered by experts to be one of the most complete. Its position on the beach at Avenida Atlantica, with a complete view of all Rio de Janeiro's outstanding attractions —such as Sugar Loaf, Corcovada, Tijuca and the world famous harbor—are alone sufficient to make any guest house famous. It is the luxury and beauty of the Casino, which is actually a part of the hotel, that amazes the visitor. In addition, there is a theatre in the hotel, a cabaret and several dining salons. And for the children, a toyland and combination playroom on the roof.

## Cuba

Every hour of the day presents a diversion in Cuba. If you are an early riser, sample one of life's supreme moments as a tarpon, barracuda or sailfish swoops for your bait . . . a plunge in turquoise waters . . . four more hours for a fighting game of golf. Jai-alai, the fastest game in the world . . . a sail in the lagoon before the fresh trade winds . . . dance the dreamy *sons* and *danzons* of the Island . . . and the Casino where the fickle Goddess of Chance holds court.

## Caravan Trails

Before man learned to navigate the rivers and seas, and before the legions of Rome swept Europe, probably the largest part of trading was carried on by means of caravans. Long before Vasco Da Gama sailed around the Cape, caravan trails of traders and slave hunters had penetrated the darknesses of Africa. Other ancient routes existed around the Euphrates and Tigris in Mesopotamia; in Egypt and the Mediterranean; still more in India, where the Moguls developed these prehistoric highways into Persia. Caravan trails . . . which led to and from the cradle of civilization are to be trod again this winter by numbers of travelers who will explore them in pursuit of pleasure.

## An Early Contemporary

**Travel advertising will soon celebrate its tercentenary, the first announcement having appeared in the Gazette de France on July 4th, 1631, welcoming travelers to the curative waters of Forges. Travel bows alone to the super-salesman-printer Caxton, who advertised his works in the latter part of the fifteenth century and extended an invitation to patrons to "come to Westmonester into the almonesrye at the reed pale and he shall have them good chepe."**

## South Africa

A mighty river flows languidly between the banks of dense foliage. There are fringes of feathery bamboo and tropical reeds. Here and there an island, exotic and peaceful. The wind slightly stirs the trees and a leaf or two tumbles, hesitatingly, to the ground. Suddenly the river stops and seems to consign its volume into the earth's stomach. The waters roar with rage, leap and tumble in a frantic effort to escape being hurled to the immense chasm four hundred feet below. Verily, the Mosi oa Tunya, the Victoria Falls, in Africa, are truly waters which thunder. A chief feature of interest is the rain forest. A mistlike spray, thrown up from the exploded waters, bathes the trees and flowers with a perpetual dew and gorgeous rainbows sweep the sky.

## Beyond the Golden Gate

Out in the west where the sun goes down, the Hawaiian Islands lift their crests of jade above the calm Pacific. Four days away the long combers cream on Waikiki's bar and golden-skinned young islanders race shorewards through the surf. Four nights away, the bronze colored moon floods the valley with a spell and gorgeous flowers spread a witchery of perfume on the lawns, gardens and among the trees. Palms rustle softly with the whisper of the wind, and there are murmurs of laughter and gaiety in the distance, where visitors from the great mainland are enjoying the Paradise of the West.

## Canada Time

There's a snap in the air and goodly showing of overcoats. Jack Frost's chill breath comes from the North, longer and more steady each day. The tall woodlands are a dull brown . . . the fields are clear and bare. Canada will soon put on her coat of winter white, in preparation for the tourists and sportsmen. "Shine up your equipment," she says, "and get out your woolens." The air has a tremendous tang . . . and breakfasts are wonderful. You toboggan down the slope at breakneck speed . . . there are yells of delight and all are boys and girls once more. Every day is a carnival and every night a New Year's Eve. Up to Canada for the time of your life, is this month's message.

## Denmark's Flag

Old Dannebrog is the oldest national flag in the world. After one of the terrific battles of Valdemar the Victorious—conqueror of the Esths and the Wends—the white cross on the red field fluttered down from heaven. A voice intoned to the fighting knights "This is the sign of victory."



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*The Ideal Gateway to and from Europe*

# Spain

**THREE ADDITIONAL BIG NEW SHIPS NOW SAIL TO SPAIN DIRECT!**

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Manuel Arnus, Dec. 19
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*Four Glorious Winter Vacation Cruises of Recreation and Romance by the luxurious oil burning turbine sisterships—*

**VOLENDAM or VEENDAM**

**16 Day Cruises by S. S. Volendam**
**From N. Y. Jan. 26 & Feb. 16, 1929**

Visiting Bermuda, Kingston, Port-au-Prince (Haiti) Havana and Nassau—$230. up.

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Visiting Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama), Havana and Nassau—$230. up.

**29 Day Cruise by S. S. Veendam**
**From N. Y. February 12, 1929**

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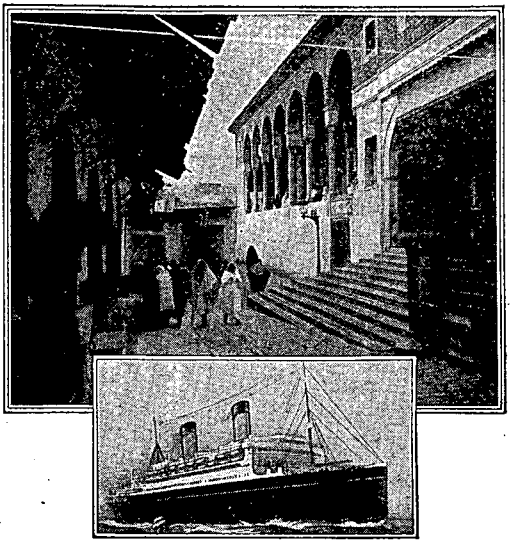

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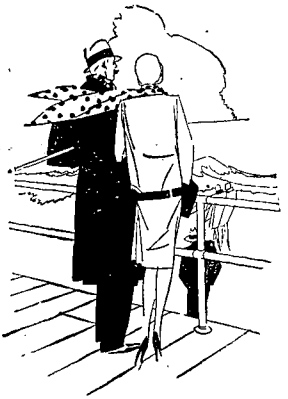

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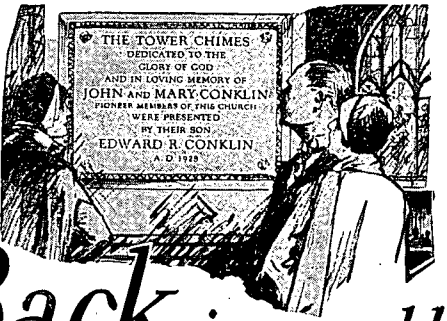
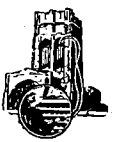



# *Back in your old Home town*



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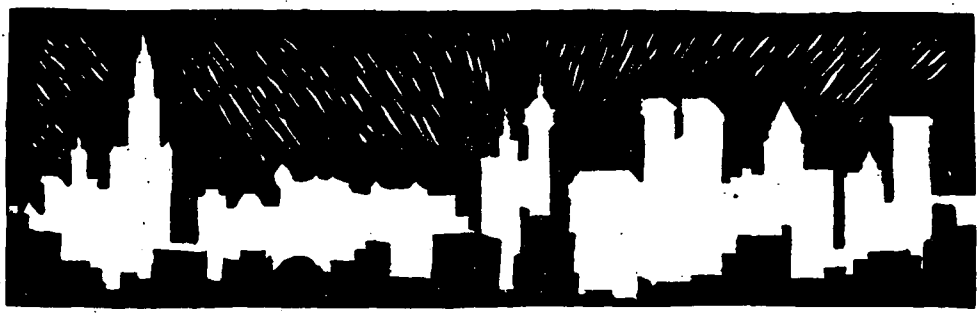

# Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

## Investors' Responsibilities

WHEN a man buys improved real estate for investment, he accepts, as a matter of course, the responsibilities that go with the ownership of property. Nobody has to instruct him in the elemental duties of the care of real estate. He is perfectly aware that buildings must be kept in repair; that painting must be attended to, lest woodwork rot and iron fittings rust away; that there are numerous little details that must be watched to keep the property from deteriorating. Everyone, whether owner or tenant, is acquainted to some extent with the necessity for constant supervision of property in order that the principal invested therein shall not become impaired. Real estate is tangible property and an ordinary person can readily visualize the requirements for its upkeep.

But when the same individual makes his first investment in a stock or a bond, his attitude too frequently becomes one of indifference to the elemental requirements for safeguarding the principal. Securities are intangibles. The property securing them, or the property which they represent, is not visible; hence the investor frequently assumes that his responsibilities cease as soon as he has made out a check to his banker, accepted delivery of the securities, and carefully locked the door of his safe deposit vault. Bankers often recommend a security with the advice that this or that particular issue should be put away and forgotten, implying that at some distant date one will find that it has gained some material enhancement in value, either through increased dividends or appreciation in the open market. But thousands of investors are making their maiden purchase of securities in this year of our prosperity, and it is well that they should realize that purchases of securities involve some responsibilities which must not be neglected. These are not onerous responsibilities, as the care of real estate often is, but they are responsibilities that must not be disregarded if the savings invested are not to be dissipated.

Last August, when the American Telephone & Telegraph Company closed its books to subscriptions from stockholders to the offering of $185,000,000 of the company's stock at par, $100 a share, about one-half of one per cent of the stock was unsubscribed. Here was a stock selling in the open market for $175 or $180 a share, to which stockholders had been given the privilege of buying more stock for $100 a share, in the ratio of one new share for every six shares that they owned prior to the tender of new stock. Every stockholder received engraved rights, pretty enough to attract attention and certainly impressive enough to suggest that they possessed some value, as was clearly stated on the certificate. In the open market these rights were worth the equivalent of about $13 a share, and they were not only quoted daily in the papers but newspapers throughout the country carried columns describing the significance of the new financing and informing the public of



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the value of these rights to their holders.

One would naturally assume that every stockholder would either send in $100 with each six of the rights and receive a new share of stock, or, if he lacked ready cash to make the additional investment, sell the rights in the open market, either through his banker or broker. But when the books were closed, it was found that about one-half of one per cent of the issue had not been subscribed and rights worth an aggregate of over $600,000 had been forfeited. From the telephone company's standpoint this was no disappointment. It had underwritten the issue without the assistance of bankers, and if the unsubscribed stock were sold in the open market, the profit would be available to the company. But the company's interest was mainly in securing as wide a distribution of the new issue as possible, and in financial circles it was hailed as a remarkable achievement that as little as one-half of one per cent was not subscribed. On previous occasions often more than one per cent of the stock went unsubscribed, with heavy losses to the investors who failed to exercise their rights.

### What Are "Rights"?

Many investors are unfamiliar with the term "rights" and what they mean to the recipient, as bankers can testify; and even financial editors know that this is so, because of the numerous inquiries that are received after every piece of major financing such as that just described. Doubtless there are some investors who regard these rights merely as a solicitation for the purchase of more stock, and if they are not at the moment prepared to buy, they carelessly dispose of them. But a more common reason for failure to exercise such rights to subscribe to new stock is sheer procrastination. Time and again the familiar story has gone the rounds in Wall Street of the investor who put off subscribing until the last moment and then either forgot about it, or missed the train, or for some other reason failed to subscribe within the time limit and suffered loss as a consequence.

If an investor buys common stock, he takes upon himself a distinct responsibility to watch developments. If he contemplates a two months' trip to Europe which will keep him away from contact with the New York financial markets, it is well to have a representative who will protect his interests while he is away. A banker or attorney is prepared to handle such details, and it is just as sensible to consider such contingencies as these as it is to put the family jewels or silver in a safe deposit vault on departing for an extended journey. Few would forget to place valuables in safe hands while away, but apparently not everyone remembers to provide for investment details and contingencies, which are just as essential and may save the cost of the vacation. Had the holder of R. H. Macy & Company stock in even a ten-share lot failed to exercise his rights last August, he would have seen his investment shrink from $3840 to $1400 and he would have forfeited a privilege worth over $2400 in a short time!

Early this year the St. Paul receivership was lifted. Holders of stocks and bonds of the defunct Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul were given the privilege of exchanging their securities for new stocks and bonds of the successor company — the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific. The reorganization was a thorough success and the securities of the reorganized road immediately reflected it by a very sharp advance. Yet by early autumn the bankers who managed the reorganization declared that holders of $4,000,000 of the old company bonds, 6000 shares of the preferred stock, and 15,000 shares of the common stock had failed to deposit their securities. The bonds are entitled to a distribution value of only about 49 per cent if they are not exchanged before the offer expires, as against a present market of around 80 per cent. The stocks of the old company become worthless unless they are deposited and an assessment of $28 a share for the preferred and $32 a share for the common is paid. But if deposited, the preferred stock becomes worth more than $50 a share and the common above $35 a share (current market prices as this is written) after all assessments are paid. Somewhere, then, holders of St. Paul securities are forfeiting about $2,000,000 through sheer carelessness. How little some investors in the St. Paul were acquainted with the fortunes of the road is indicated by the statement of the bankers that they had found some holders who were even una-



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# Associated Gas and Electric Company

*(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York, U. S. A.)*

## CAPITALIZATION
**August, 1928**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **CAPITAL STOCKS AND SURPLUS** | | |
| Equity Stocks, 2,274,691 shares without par value: 700,000 shares Class A Stock and 300,000 shares Class B Stock at liquidation price $35 a share; 1,274,691 shares Common Stock at stated value plus surplus but excluding reserves | **$45,648,607** | |
| Cumulative Preferred Stocks, including all Convertible Obligations which are now or shortly convertible at Company's option into preferred stocks, all of equal rank, 855,984 shares without par value: 150,722 shares $3.50 Dividend Series at liquidation price $50 a share, and 302,883 shares $6 Dividend Series, 285,638 shares $6.50 Dividend Series and 116,741 shares $7 Dividend Series at liquidation price of $100 a share | **78,062,300** | **$123,710,907** |
| **FUNDED DEBT** | | |
| 4½% and 5½% Convertible Gold Debentures and 5% Gold Debenture Bonds | | **88,854,200** |
| The aggregate of funded debt and stocks of underlying companies, including $17,979,500 of Associated Electric Company, 4½% Gold Bonds, due 1953, outstanding with the public | | **$48,921,278** |

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

CHARLES W. BEALL
Harris, Forbes & Co.

FREDERICK S. BURROUGHS
Harris, Forbes & Co.

JOHN M. DALY
Vice-President

HENRY D. FITCH
Vice-President

FREDERICK T. HEPBURN
F. T. Hepburn & Co.

HOWARD C. HOPSON
Vice-President and Treasurer

SANFORD J. MAGEE
Vice-President and General Manager

JOHN I. MANGE
President

FARIS R. RUSSELL, Vice-President, National Bank of Commerce in New York

## CONSOLIDATED EARNINGS FROM 1927 ANNUAL REPORT

| | |
|---|---|
| Gross Earnings and Other Income | **$35,296,741** |
| Operating Expenses, Maintenance and Taxes | **18,264,655** |
| Net Earnings | **$17,032,086** |
| Fixed Charges and Other Income Deductions | **9,074,703** |
| Net Income | **$7,957,383** |
| Dividends on Preferred Stock | **3,453,507** |
| Balance | **$4,503,876** |
| Provision for Replacement and Renewals | **1,698,731** |
| Balance | **$2,805,145** |
| Class A Priority Dividends ($2.00 per share) | **975,714** |
| Remainder for Other Dividends and Surplus | **$1,829,431** |

**Copies of Annual Report for 1927 and Balance Sheet at May 31, 1928 reflecting recent financing of Associated Gas and Electric Company are now ready.**

**61 Broadway, New York City**



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ware that the company had gone into a receiver's hands in March, 1925. Securities of companies which have gone into receivership require especial attention on the part of holders. With railroads in particular it has often been possible to salvage an entire original investment through close observation of developments and attention to details.

### Watch Date of Maturity

Another common form of carelessness on the part of investors is the failure to note when a given issue of bonds is called, in whole or in part, or even to forget to tender the bonds at maturity. The penalty for this form of neglect is usually no more than the loss of interest for six months. The mistake is usually rectified when the investor tenders his coupon for the interest payment, or finds that there is no coupon left on the bond to be clipped.

When the Victory Loan notes, issued by the United States Government immediately after the war, matured several years ago, thousands of people were unaware of the fact, although every effort was made to bring it to the attention of the public through the columns of the press. For several months after the notes had matured, over $80,000,000 of them had not been tendered for payment, and to this date over $2,200,000 of the notes are still outstanding, on which an interest loss of over $100,000 a year is being forfeited. Nearly a year has elapsed since the Second Liberty Loan 4¼ per cent bonds were called for payment. Issued in 1917 these bonds were callable at the option of the United States Treasury in November, 1927, although they were not due for payment until 1942. Easy money market conditions last year, plus a large surplus in the Treasury, enabled Secretary Mellon to call these bonds on their first callable date. A year has elapsed since the bonds were called, but still there are $28,000,000 of the issue outstanding; and the holders of these bonds are losing at least $1,400,000 a year in interest, figuring money as worth only 5 per cent.

Last September the remainder of an original issue of $4,175,650,000 in Third Liberty Loan bonds matured. By the first of September the issue had been whittled down to about $1,000,000,000 between Treasury purchases in the open market, bonds tendered by foreign Governments in payment of sums owed the Treasury, and bonds tendered by investors in exchange for new issues of Treasury notes maturing a few years ahead. A great majority of these bonds were held by financial institutions, banks, or insurance companies, which exercise constant vigilance over their investments. Consequently almost the entire issue was tendered for payment when it was due. However, there was no reason why any of the issue should have failed to be presented for payment, except where the bonds had been unavoidably lost or destroyed by fire. Whatever the reason may be, it is astonishing how large, relatively speaking, are the amounts of Government bonds still outstanding, upon which interest payments have ceased years ago. More surprising still, there are bonds outstanding which were issued for previous wars and which have matured long ago. In fact, $2,023,000 of United States Government bonds issued prior to 1917 are still awaiting payment upon presentation. Interest upon them has of course been forfeited.

The explanation of such oversights as these is more obvious in the case of bondholders than in the case of the recipients of rights. Most bonds are issued in the form of coupon bonds and the ownership is not known to the issuing government, municipality, or corporation. They are bearer certificates, payable in principal and interest to the individual tendering them. But stocks are usually registered in the name of their rightful owner, who is formally notified when any privileges accrue or are about to be terminated. The bondholder has only himself to blame, however, if he neglects to tender bonds when they are called or when they mature.

### Where to Obtain Information

Constant vigilance must be maintained by the investor once he has assumed the responsibilities that go with the ownership of securities. For most investors this vigilance begins and ends with the quotation sheet of the daily market. This is entirely proper, as far as it goes. Capital can be conserved or increased only through familiarity with circumstances governing the trend of values. As for listed stocks,



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More than fifty thousand thrifty people, most of them customers, are stockholders of this Corporation and its subsidiaries. Other thousands own the bonds of these companies.

This is a powerful influence for sound management and prudent financing.

*An Industry That Never Shuts Down*

**AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY**
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there never was a time when more reliable and official information was furnished investors than at present. The New York Stock Exchange has sponsored a policy of frank and reliable publicity by corporations whose shares are listed, in order that the investor need never buy stocks blindly and without all of the available information. Quarterly statements of earnings are insisted upon whenever applications to list new securities are received, and most of the older corporations have volunteered this information, following the admirable leadership of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation. All of the available information secured about a corporation which is listing new stock or bonds is published, upon listing, in an official folder of the New York Stock Exchange and is available to the public. In addition, there are private statistical organizations which maintain thorough, efficient, and up-to-date facts concerning the position of thousands of corporations, whether their stocks are listed or not.

But current facts and current news are not an altogether valuable index as to security price trends. It is the function of the security markets to discount future developments. What is already known is not a good index of the immediate price trend, so far as the speculator is concerned, although it may form a splendid basis for judging a security from the standpoint of the investor. News is of limited value in forecasting trends and is often subsidiary to the very interesting story that is printed on the tape that pours out of tickers for five hours each day in brokers' offices all over the country. But the combination of news and the tape often tells a highly informative story to the investor who has a more or less permanent interest in a given issue.

### Voting Privileges

Last to be numbered among the more important responsibilities of the investor in stocks is the item of voting privileges. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that this duty is so commonly considered last. Professor Ripley of Harvard University attracted the attention of the keenest minds in Wall Street and the uncommon interest of investors all over the country when he waged a spectacular fight two years ago against the growing practice of corporations of issuing non-voting stocks, which substantially deprived the public of its share in the management of some corporations. In this respect, the private investor who owns a small lot of stock in a great corporation cannot hope to do much with his annual privilege of casting a ballot for a set of hand-picked directors. But by giving or withholding his proxy he may exercise a certain moral influence on the board, which, in the aggregate, may not be without some value.

When the occasion arises where great blocks of stock are voted in a contest for control, the small investor's vote can and often does become the balance of power. Such instances have been uncommon in recent years. But in the recent merger of the Chrysler Corporation and Dodge Brothers, Inc., the indifference of a number of small holders of Dodge Brothers preferred stock very nearly upset the whole programme. At the time the details were submitted to the stockholders of the Dodge company, it was plainly stated that unless 90 per cent of the Dodge stocks were tendered in exchange for Chrysler securities the deal could not go through. Delay after delay was encountered, but finally 90 per cent was secured and thereafter most of the balance of the issue was tendered. In this instance, what appeared to be a very attractive offer for the Dodge Brothers stockholders might very easily have been allowed to go by default through the negligence of a very few small stockholders.

Such responsibilities as taxes, which go with the purchase and ownership of securities, need not be considered here; carelessness and procrastination in this respect simply will not be tolerated by the Internal Revenue Department and this duty cannot be ignored. Probably the chief responsibility now is the safeguarding of capital from possible depreciation through miscalculation or misunderstanding of the secular or broad trend of security prices. Perhaps the best that one can do now is to bear in mind the advice which is said to have been given once by Jay Gould: "The thing to do is to watch Wall Street's eddies and currents, exercise a little common sense, and in your speculations you will come out all right."



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